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THE PRIVATE BOX.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. E. K.

In dreamy glory I sit alone
'Neath the starry gleam of the chandelier,
Like a monarch perched on a velvet throne,
While the first faint notes of the band I hear;
The air is freighted with rich perfume—
Silks rustle and costly jewels blaze—
All the gaudy glories of fashion's loom
Are moving under the gaslight rays.

I'll ne'er come into a box again—
It isn't at all the place for me:
I seek to follow the play in vain,
For I see much more than I wish to see;
I can watch Ophelia behind the scenes
Drinking beer with one of her waiting maids,
While the neatest and plumpest of Fairy Queens
Is waltzing away with an imp of Hades.

Oh! sacred shade of the mighty muse,
How swiftly, alas! have thy glories gone—
The Ghost is reading the morning news
With helmet off and an eye-glass on;
Polonius sits with a bandit wild,
Playing bluff on the trunk of a scenic tree,
While Gertrude nurses a squalling child
At the further end of the R. U. E.

The dashing and pretty "juvenile"
Is flirting with one of her many loves,
While Claudius and Osric, in fistic style,
Are having a round with boxing gloves;
The call boy shouts, and the prompter swears,
('Tis a breach of the rules for all but him)
While the Player Queen, as she mounts the stairs,
Shows the handsome shape of a well turned limb.

In quavering tenor Horatio sings
Some ghostly notes of the "Last Appeal,"
While Hamlet, stationed among the wings,
Is practicing steps in an Irish reel;
Angels and amazons, monks and fiends,'
Each add their share to the fearful din;
While rolling out from behind the scenes
Comes a sound of wassail and smell of gin.

Blessed be Allah, 'tis done at last,
The night has merged far into the day;
The king has drank to the trumpet blast,
And Hamlet died in the ancient way:
Rang down the curtain! turn off the light!
The glittering scene of an hour is o'er,
While the throngs of fashion and beauty bright
Sweep out in state thro' the open door.

RUINED FOR EVER;

OR,

THE WORLD AGAINST THE FAVORITE.

BY HAMLYN SMITH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A REUNION.

"You have ruined my best friend," Leonard Fairfax had said, when Mary, the housemaid, had told her of the wild stranger who had rushed into the house and given her the small box.

Mary's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, madam," she said, "I did it for the best. I am sorry—very sorry for it."

"Yes—yes; I know—I know," said Leonard Fairfax; "but I must now repair the evil you have done. Come and help me dress. I must go at once."

So saying, she repaired to her bed-room and was soon attired in her male attire. But it was in vain she thus exerted herself. She had not the slightest clue by which she could follow the stranger; and so, after a long search, she had to abandon it.

The next morning came the news of his arrest. Not a word was said about the fiasco which had occurred on the downs. It was too ridiculous to tell, and so the detectives had never acknowledged that they had caught their victim.

She knew well that John Marston was Desmond's enemy; she knew also that Running Joe was Marston's constant companion. Could she but find this man she doubted not that she could bribe him to help her. This worthy was found by mere accident. He was walking hurriedly along the street when Leonard almost tumbled over him.

"You are Running Joe, are you not?" she inquired, anxiously.

"I am, sir," said the man, evidently somewhat disconcerted.

"Well, then, listen. I am a friend—a dear friend of Ray Desmond. I want to aid him to escape from this danger that threatens him; will you, if I pay you well, assist me?"

Running Joe looked nervously and suspiciously around him.

"Well, sir, that's exactly what I do want to do," he said, "if it's only to spite John Marston. The truth is, sir, I tried to do Mr. Desmond a service to-night, but I did it the wrong way and got him into trouble instead."

"Can you accompany me home?" asked Leonard, eagerly.

"Not now—not now. I will come this evening, anywhere you please. But at this moment I am engaged on business I cannot put off. My address is 7 Birdcastle Walk, if you would rather come to me. Good day for the present. You may depend on me. I know your address."

With these words he started off at full speed and was gone before Leonard Fairfax could stop him. For a few moments Leonard knew scarcely how to act. Was this man deceiving her, or could she depend upon his aid? In her life she had found so many counterfeits of friendship that she knew not what to think. However, thinking was no good. The man had gone, and willynilly she had to trust to him.

The next thing to be done was to see Ray himself; and accordingly, having discovered in what prison he would be placed after the preliminary examination, she hurried to the doors of the House of Detention as soon as the police van had deposited its contents at the door. The interview allowed to her was a most unsatisfactory one, inasmuch as two warders were present; but it was, at any rate, a satisfaction in one way. She entered the cell where the unfortunate victim of persecution had been placed, and found him standing by the stove, shivering as with intense cold.

"Mr. Desmond," she said, in a low, gentle voice.

He started round. Laura and Sir Orford Mellish had been to see him at the court, and the former had spoken words of tender consolation.

But this voice that spoke now to him so kindly and tenderly, seemed like the sudden light of other days flashing upon him through the intense darkness of the present.

"Who is it that speaks?" he said, regarding his visitor with a puzzled air.

"Leonard Fairfax!"

Desmond advanced towards her.

"Is it possible?" he said, half to himself. "Is this my unknown friend—my benefactor? Is this the one to whom my offerings last night were sent with so much difficulty?"

"Yes, yes," she said, taking his hand; "yes, yes! I am Leonard Fairfax, and—and——There, Ray—Ray, I can no longer bear it; I can keep it no longer—I can wear my heart out no longer with such a secret! I am your wife, Ray—your own innocent wife—who has watched over you for years to save you! Oh, Ray, I am innocent, I swear it—I swear it! And there are those now living who can prove it!"

She had said half these words standing near him; the second half was said while she was clasped tight in his arms.

"My own Ellen!" he murmured—"my own injured Ellen! In what a position do you meet me! A felon, convicted already by those who once were my friends; pursued by a terrible fate; the centre of a band of persecutors, who seem urged on by some hideous spirit of revenge for injuries I never inflicted. Tell me, Ellen, in whose hands are those proofs of which you speak?"

"They are in the hands of Sir Lawrence Glanville himself. Surely he must have left behind him a denial of the lie which has embittered both our lives so long! But come, Ray, let us now talk of yourself. When you are once saved, I can readily prove to you my innocence."

Ray seized her hand again.

"One more question, dearest Ellen," he said, feeling the love of old come gushing up warm and exquisite into his heart—"one more question. Our child—our dear child—does it live?"

"Yes and is well."

"It is a girl—a little girl living at Chorlton with the old horse watcher?"

"Yes, yes, that is she. You have seen her then?"

"Yes; seen her and loved her. She was so like you."

Thus, even in the shadow of the terrible danger which impended over them, this reunited husband and wife spoke of their child and their love, and forgot the present.

"I must remind you again, dear Ray," said his wife, wiping away her tears, so unbecoming to her male character—"I *must* remind you that my time here in this prison is short, and we must talk of business. Have you a good lawyer?"

"Yes, an excellent one—Edwin Lewis."

"And a good counsel?"

"Yes; he promises me Mr. Melrose Medwin."

"And you have money?"

"In abundance."

"Good! Then all you require is a reliable witness. I think I can find one—one who will turn the tables on your greatest enemy."

"Time is up, sir," said the warder.

"Good bye, then, dear Ray," cried his wife. "Next time I come I hope to bring you better tidings. At present, remember I am still Mr. Leonard Fairfax. It will be better for my plans. Good bye, again, and may heaven bless and comfort you!"

On quitting her husband's cell, Mrs. Desmond proceeded at once to her London house to await the arrival of Running Joe, the one upon whom the whole of her plans depended.

This man—blackleg and thief as he was, evidently, and murderer as he might be—had certainly a strong feeling in this matter, and this strong feeling was undoubtedly against John Marston.

Therefore, setting aside all idea as to any feeling of regard towards Ray Desmond personally, there could be no right to suspect that he would betray him.

He would aid him, in order to destroy Marston. Yet time went on. Evening waned into night. Yet Running Joe made no appearance.

"What can this mean?" thought Mrs. Desmond, becoming nervous and fearful of consequences. "I scarcely can believe that this man means to disappoint me. And yet it is unpleasantly strange." Another hour went by. No one came. Mrs. Desmond rang the bell, and a servant entered the room, on a table in the centre of which stood her untouched supper.

"If any one calls for me, no matter how rough he is, let him wait, John."

"Very good, sir," said the servant, who always addressed her as a master, well knowing her, at the same time, to be a mistress.

Having settled this, she took from her drawers a pair of elegant pistols, secreted them about her person, and went out. She had resolved to try a visit to No. 7 Birdcastle Walk.

The elegant spot where Running Joe had located himself was soon reached, although it required many turnings and twistings to find it. It was a low lodging house; and many dishevelled heads were protruded, as the elegantly dressed "gentleman" knocked at the door. His mission ended in failure, however.

Running Joe wasn't there; they didn't know where he was. If he was a policeman in disguise, he might go as wise as he came, and if he wasn't, he might do the same. They didn't know anything about him, and, "In fact, you'd better go, Mr. Fairfax, as you call yourself—which it ought to be 'Fair-talk'—or may be you'll not be as well as you might be."

Threats and entreaties were alike useless. *This* thread was broken—this clue evidently lost.

CHAPTER XIX.

RUNNING JOE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

In order to explain the disappearance of Running Joe from No. 7 Birdcastle Walk, we must return for a few hours to the time when Leonard Fairfax met him in the street. He had resolved to be quit of John Marston.

The tyranny to which he had been subjected from his master had been such that he determined no longer to endure it. So he set to work in his own peculiar way to punish the man whom he had learned to regard as his tyrant. He resolved, as he was poor himself, to rob his master, and bolt from England altogether.

On that evening, just as twilight was setting in, John Marston was preparing to go out, when his servant entered the room with a letter. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR—There is somethin' on the boards as I can't ritely put in a letter. It's somethin' as is dangerous to you and me. Bee cairfull how you comes out, and don't tell no one that you is coming to see me. Keepe it on the quiet. I will be at the 'Bull and Bush' at Highgate, at ten o'clock. I don't think it safe to be neare London. Yours respectfully, JOE LANGHAM."

Marston felt uneasy.

"Why, what the deuce can the fellow mean?" he said. "Hang it! I must go round to the club. There's business on there. Curse it! it's very awkward. And, yet, I must go to him. He is always faithful, that is one blessing. Ah!" he added, advancing to the fireplace, and arranging his cravat by the handsome glass—"ah, it is wonderful, no matter what a rogue you are, you are sure to have some one to be a slave to you—all kicks and cuffs notwithstanding. Some one to love you also," he continued, as his eye fell upon a miniature, which rested daintily on the rich green velvet—"yes, some one to love you also, in spite of age, reverses and the sleepless nights, when murder and horror form our waking dreams."

He shuddered as he spoke. Then recovering himself after a moment, he passed his hand through his hair, composed his features as best he could, and rang the bell. A servant answered the summons.

"Tell Mrs. Marston," said the gambler, "that I wish to speak to her for a moment."

In a few moments the door opened again and a woman entered—if woman, indeed, she could be called. Slight and graceful, with blue eyes and fair curling hair, she had scarcely passed her sixteenth year. She came smilingly up to Marston and laid her hand lovingly on his shoulder.

"Dear John," she said, "what is it? I thought you were gone out."

"I *was* going, dear one, but something detained me."

"Something unpleasant, then, I should think," she said; "you look pale and agitated. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, dear one—that is to say, nothing more than usual. Something wrong, I suppose, with one of the horses I've backed. I've had a note from Joe, that's all; and I've got to go at once to Highgate. So don't expect me home before morning, Julia."

The young girl turned very grave.

"What! out all night again, John?" she said. I can't bear you to be out of a night. I feel so nervous when you are away from me, and think and dream all kinds of strange and horrible things. Last night, when you were so late, I had a hideous dream. I dreamt of a hideous murder that had been committed upon a lone heath in the far country, and I saw you arrested for it and carried away to prison."

Marston turned pale, and put his hand playfully over her mouth.

"Hush, dearest!" he said—"do not give way to such dismal thoughts. My journey to-night is not a murderous one, I trust; unless, indeed, Running Joe has a knife in readiness for me." So saying, he kissed her once more, bade her forget her gloomy forebodings and quitted the house, little dreaming how like a prophecy his own light words had been.

The night was a dark one; and even in London, where the lamps were lit, it was not easy or pleasant walking or riding. The day had been a wet one, and the streets were slippery and clogged with a thick, greasy mud.

The horse which Marston rode was a fine, spirited animal, and showed his anger at the state of the roads by tossings of the head and frequent snorts, which betokened that a little more exasperation would make him endeavor, at least, to fly off at full speed.

When, however, Marston had quitted the shop-keeping neighborhoods, and, passing the "Load of Hay," began to ascend in earnest the steep hill leading towards Hampstead, the real gloom of the journey began.

I am writing, as my reader will remember, of 1824, when there were no houses clustering on either side of the road, and linking the great metropolis to its now-threatened breathing place. It was then all darkness and desolation. Huge trees swayed their giant arms in desolate moanings at the margin of the road; while away behind them stretched broad, dark meadows.

The place was suggestive, to Marston's mind, of strange events in the past; and it was with a shudder that he felt his horse swerve at a pool of water under a tree, near which a man's body lay. The man sprang up as the horseman went by, wished him a hurried "Good night," and walked away.

Too much agitated by his own thoughts to reply to him, John Marston pressed on more quickly, until, reaching the Heath, he dashed away along the level road towards Highgate. He had just passed the "Spaniards," and was descending the hill sharply, when there was a shout, and two men rushed forward from the deep shadow of the hedge.

The horse started back; and, in another moment, the bridle was seized by a powerful hand.

"What means this?" cried John Marston, in furious anger, not unmixed with alarm.

"It means that Jack's as good as his master," said a voice, which Marston recognised at once as that of Running Joe. "It means that the tables are turned, John Marston, and that the man who has helped you so often to rob people intends to be paid handsomely now for his trouble!"

For an instant Marston's surprise was such that he could not speak.

"Why, what on earth does this mean?" he cried at last. "Is this your object in bringing me to this outlandish place? Hands off, my friend, or I will fire on you!"

With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket and presented it at Joe. But the companion of the blackleg was prepared for all emergencies, and a heavy blow from a stick took all power out of Marston's arm, and the pistol flew away over the hedge into the meadow beyond.

While the man performed this feat Running Joe sprang up behind Marston on the horse, and held him round the arms while the other bound him, having previously gagged him, and then dragged him to the ground.

It was the work of a very few moments to rifle his pockets; and they had just transferred his purse and his check book and pocket book, full of bank notes, to their pockets, when a gallop was heard, and the horse patrol was upon them.

The two thieves were so astounded by the sudden appearance of their enemies that they stood for an instant paralyzed. This instant was fatal to them.

The police seized them ere they could properly resist; and Running Joe found himself pinioned before he knew well what had happened.

"What have these men done to you, sir?" cried one of the constables, as he raised Marston from the ground and removed the gag, while his companion easily held the pinioned thieves.

"They have assaulted and robbed me of a large sum of money and valuables," said Marston; "is the lock-up close at hand?"

"Yes, sir; we shall put them in the cage for to-night. Are you able to remount your horse and ride with us to the lock-up?"

"Yes; I am not much injured," returned Marston; "I will accompany you."

Within a quarter of an hour Running Joe and his comrade were inmates of the thieves' cage.

MISS KITTY BLANCHARD, COMEDIENNE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HUNTING BOX AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

"Well," said Joe, as he sat down on the rough bench within the dark cage—"well, this is what I call being licked!"

"What's what *I* call?" growled the other. "I can't think how we came to be such fools as to let those policemen take us. I wonder whether Marston will appear against us?"

"I should scarcely think he would," said Joe. "It'll be a bad day's job for him if he does. I shall split about the Epsom affair, and that, you know, will be—click!"

He made a peculiar noise with his mouth, and a peculiar gesture with his hands to his neck, expressive of the Calcraftian operation; whereupon his companion indulged in a hideous kind of laugh, and they both sat for some time silent.

Presently the sound of footsteps was heard without. Joe at once indulged in a fearful growl, in which his companion joined.

"Be quiet, you fellows," said a voice outside; "we are coming to help you."

"Why, by all that's sacred, that's Marston's voice!" said Joe. "What the devil can his game be?"

"He is afraid of what he's done," said the other.

"You're about right, George," said Running Joe; "but never mind, I don't know what you say, but I am agreeable to go, no matter who it is that saves us."

"Perhaps he is up to some of his games," said George; "it's well to be careful with him, for no one ever knows when he has any of his devilment in view."

Just as he spoke there was a tap at the door of the cage.

"Who is there?" cried Joe.

"It is I, John Marston," cried the voice; "I have come to let you out."

Then I wonder you put us in," said Joe. "You seem to have forgotten the old motto among thieves."

"You don't know what you are saying," said Marston. "If they had thought that you and George were friends of mine, they would have suspected that there was some conspiracy afloat for some evil purpose."

While Marston had been speaking either he or one of his companions had been engaged in picking the lock, and it was but a few moments after that that the door was flung open, and the fresh free air once more blew upon them.

It may be imagined that neither Joe nor George were long in making their way into the high road. They had no sooner done so than they found themselves surrounded by six men, who, without a moment's delay, seized upon them and tied their arms together.

"Villain!" cried Joe. "What treacherous trick is this? Is there a new murder on foot, like that which you committed at Epsom?"

He had no time to say more. A gag was thrust into his mouth, as also into that of his companion, and, without further delay, they were hurried down the road in the direction of Hampstead Heath.

It was upon the day following these events that Leonard Fairfax paid a second visit to No. 7, Birdcastle Walk. His success was no greater than before. If anything, the old woman at the door was more surly than before.

"I don't know what you are coming here for—for, whatever you come for, you won't get no good. I can tell you, if some of my chaps were to see you loafing about here, there'd be a row that wouldn't be very wholesome for you."

"I'm a friend of Running Joe," said Fairfax, "I mean him no harm. In fact, my visit here has for its object the placing of money in his pocket."

That the woman didn't believe a word he said was quite evident. She simply grinned disdainfully and slammed the door in his face. Mrs. Desmond was about to turn away, disgusted and disappointed, when she felt a hand upon her shoulder.

She started and glanced around. Near her was standing a ragged, emaciated individual, of uncertain age, who had the advantage of squinting down two streets at once, but who otherwise was very little favored by nature.

"Excuse me, your honor," he said, addressing Mrs. Desmond, of course, in her male character; "but I think I heard you speak of Running Joe?"

"Yes," cried Mrs. Desmond, eagerly; "I would reward any one handsomely who would take me to him."

The man, on hearing these words, struck a tragic attitude, not for effect, but really to express the depth of his feelings.

"Sir," he said, "look you here. I am a poor, I may almost say a starving man, and, of course, money is an object to me, no matter in what small quantities it may be given. But Running Joe has been a friend to me when no one else would lend me a helping hand. So, if your honor were to offer me a thousand pounds, and I thought you were going to hurt him, I would rather die than be the means of selling him."

"Don't fear," said Mrs. Desmond; "I am his friend, and am anxious to do him a service. Understand that I wish him to do me a service also, so that it will be a mutual benefit, for which I will pay handsomely. You may safely trust me, therefore, with his secret, and I shall not betray him. You may bring as many friends of yours as you please, and I will go with them alone."

"I think you can be trusted," said the man; "though if you betrayed us, it would go precious hard with you. The truth is, John Marston has got him safely stowed away in a crib where the police would find a difficulty in getting at him. I know you understand who this Marston is, and so you are aware you must disguise yourself. Even then—make no mistake—there is plenty of danger in the job."

"Never fear," said Mrs. Desmond. "Running Joe can save the life of my best friend, and therefore you may be assured that I shall risk everything to find him. I don't mind danger, but I wish to avoid treachery."

"We'd best go alone," said the man; "much best. If you come with me, I can show you where you can obtain disguises. You mustn't mind what style you go in."

"Not I," replied the wife of Ray Desmond, firmly. "Let us go at once."

"Follow me, then," said the man. "It won't do, in this neighborhood, to be seen walking together."

In about ten minutes the man had ushered her in to a dingy, dark looking room, around the walls of which hung clothing of all kinds and sizes.

"You're surprised, no doubt," said the man; "but in my trade I've need of every kind of dress. Choose where you like. There, that's a good 'un; looks professional. I'll go and get two pairs of 'barkers' while you tog yourself."

While the man was gone, Mrs. Desmond dressed herself in a suit of things in which her identity as lady or gentleman was completely sunk.

The man, when he returned with the pistols, expressed himself completely satisfied with the change; and having duly operated on Mrs. Desmond's face, in order to make it sufficiently grimy and old-fashioned, he pronounced her ready.

"I'm the Linnet," he said, "and you are the Dustman. I'm a ballad-singer—you're a thief. We'd better start now it's getting dusk, for we've a good step to go."

"We can ride," said Mrs. Desmond.

"Well, perhaps so. It's a long way, I can tell you."

About ten miles from London, on the northern side, there stood a spacious hunting box. This ancient, time blackened edifice, with its dismantled walls and moss-covered roof, appeared to be entirely abandoned.

The main body of the building, with a large tower which flanked it on the east, and already almost in ruins, and the western tower, was the sole inhabited part. It might be inferred—from some hedges of box trees intruding in every direction on an esplanade before the gates, which were bordered by lindens—that a flower garden had once bloomed on the spot, now overgrown by brambles and weeds.

The end of autumn was approaching, and a rich purple tint began to appear on the heavy masses of trees which skirted the horizon. The sky was grey and clouded, the air moist and cold, and night was drawing near, when the high and narrow window which gave light to the lower story of the tower was suddenly illuminated.

The colors of its stained glass, though somewhat darkened by smoke, were brilliantly irradiated, and the arms of some ancient family beamed forth amidst the obscurity, which was becoming more and more profound.

The lower floor of the tower formed an immense circular room, which was at once the dining hall and kitchen of the hunting box. The upper stories contained several dilapidated chambers, which were accessible by a spiral staircase of rough and narrow stone.

A rope was fastened to the humid wall by staples of rusty iron, to aid this inconvenient ascent. A large fire sparkled in the immense fire place of the room; and a copper lamp, with three sockets, hanging from the blacked beams of the ceiling, threw light over the apartment. On the half unplastered walls were to be seen the horns of stags, which supported hunting knives and guns, as well as the tusks of wild boars and stuffed heads of deer.

The ground, beaten like the floor of a barn, was strewed with chopped hay by way of a carpet. In one corner there stood on two beams an enormous broached barrel of beer, and above this were two other casks of different dimensions, one of which was filled with wine, and the other with spirits.

On either side of these casks there were rows of pewter drinking cups, which corresponded to them in variety of size. At a little distance, two tubs rested against the wall, one containing salted pork, and the other beef.

A fork and spoon of iron, hanging above these two tubs, served as a sort of pendant to the drinking cups which were displayed beside the barrels. Finally, the culinary appointments of the chamber were completed by a chest, which contained a dozen loaves as large as mill stones. With the exception of a quarter of venison, which was roasting before the fire-place, and a large iron pot, in which some joint was boiling, there was little to remind one of a kitchen.

The sole utensils seemed to be gridirons, which were hooked up before the mouth of an oven, and a clumsy turnspit, which was kept in motion by a dog. Another quarter of venison, corresponding to that which had already been cooked, hung, all bloody, from an iron hook, beside the entrance to the apartment.

Owing to the intermingled emanations of the roasting meat, the wine, the beer and the spirits, there reigned throughout the arched hall an atmosphere so thick, or, more properly, so nourishing, that it alone would have been more than enough to satisfy a delicate stomach.

The intermingled rain and hail was falling violently and crackling against the window panes, whilst two grey headed old Jews, habited in loose grey coats, were buried in preparation for the meal. As may be concluded from the style of the cooks, the cooking utensils, and the meat in course of preparation, it was no lord of the manor, or such like worthy, who was expected.

In truth, the *half*-ruined hunting box, long since abandoned by its *wholly* ruined owner, was now the resort of a gang of desperate poachers and thieves, who were the terror of the country side, and who, as may be imagined, were as ready to slit the windpipe of a fellow creature as to trap a hare or kill a deer.

Presently, amid the howling of the wind and the clattering of the rain against the old windows, was heard the sound of voices.

"Open the door, Abrahams, my boy," said one of the old Israelites; "the lads are coming."

He was just in time. A knock at the door resounded ere he drew the bolt, and as he opened it, there rolled in, one after another, six as ruffianly-looking fellows as you might wish to see in a day's walk.

They were half drowned by the storm and swore lustily as they drew round the fire; while one of the old Jews began to deal out to every one of them a goodly portion of raw spirits. They seemed in tolerable good humor. Several had heavy bags on their shoulders, and all appeared more or less under the influence of merriment, excited by the sport of the evening. In a few minutes after their entrance they were all seated around the blazing fire, partaking of a goodly meal, and indulging in a conversation which would have horrified Dr. Johnson.

Meanwhile, outside in the storm, two people were climbing up the steep ascent, which led towards the hunting box. These were "the Linnet" and Mrs. Desmond. Their clothes were saturated with wet, for the former had insisted on the necessity of leaving the cab at some distance, in order that no suspicion should be excited.

"This is a strange place to bring me to in search of Running Joe," said Mrs. Desmond, beginning almost to doubt her guide.

"It may seem strange," said the man; "but that's where he is."

He pointed towards the hunting-box.

"What!" said she, in surprise; "that dark old building! It looks like a hunting-box."

"That's exactly what it was," exclaimed the Linnet; "but it's now the home of poachers and thieves. Quiet now; mind your catechism, and keep up your pluck."

As he spoke they had entered the neglected garden, and were approaching the house along the broad gravel path. In a few minutes they had knocked at the door, and were standing in the open doorway before the curious eyes of the carousing thieves.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PERILOUS ENTERPRISE.

The thieves never for one moment suspected that the Linnet would bring with him any one who would betray the band; but still they looked with suspicion upon any new comer.

"All's square, I suppose?" said a burly thief, as the Linnet sat down beside him.

"Yes; he's one of the right sort, and no fear," said the Linnet. "Have you anything good for supper?"

"Yes, you see there's plenty of good cheer. There's a piece of venison fit for the table of a king. Hang me, comrades, if these hungry cards ain't come all the way from London to taste our good cheer."

The new comers affected, as well as they could, a hearty laugh; and in a few minutes they were all engaged in the enjoyment of their luxurious fare. Had Mrs. Desmond been in a humor to look at the scene in a picturesque point of view, she might have really enjoyed it.

The appointments of the place—the style of the group—the very food, put one in mind of the middle ages rather than the modern days of 1825. Wine, beer and spirits were circulated freely, and ere a couple of hours had elapsed most of the thieves were stretched drunk, or half drunk, upon the floor.

Mrs. Desmond and the Linnet had both been obliged to join a little in the drinking, in order to allay suspicion; but the quantity which she imbibed served only to keep up her strength. By the desire of her companion, she feigned sleep, and remained leaning with her head on a bench for nearly an hour.

Then the Linnet came close to her ear and whispered "Now's your time. Get up and follow me. Take off your boots first, though, for they squeak most infernally." Mrs. Desmond did as she was directed, and in a few moments, with her boots in her hands, she was treading gently amid the forms of the sleeping thieves.

Passing through the door at the extreme end of the apartment, they entered a dark passage, where it was really impossible to see.

"Give me your hand, Mr. Fairfax," said the Linnet. "I know my way, though it is dark; so fear nothing."

Mrs. Desmond placed her small, delicate hand in the rough hand of the Linnet; and, grasping it firmly, he led her swiftly along. They soon reached a staircase, at the bottom of which the Linnet halted.

"Now we've got the most difficult part of the job," said he in a whisper. "You see that streak of light?"

"Yes."

"That is from a room where the two Jews sleep—two old men, who cook and clean for the chaps. They were receivers of stolen goods, and are hiding here out of the way. They are as sharp as needles, and we must be careful how we pass them."

Silently they passed up the stairs. The old Jews were snoring. This they could hear plainly as they ascended.

"They're asleep," said the Linnet. "We're all safe!"

Quickly they passed by the half open door, and approached a room which adjoined that of the Jews. Here all was in darkness. The Linnet, however, was prepared for this.

Taking from his pocket a box of silent matches, he lighted a lantern, and, pushing the door open, entered. Upon a bed, at the end of the room, lay a man in deep sleep.

"There he is, sure enough," said the Linnet, in a chuckling voice. "Come close up, and then sit down where he won't see you at first, or he might cry out."

Mrs. Desmond sat down near the bed, while the Linnet leaned over the sleeping man. Running Joe moved uneasily in his sleep.

They could then see, as his face was towards them, that it was plastered up—one great gash seeming to extend from one side of the forehead to the other, and slantingly across the head.

"He's been in the wars," said the Linnet, as he gently shook the sleeper. "Joe—Joe; wake up—it's me—the Linnet; wake up."

The wounded man slowly opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around him. Then he caught sight of Mrs. Desmond, and was going to speak aloud, when the Linnet clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Hush! not a word," he said. "We want you to come with us."

The wounded man made a gesture of dissent.

"You must, Joe," said the Linnet. "If you stop here you will die. They have nearly murdered you already. It doesn't seem that they are taking much trouble to get you well again."

Joe smiled faintly.

"I don't see how you are to get me out. They have nearly killed me already, and if I am moved I am afraid I shall die on the road. Can't you tell me what you want to say here?"

"No, no; that won't do," said the Linnet. "We want you to go before the magistrate and explain to him the whole of your transactions with John Marston."

The man glanced at the speaker in evident terror.

"Do you want me to be hanged?" he said.

"There is not much chance of that," said the Linnet. "It strikes me, by the look of you, that you will save them the trouble of scragging you."

"How am I to know whether I can trust you?" said Running Joe. As he spoke there was a slight noise in the next room.

"Is it death that you fear?" said the Linnet.

"Yes, yes!" said the man, in an abject voice. "I cannot, will not die now. I am not prepared for it!"

"Right you are, my pippin," said the Linnet. And as he spoke he drew from his pocket a horse-pistol which he presented to the head of the wounded man.

"Don't murder me," said Running Joe; "when you see I can't help myself."

"We don't want to murder you," said the Linnet; "but you must understand this—you have got to come with us. Outside, we have got a cab, and it's easy enough to carry you down to it. If you do as we ask you, you will come to no harm. You will be admitted as evidence against Marston. If you don't come I shall blow your brains out and we will take our chance of escaping."

The manner in which the man spoke left no doubt in the mind of Running Joe as to the sincerity of his tones.

"I will go with you," said Joe, tremblingly.

"Good!" said the Linnet, turning to Mrs. Desmond. "Will you watch at the door while I help to dress him, for I hear the old Jews snoring in the next room."

Mrs. Desmond accordingly passed out into the passage, while the Linnet proceeded with all possible haste to dress Running Joe.

Just as he had wrapped him up in a blanket, and was bearing him towards the door, a loud knocking was heard below.

"We must be quick," said the Linnet. "Turn to the right and make your way down the stairs without looking to the right or left, for it is ten to one that it is Marston at the door."

Taking in her hand the lantern which the Linnet offered her, she hurried down the steps, just as Marston's voice was heard cursing the drunken thieves in the front room. On reaching the bottom of the staircase, an unexpected obstacle presented itself.

The large door, which led out into the back grounds, was not only barred but bolted, and the key withdrawn. Mrs. Desmond looked round at her companion in considerable alarm.

"We are trapped," she said. "Listen; there are men now coming up the stairs into Joe's room. What is to be done?"

The Linnet was evidently greatly agitated. His face was pale as death, and he glanced round him in undisguised dismay.

"There is only one way of escape from this point. A second passage runs into the front room. We must follow this, and make our way across the large hall, while they are searching the other part of the house."

Passing along the lower corridor, they soon reached the door of a room, the fumes of wine and smoke emanating from which proved it to be the chamber where the thieves' banquet had taken place. As they reached it they could hear the scuffling of feet up the stairs, and the voice of Marston in advance of all.

"Now, then," cried the Linnet, "open the door, rush in, fire your pistol at the first person who stands in your way and rush towards the outer door."

It would be impossible to describe the tumult of emotions which took place in the mind of Mrs. Desmond at this moment. It was a fearful crisis in her fate. She knew well that upon her success depended the life of her husband.

Without the evidence of Running Joe there was no possibility of fixing upon John Marston the crime for which Ray Desmond was now in prison. Encompassed as they were by enemies, death in its most hideous form seemed to threaten them. But this was no time for hesitation.

Without a word she pushed open the door and rushed into the room, followed by her companion, with his heavy burden. They had no sooner entered, when they found they had committed a fatal error. The large front door was heavily bolted and barred, with a chain also across it.

To one not understanding the place it would have taken at least five minutes to unfasten the door; and they had scarcely reached it, when the sound of feet was heard descending the stairs.

The fugitives glanced around them, with a feeling of terrible anxiety. A little door on one side of the room stood half way open.

"I don't know where that leads to," said Mrs. Desmond; "but come, let us take our chance."

In another moment they passed through, and found themselves in a large room, filled with lumber and faggots of wood. From this place there seemed no means of egress; but they resolved to remain here, concealed beneath the faggots, at any rate until morning.

If Mrs. Desmond had imagined, however, that they would have been left there undisturbed, she had reckoned wrongly. They had scarcely hidden themselves, when the door opened, and Maston's voice was heard, saying, "Follow me, my men! They must have passed through here into the shrubbery."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GAY BOYS OF GOTHAM.

Haps and Mishaps of a Veteran Practical Joker.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

People who hurry past the dingy lane which flanks Trinity Church on the north, known for a century past, or more, by the title of Thames street—a "thoroughfare," such as it is, though now so densely surrounded by buildings of countless stories in height as to escape the notice of any but old *habitues*—little think that through this dark and narrow way have echoed the footsteps of Gotham's most eminent children; that in some of those old rookeries the leading men of the field and the farm, the stage and the tripod have for many a year foregathered to light the superfluous hours of their heaviness, and, metaphorically and poetically, to "pluck a feather from the wings of Time in his flight." It is even rumored that, stopping in Thames street one day to see if any were there who required his services to secure them a comfortable lodging in the graveyard adjoining, he stumbled in upon Judge Meas' party of old fossils at Hollahan's, who plied him with good old beer—none of your Teuton tipple, by the bye—till he fell fast asleep, and then stole his hour-glass; since when he has laid in wait at the lane's outlet with scythe in hand, ready to mow down the first passing wight whose lineaments betray him for one of the culprits. If he had got hold of old Tom himself I shouldn't wonder.

Although nearly all the choice spirits who frequented that region were of the jolliest sort, it had always a gloomy aspect, suggestive of skulls and cross-bones and broken monuments. As the chimes of Trinity ring out upon the bracing air, penetrating the deepest recesses of parts adjacent, and sending their notes of admonition into the most secret penetralia of Wall street (which, by the way, does not often honor them), an additional sleepiness seems to invest the precincts. Midway of the passage—which a drunken man might naturally liken to Scylla and Charybdis—stood, and I believe still stands, the venerable edifice, with its sloping cellar doors and bull's-eye window panes, in which I have often met in social circle "John Smith, of Arkansas"—the "Porcupine" of the bygone weekly press—poor Zoby, who, as "John of York," oft set the table in a roar; Buckingham, the veracious chronicler of "Old Reynolds' Beer House" (the place is one of revolutionary fame, yet it has survived all the typographical revolutions that have been taking place around it); Vail, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Tom Paine descended; Sam Ward and rubicund Dick Messerole, and many others like them, listening to whose quips and merry jests, accompanied by roars of honest laughter, a stranger would hardly be apt to be again imposed upon by the environing solemnity. The nearer the church the farther from God—you know the old adage!

There, too, in the flush days when men growled about being overburdened with specie, came as often as a pair of gouty legs would carry him a personage whose round, good natured countenance and portly person will be remembered as long as one of the old fraternity survives to toast his memory and tell o'er for the hundredth time the merry stories which were the life of the club room. Tom Porphyry is married and settled long since, and has a step ladder of children to remind him of the duty he owes to society—has an elegant house of his own, too, up among the averages; and his dinners (for I occasionally patronize them) are the glory of his intimates and the distraction of the head cooks of our best hotels. There, with the portraits of old huntsmen and turfites looking benignantly down upon us from the walls of the dining room, we review the storied past and sigh to think how the number of good fellows is thinning out, while another race, fully worthy to inherit their honors, is steadily uprising. In the times I go well remember Tom was a convivialist of the highest order, but more—he aspired to be a sports-

man, and could talk horse and rifle with any of the buckskins of his coterie, although the indiscriminate manner in which he misapplied technical terms and phrases was a sin to old stagers, whose salient points he copied. Tom's peculiarities, notwithstanding his good humor, made him a standard joke with his friends, the more legitimately, perhaps, because he had himself an unconquerable propensity for practical jokes, which he would get off upon anybody and everybody as occasion served, and with utter indifference to the consequences. Being in easy circumstances, he trusted to those glittering arguments which, with the majority of mankind are never adopted in vain, to carry him clear of unpleasant consequences. As a matter of course he was always getting into a scrape.

Love of pleasure led him to be a frequent attendant at all places of public resort where men and women most do congregate. You might often see his fat figure on a pleasant morning bounding like a cork over the cricket ground at Hoboken, the ball being sure to overtake him in mid career, taking him in the fleshy part with a force which produced a "squash" of wind that could be heard half the way to Weehawken, his downfall being invariably provocative of a roar of laughter from participants and spectators. One day, being forced to run half a mile into a tangled mess of morass and reeds in chase of a ball, he disappeared, and, after waiting a long while for him, parties were sent in pursuit, who came to the conclusion that he had got mired somewhere in the bog and had sunk out of sight. No ball to be found, either. Fox Hill—where Sam Nichols fought his "stupendous" duel sometime afterwards—resounded with the abjurgations of his party, who were obliged to wait until dark, and then, at last, to "coat up" and go home without him. "Alas! poor Yorick!" said little "York," drinking a tribute to his friend's memory, "we shall never look upon his like again, but, blarst him, he might have had the civility to stop and devour his share of the dinner we've ordered."

What was their surprise on reaching headquarters in Thames street to find the club room crowded by a party of *bon vivants*, who were voraciously dispatching the savory viands and expensive wines paid for out of the funds of the club on the day preceding, while Tom, with cigar in his mouth, was singing a comic song with prodigious gusto!

Tom said he had chased the ball till he had come out on the road, and, remembering that he had left his coat and hat at Barker's, had gone home that way, concluding, of course, that they would not be such fools as to wait for him.

"Yes," spluttered "York" vindictively, for, like the rest, he was hungry and tired—"b—b—but what in thunder did you hurry the dinner for?"

"Well," replied Tom, "the fact is I was hungry!"

The sportsmen were beginning to look blue at the prospect of having to adjourn to a hotel before they could dine, when Tom signalled to a waiter, and, the folding doors being thrown open, another table was discovered in an adjoining apartment, set forth with a dinner the counterpart of that the treacherous Tom and his confederates were then discussing. A series of exploits like this naturally provoked retaliatory measures. Tom was very fond of both rowing and yachting. To tell the truth, he did pull a pretty good oar, but, nautically speaking, he was not much of a "salt," being apt to call the boom the jib and the jib the spanker, and, like as not to order the hands to furl the maintopmast or to take a reef in the binnacle. He was complaining of getting rusty for want of practice—said he was beginning to suffer from the dry rot and wanted a dash of sea brine to moisten his lee scuppers—that sort of thing—when Toby brought him a letter signed by Com. Stevens, inviting him, as one who had heard of his prowess, to take part in the approaching regatta of the New York Yacht Club, to come off at Newport on the day following.

"Anything to oblige the Commodore," said Tom, evidently delighted at a prospect of exhibiting his skill and at the compliment conveyed in the missive. "Short notice enough; but, however, I'll go."

The next boat conveyed him to the celebrated watering place, with several enthusiastic clubites intent upon witnessing the result. Bets were seriously made as to the different competitors, and Tom saw himself already a hero and felicitated himself upon the bouncing stories with which he would regale the ears of his chums in quiet old Thames street on his return. In Newport it was remarked that he was over late; but "York," that faithful messenger, brought him word that the Commodore had ordered a boat to meet him at "the Point" by noon and convey him to the Saucy Maria, the flag boat of the fleet. At quarter past eleven precisely Tom was taking his way to the place agreed upon, our hero congratulating himself that "Tobe," who had stopped to take a drink with an acquaintance, would be left behind. The day was sultry on the open sands, and Tom did not regret having brought along his gingham umbrella. He reached the spot, after inquiring his way of a man in baggy trousers with a barnacle on his nose, who indicated the locality with his finger and asked, "Don't you see the Point?" Sure enough there, a short distance off, lay the fairy fleet, a picture to fan a flame in the heart of a lover of nautical sports. Tom reached the Point, rounded it, and sat down on a rock to cool off. No notice being taken of his presence, although they must have seen him, he waved his handkerchief; but still no answer, although he could see the people on board the Maria were reconnoitreing him with their telescopes. Fifteen minutes having passed, he waved his handkerchief again, and shouted "Hi!" and then, "Ship ahoy!" Half an hour passed, and the perspiration was beginning to start, but still no movement. It was now after twelve by his repeater, and Tom was as red as a lobster with his parboiling. A gun was fired; and, seeing that the boats were pulling up anchor, he started to his feet in some excitement, and waving both handkerchief and umbrella, commenced gesticulating furiously, shouting and shaking his fist by turns. All at once he felt a cold sensation at his feet, and, looking down, found that the water had risen to his rock, and was still rising. Tom swore a round oath as a parting salute, and then beat a precipitate retreat round the rock. It is not exaggerating to say that his knees smote together as he found that the water had covered all approaches, and that there was not a human being in sight whom he might hail. He waded back to his rock, where there was now a foot of water. The yacht fleet was sailing away in the misty distance, and the sky was draped in gusty clouds, while the surf and spray began to pelt him unmercifully. It had blown up quite cold and Tom, being dressed in linen from head to foot, was soon drenched to the skin. He was hungry and wet, and shivering, and hoarse with shouting. What an idea, to drown to death in such a place. He envied the sea gulls that went wheeling and circling about him, and once, recollecting Columbus, an insane idea seized him to swim ashore on his umbrella; but the suggestion was abandoned as soon as entertained, for Columbus could swim, and he couldn't. "Perfidious wretches!" he groaned, to abandon me to such a catastrophe. And they having such a time of it—green turtle and Chateau Lafitte, beyond a question!" And he was yelling again in lusty style, for he was now knee deep in water and the spray was breaking over him, when the same old weather beaten fisherman with baggy trowsers and a barnacle on his nose, came round the corner with painful slowness in a jolly-boat.

"You there yit—been at it all this time?" he asked, provokingly resting on his oars within a couple of yards distance.

"Sh—sh—ould th—i—ink I h' h' had!" shuddered Tom, clinging desperately to his rock. "Might h—h—heard me do—do—down to N—N—Newport, h' h' hadn't been deaf."

"Don't intend to stay here, I spose?"

"C' c' course not, n'if I kn-n-n-ow it," sobbed Tom, shivering worse than ever. "N-n-nearly done for now."

"Well, all the fools ain't dead yit, that's one consolation." And he took up his oars as if to go.

"Why, you are n—not g—going to leave me in this way!" Tom ejaculated.

"Why, you pesky fool, it ain't fur, and I s'pose you can swim?"

"Not a st-r-r-oke," rejoined Tom, miserably crestfallen.

"Well—hand over a ten dollar greenback and I'll scull ye in han'some."

"T-ten devils!" hissed Tom, as he handed him his pocket-book—he was too cold to open it—and allowed himself to be hauled into the boat much as a fisherman hauls a sturgeon into his net.

For two days Tom was an invalid at the hotel. On the third he started for home. On the steamer he was introduced to "Commodore" Stevens, who had chosen to return by that route. Incidentally, Tom mentioned his disappointment.

"Good God, was that you?" ejaculated the old patron of water sports. "You had a narrow escape."

"None the better for your aid," said Tom, reproachfully—"You must have seen me."

"I certainly did," said the bluff old gentleman, "but I could not make out for my life what lunatic that was who stood there shouting and raving, up to his knees in water!"

Tom reached New York, and that evening made his appearance in Thames street, where he found "York" and his *confreres*, who were in an excellent state of preservation, and had eaten his dinner and made themselves generally at home ever since at his expense.

They took it very coolly and said *they had enjoyed the regatta amazingly;* when Tom learned to his intense disgust that "York" and the rest had participated in the race, and more, had come off loaded down with their share of the prizes.

The envelope of the note of invitation (which "York" had prudently forborne to exhibit) was addressed to him.

But Tom remembered the cricketing scrape, and so wisely said nothing. BOB O'GOTHAM.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

KITTY BLANCHARD.

This lady was born in this city in 1847, and commenced her career on the public stage as a *ballet* girl at a concert saloon in Philadelphia, when quite a child. She was afterwards secured by Frank Rivers, when he opened the Melodeon Concert Saloon in that city as a *danseuse*. She soon became one of the greatest favorites of that establishment, and remained there for some time. She next appeared at 444 Broadway, this city, and here became a favorite with the regular *habitues* of that popular place of amusement. In December, 1863, she made her *debut* on the regular stage at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., appearing as singing chambermaids. In June, 1864, she had a benefit when she appeared as the "French Spy" and in "Irish Assurance." The following season she remained there, playing singing chambermaids, and as principal *danseuse*. During the season she played a few star engagements in neighboring cities with success. Last season she was engaged at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, and has been secured there for the present season where she is a great favorite with managers and public. On the occasion of the production of "The Flash of Lightning" at the Broadway in this city June 10th of the present year, Kitty made her metropolitan bow on the boards of a regular theatre as Rose. She was favorably received and remained during the run of the piece.

The proposed race between the American yacht Sappho an the English yacht Aline is off—the latter having been laid up for the season.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

MOLONEY, Chicago.—1. James Myers cleared thirteen horses. 2. James Robinson never turned a double somersault while doing his bare back act, nor any other man. 3. The CLIPPER was first issued in April, 1853. 4. The fact of Mr. Kelly clearing seventeen horses does not make him the champion, for there is what is called the packing process, in placing the horses, thereby making the actual distance cleared over seventeen horses this way less than over fourteen horses. When the horses are placed in a fair way, the leaper goes over the horses' backs; but when they are "packed" he goes over their necks, lessening the distance considerably. The question of superiority in leaping can be easily settled by a performer going over a garter, and then measure the number of feet cleared.

"B."—"In the match between Athletics and Atlantics at Philadelphia, A—after receiving score by telegraph—bets B that the Athletics would win the game. B accepts the bet and puts up money, then accuses A of knowing what the score was before betting. A denies knowing the score, at first, but afterwards acknowledges that he knew the score. Can he claim the stakes? B. claimed it was a draw, on account of his denying that he knew the score and afterwards acknowledging he did." ......If A did not use any deceit before the bet was made then he wins.

PENFOLD.—1. We shall be pleased to hear from you. 2. The lady was born at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, and gave concerts in Boston with her sister when a child. First appeared on the stage with Castle & Campbell's Opera Troupe in 1864. First appeared on Boston stage at Mrs. Barrow's Theatre. Opened in New York with Mrs. John Wood at Olympic, and played all the season, then to the Continental, Boston, last season. Her parents are not professionals.

WOULD BE ACTOR, Brooklyn.—1. The height of a man is no draw back to him in the profession, as some of the most noted actors and actresses have been five feet five inches. 2. You can gain all the information you desire at Dramatic Hall, in Houston street, near Crosby. 3. There are about five old dramatic associations in the city. 4. Studying books only will never make an actor of you. 5. From $15 to $75 a week, according to the abilities.

NIBBS, La Salle, Ill.—We do not recollect the decision you refer to, and have been unable to find it. If the ball is held on the base before the striker gets there, then there is no use touching him if he does overrun; but if the striker gets there first, or as soon as the ball, and goes beyond the base because he cannot stop his headway, then he must be touched by the ball to be put out.

A. C., Baltimore.—"The Athletics have beaten the Atlantics *twice* this season, and now the chances are that the Atlantics will beat the present champions twice, and thereby regain the championship. Will the Athletics have to play the Atlantics again this season for the championship, assuming that the Unions will be defeated for the *championship*." ......See article on the subject in base ball column.

J. B., Hamilton, Ontario.—"In a base ball match, played the other day, the striker tipped an easy foul, which the catcher could have got had it not been for an outsider (a member of the other club), who put up his hand and stopped the ball. The umpire declared the man out; the players would not give it out. We leave it to you—was the man out or not?" ......The umpire was wrong; the player was not out.

FAIR PLAY, Baltimore.—"During a match game of ball a player had made his first base; the striker, following him, struck a fair ball to pitcher, who threw it to first base; the first base man held the ball on the base and then touched the player standing on it. How many hands were out? Was not the base vacant as soon as the second striker was declared out?" ...... Both players were out.

N. T. M.—"I bet a person that the Union Club of Morrisania would get beaten before they returned from their tour out west, and now there is a dispute in regard to the game that they were beaten in by the Cincinnati Club, the other party claiming that the game does not count; and we have agreed to leave it to your decision." ......The Unions having been beaten by the Cincinnati, you win the bet.

EIGHTH AVENUE GUARD.—1. Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860. 2. The bombardment of Fort Sumter was commenced at 4.30 A. M. on April 12, 1861. The rebels had in action seventeen mortars and thirty large guns, mostly columbiads. Major Anderson and his men left the fort and sailed for New York on April 14th.

W. H., Cincinnati.—The judiciary committee decided that the game should be played within fifteen days, and the club failing to appear to forfeit the ball. The Athletics refused to comply with this decision and appealed to the National Convention. That body sustained the action of the committee, and that was the end of the matter.

BULLETIN, Leavenworth.—In the agreement forwarded, it is very evident that the meaning of B C was, that Maximilian would be compelled to leave Mexico or driven from its government, while that of A B was equally clear that he would be able to retain his position. The capture and execution of Maximilian decides, in our opinion, the wager in favor of B. C.

J. D.—"A bets B twenty dollars that if the Atlantic B. B. C. should beat the Unions out of the championship and all clubs they play with this season, the Athletic of Philadelphia would hold the championship, from the fact of their having won two out of three games with the Atlantics already. Which wins, A or B?" ......A loses. See article in base ball column.

CONSTANT READER.—In the race between Dexter and Ethan Allen with running mate, at the Fashion Course, L. I., June 21st, Allen won in 2:15; 2:16; 2:19. Dexter's time in the first heat, taken independently by reliable outside timers, was 2:16, but this was not official. His time in the second heat, taken independently and by the judges, was 2:16¾.

MOHAWK.—The time between heats on the Fashion Course, L. I., is, for mile heats, 20 minutes; for mile heats, three in five, 25 minutes; two mile heats, 30 minutes; three mile heats, 35 minutes. On the Union Course, L. I., for one mile heats, 20 minutes; and for every additional mile an additional 5 minutes.

S. E. H., Wheeling, West Va.—"What did he write?" is the more correct, as the word "say" implies speech. Still, "what did he say?" from frequent use and because it implies communication, is not altogether incorrect.

LYMAN LOVER.—1. Melvin Foster is a resident of New York, and may be found during the day in the billiard saloon attached to Crook & Duff's in Park Row. 2. Your second question should be sent to a wholesale chemical establishment.

J. P. W., Chicago.—The population of the following four cities, as near as can be estimated, is New York 1,000,000, Philadelphia 800,000, Cincinnati 315,000, and Brooklyn 300,000.

C. R., Cincinnati, O.—1. We do not believe she made a will; at least we have heard nothing of it. 2. Such report is nonsense; inflammation of the digestive tube, combined with other causes, hastened her decease.

ACTOR, St. Louis.—1. A sketch of her life was published in this paper three weeks ago. 2. The book is announced for publication by a Philadelphia house.

HOPEFUL.—1. Give up the use of sugar and articles of food containing starch, and your avoirdupois may be reduced. 2. He is one of the best.

SANDS, Norfolk, Va.—There was such a work published some time ago, but we cannot say where a copy can be procured at present.

PETER.—Lotta was born in this city Nov. 7th, 1847, and first appeared in public with a concert troupe at eight years of age, in the interior of California.

GILBERT, Boston.—If you give but one performance, and charge admission, you must pay a license, both city and internal revenue.

SPORT, Baltimore.—We are not acquainted with the gentleman's address. A note sent to the club, Philadelphia, may be the means of gaining you the information.

CURIOUS QUESTIONER, Washington.—By looking over your files for the past few weeks you will find nearly if not quite all your uestions answered.

G. W. S., Washington.—1. The Mutuals and Athletics played three games—two at the Union ground, and one in Philadelphia. 2. Start. 3. Reach. 4. Couldn't say; guess not.

"BOSTON."—As it must be twenty-five before it is twenty-six minutes past five o'clock, A, who bet that it was twenty-five minutes past, wins the wager.

S. C. B., Washington, D. C.—The only instance we are cognizant of is that mentioned in the report of a race on the Niagara river, in our issue of the 5th inst.

I. L. F., Warsaw, Ky.—1. The partner of the dealer could not go alone. 2. When one party makes the trump neither of the adversaries can go alone. 3. Jack is highest.

SOUTH SIDE READER, Chicago, Illinois.—1. We cannot recommend you to any one. 2. Either Indian clubs or dumb bells.

J. B. E., Brookline.—1. They are too old for publication. The two latest were published in our last. 2. We cannot say where those numbers can be procured.

ON THE SQUARE.—The party you mention is said to have been accessory to the murder of Jimmy Lafferty, as he decamped from New Orleans shortly afterward, and has never been there since.

SUBSCRIBER, Albany, N. Y.—1. The day appointed for the fight between Coburn and Mace was October 4, 1864. 2. Nineteen hours

INDUSTRY, Norfolk, Va.—Your friend loses his bet. Neither Eclipse, Flying Childers, Flying Dutchman or Voltigeur ever ran a mile inside of 1:39.

COMMERCIAL, St. Louis.—1. How, of the Cincinnati. 2. Leonard, of the Buckeyes. 3. Doyle, of the Buckeyes. 4. We cannot say whether he lost one dollar or $500,000,000.

SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—There is no such game as poker with two cards; if you play it you must agree upon your own rules before commencing.

GENEVA.—Dexter's fastest time is 2:17¼—his private time does not go on the record.

C. B. G., Brooklyn.—We do not know of any book on the subject of training horses that we could recommend.

CEDAR STREET.—If B votes for Grant he will win the bet. A's claim is a paltry catch.

BLUE ANCHOR, Cincinnati.—He is the same one that was reported to have died of the yellow fever.

FRANCIS W. L., Chicago.—It was quelled by force of arms, and quite a number of men were shot.

BISMARCK, St. Louis.—Niblo's will seat comfortably 2,029 persons. The Stadt seats more than any other.

SHANG.—Lotta produced it for the first time in this city during her engagement last summer at Wallack's Theatre.

"D. B. H."—We already have a correspondent there. Many thanks for your offer.

PARAGRAPH.—1. See article on the subject elsewhere. 2. She has not. 3. No charge for answering questions.

J. E. B.—The lady is at present in this city, and a letter sent to this office will reach her.

EXCELSIOR, New Orleans.—Send them along and they will be published.

W. S. H., Philadelphia.—We have so many poems on the subject that we cannot find room for one fourth of them.

W. C., New York.—B was entitled to the game, as a jink is a game, trump or no trump.

J. N. S., North Adams, Mass.—Will be pleased to hear from you. Thanks for attention.

W. M. SHERWOOD, Edina, Mo.—There is no champion gymnast, although several claim the office on their posters.

G., Zanesville.—1. Appleton & Co., of this city, may be able to accommodate you. 2. Those works are out of print.

J. S. G., Boston, Mass.—As you are in the city you have better facilities for obtaining the desired information than we have.

HOWARD, Galion.—La Rue's Minstrels went on a balloon excursion several weeks ago.

YERMUT, Bryan City.—Broad street is the longest street in Philadelphia.

BELL, Erie, Penn.—The game of ball, as at present played, is an amalgamation of "town ball" and "rounders."

MANY PATRONS, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Josh Ward is accredited with making five miles in 35:10 on the Staten Island Course.

PARKER, Philadelphia.—1. He is not as swift as Fisher, of the Buckeyes. 2. Hatfield threw 396 feet.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The hands must be played out.

C. C., Philadelphia.—For three months, $10,92.

C. D., St. Louis.—We never issue such cards

H. G., Rondout.—Six lines 90 cents.

AMATEUR, Washington.—1. See answer to Would Be Actor.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago, Ill.—They are not to be had.

A. R. C., Milwaukee, Wis.—Thanks for information.

DICK, Shelby, Ohio.—"In the two match games between the Atlantics and Athletics the latter won. Now, if the Atlantics play the Unions and win the championship from them, will the Athletics have to beat the Atlantics again, to be considered the champions?" ......See article in another column.

TRI-MOUNTAIN, Boston.—"1. Is the Clipper Base Ball Club, of Lowell, a first class club. 2. Is the Conway, who pitches for them, the same one that pitches for the Hope and Anchor Club, of Pawtucket, R. I.?" ......1. Yes. 2. We don't know.

STATE OF MAINE.—Should the figures stand as you have placed them, Chamberlain would have 16,000 majority, and A therefore would win the bet.

G. A. H., Baltimore.—No charge for challenge, but a deposit should accompany it.

J. M., San Francisco, Cal.—1. Nat Langham did not fight Tom Sayers more than once. 2. Jem Ward never fought Molineux.

TARETUM, PA.—See answer to Geneva.

J. W. W.—Cricket is the more scientific.

BROOKLYN.—He is not married.

W. M.—The umpire was right.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND THE PRESS.

The most ardent admirer of the stage cannot deny but that, during the last half century there has occurred a gradual, yet most effectual, decline as to the general appreciation of dramatic performances. Not that the patronage bestowed upon places of public amusement has in the least degree decreased, for, on the contrary, there are few branches in trade which have proven more lucrative to both performers and managers than the theatrical profession. Nevertheless, however satisfactory the pecuniary results may chance to prove to the followers of Thespis, we are forced to admit that the stage, as a civilizing institution, has almost unperceptibly forfeited that standard of dignity, that omnipotent influence upon society it was wont to possess in days not long since gone by. A hundred reasons have been alleged to account for this untoward mishap, each one of which may have contributed, either directly or indirectly, to the general result, inasmuch as a permanent effect is only to be accomplished through a multiplicity of causes; yet with these it is not our province to intermeddle at the present moment, as we treat the drama with respect to the condition in which we find it, irrespective of retrospective prejudices. Nevertheless, there are abuses palpable to the critical eye existing in our present dramatic system, which, if not eradicated, threaten to reduce the standard of theatrical performance to a still lower level than that to which they have up to this time descended. We do not complain of the paucity of acting ability at this moment distinguishing our metropolitan stage, when contrasted with exuberance in talent literally overflooding the theatre of a few years back, inasmuch as it is beyond the power of mortal man to controvert the economical principles regulating the condition of supply and demand. Neither do we find fault with the deteriorated literary qualities of the plays now in popular vogue, for, if the critical sensibilities of the audience be not vexed by their incongruities in language and plot, and their extravagances are tolerated through a craving for novelty and scenic effects, it is simply evidence of that very deterioration in taste to which we have already alluded.

But there exists a gross abuse connected with our theatrical managements, alike unjust and injurious to the audience and those beneath managerial supervision. We allude to the sycophantic adulation extorted from the press by influential managers who, through forestalling criticism, deceive an audience as to the merits of a piece or of the performers in it. It is this playing upon the venality of journalists, this destroying the reliability of sound, rational criticism which, in our judgment, has contributed to the decadence of the drama, in our metropolis especially.

To exemplify the practical workings of this prevalent system let us instance a case far from imaginary. A manager, investing heavily in a speculation, founded generally upon some novel triviality, considers the subornation of professional critics a portion of his duties. To this end he devotes a portion of his capital, as a business item, to secure a certain space in journals possessing large circulations, or having a reputation as reliable guides in such matters. Employing the services of a competent writer, sometimes drawn from an influential daily, in the hope of propitiating his individual good grace, but more frequently maintained as a stipendiary to his own establishment, the manager crowds the newspaper columns with adulatory comments upon the enterprise in which he has embarked, which, prepared at his suggestion and beneath his supervision, present a rose colored and generally delusive view of the character and merits of the performance in which he is personally and pecuniarily interested. The public at large, ignorant of the source whence the articles emanated or the motive of their dictation, naturally rely upon the reputation of the newspaper for critical sagacity and honesty in opinion, and become, as it were, entrapped into pre-judgment on the merits of the piece, for none can deny the fact that there exists a potency in the expression of opinion by even the most obscure of journalists which tempers his reader's frame of mind and exerts an influence over his immatured judgment swaying it by an involuntary prejudice.

Such a condition of affairs could not have existed during the palmy days of the drama, for two cardinal reasons. In the first place there would be difficulty in discovering an editor or responsible manager of a journal so oblivious to his personal dignity or to his sense of public duty as to loan himself to the publication of that which, at the best, would be but an *exparte* statement of presumptive facts, provided he was aware of the design and intention of its composition. Again, the theatrical critic of those days, being generally a gentleman of erudition and of reputation in the world of letters, would consider his prerogative invaded and his reputation endangered by an anticipation, from another source, of the judgment the public naturally expected to come from him in a frank, honest and independent exposition of professional opinion. But now-a-days, we are sorry to say, theatrical criticisms, which are and ever should be reliable items of information, falsification of which is as disgraceful as perversion of patent facts, are regarded by a number of journals as mere advertising notices, whose fallacy is extenuated upon the ground of pecuniary compensation, in common with other announcements of the business world.

In fact, metropolitan managers have introduced into this country the Parisian *claque* in its most obnoxious form. Not content with cramming their houses with "dead heads" tutored to the art of applause, whose boisterous demonstrations are misinterpreted as the spontaneous expression of the auditor's opinion, resort is had to an imposition of stipendiary criticism upon the general public, purporting to come from the unbiased sentiment of journalists the integrity and reliability of whose judgment on all matters of popular interest we are inclined to accept as that of experts in their particular line of business. In this way ruling the public press, or a portion of it, whose necessities or avarice have placed them at the knees of the coin-dispensing potentate, the manager is enabled as well to foist fraudulent wares upon the public as to tyranize over the dependents of his company.

We cannot over estimate the evil effects of this pernicious and degrading system upon the drama and the dramatic profession. Were free and unbiased criticism to be allowed as in days gone by, when such men as Washington Irving and Paulding contributed seasonable and healthy *critiques* to the daily and periodical press, the public would look to the journalists, as they then did, as safe guardians, while actors would peruse critical comments to glean information, and for the correction of their errors. By our managerial bridling of the press, neither of these objects, the cardinal aims of pure criticism, can, by the remotest possibilty, be attained.

The deceit of the public may be extenuated as a trick of the trade, but nothing can be urged in palliation of the injury inflicted upon the profession, who, to subserve managerial purposes, are suffered to persevere in a course of erroneous acting until habituated to a vicious style in declamation and manner, which could have been averted at the outstart through the exercise of critical judgment. There are dozens of so called stars, bepuffed and bepraised by the press at managerial suggestion, utterly deficient in the rudiments of their art, and who, had their errors and shortcomings been judiciously pointed out by competent critics, and the hints acted upon by artists, would have rendered themselves competent and conspicuous members of their profession. On the other hand, there are scores of obscure actors and actresses assiduously trained to their calling, wasting an existence which would prove honorable to the stage were they not perpetually hidden beneath the bushel of managerial interference, which apparently values merit proportionally to the noise it can make in the newspaper world.

We have called attention to the existence of this managerial evil in the hope of its abatement through the resumption of independence by our journalists, hitherto loaning themselves as accomplices to a premeditated fraud perpetrated upon a community who will not fail to reprove, in course of time, the mercenary insincerity of those in whom they have placed reliance. We are aware that it is useless to appeal to managers for any alteration, however just, in their established habits; and therefore, in exposing a piece of duplicity, we charge it upon those, who, if they be not the real authors of the scheme, are consenting parties to its accomplishment.

MUCH INGIN.—The Indians along the line of the *Pacific* railroad are not very *pacifically* inclined. It is quite common for a party when they go out *engineering* to behold an *Ingin*-neering them, followed by others with tomahawks, to *axe* them to leave their territory. One of the papers says that Gen. Terry and Governor Marshall, of Minnesota, have gone to see the Chippewas and try to *pacify* them. If they fail in that the General will endeavor to *Terry-fy* them into behaving themselves. If they wont be, the Governor will *Marshall* his hosts of warriors against them. We trust that the trouble with the refractory *Ingins* will be overcome by the *ingenuity* of the distinguished messengers.

AGRICULTURAL.—Young farmers should invariably wear tight boots, because they will soon add to the number of their *ackers*, and also give them a bit of *corn* to cut before a great while.

SOMETHING NEW.—An enterprising Philadelphian has taken out a patent for the manufacture of wooden shirt collars and bosoms. In this way a man ought to be *board*-ed cheaply hereafter.

NOT SO STRANGE.—The Army Reports reveal the fact that a large preponderance of the boots and shoes issued to our soldiers are given to the *foot*-men.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?—If, as has been maintained by some, disposition is affected by diet, is it likely that eating *horse* wil promote *equine-imity*? Eh?

THE WICKEDEST CHAP IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

When a fellow has got the devil in him, we must expect that, somehow or other, it will come out. There is in nearly every populous neighborhood a chap of this description, whose pranks are the torment of his friends and the terror of all who are obliged to fall in his way. Hall servants rush to the doors at a violent agitation of the bell pull, to find no one to answer. Letters are received, which, on being opened, prove destitute of contents. Signs are transposed, or altered to convey a new and totally inapplicable meaning. Thus, the sign of Screws, the undertaker, was one morning discovered on the door of Dr. Squills, while that of the Doctor was stuck upon Screws' doorpost. His friend adjoining, a few days since, was run down by a crowd of people of all sorts and both sexes, each of whom carried a bundle or trinket, or implement of some sort, on which "a trifling loan" was demanded. When he was almost crazed by these repeated demands upon his attention, (he was writing a book on the Natural History of Cycloidal Phenomena and was very much absorbed in it), he poked his head out of the window and discovered the three balls of the pawnbroker, Solomons, gracefully dangling over his portico. Dozens of people have had their confidence shamefully betrayed by being tempted into kicking a hat off the sidewalk, said hat concealing a stone. A sedate, solemn pedagogue was thrown into a fearful passion on finding himself followed by a laughing and jeering crowd, and on reaching his dwelling, with a bundle of rattans in his countenance, was mortified to learn that he had walked two or three miles with a gutter snipe poster of "The Wickedest Man in New York" pasted to his back. After that people would rush to their windows to look at him, and he was stared at by all the strangers he met on the sidewalk. Miss Vinegar, the old maid, who was nearly dead with waiting, received a sham proposal of marriage from old Spondulix, the banker, who is one of the deacons, and one evening accepted it by sinking upon his bosom on the sofa—to his intense astonishment. She forthwith brought a suit for damages. It was the Wickedest Chap in the Neighborhood who left about five hundred orders with respectable tradesmen for goods in their line, to be sent to the house of Miss Flitters, and that worthy woman was distressed for one mortal day by a mob of clerks, carmen and expressmen, loaded with all kinds of articles, from a washing machine to a parlor piano. Every organ grinder that came our way would dose the clergyman with the Sailor's Hornpipe and Yankee Doodle, while Grimgaunt, the fire eater, got Marching Through Georgia and the Pretty Octoroon. At the last Bethel Revival, the short sighted exhorter, Mr. Aminadab Sleek, read out among the notices sent up to his desk a prayer for "that darned old tomcat that wakes up all the sleepers around with his all fired hollerin'." Dead rats and kittens are received in mysterious packages. A card in the papers for a husband brought a perfect shower of photographs and proposals to a rich widow who made no disguise of her aversion to matrimony. Once in a while the wickedest chap is caught in the act by a policeman and suffers the consequences, but generally he escapes scot free of the law. If the reporters should announce that his body had been found floating in the water, or a colic had taken him off some fine morning, it would be felt as a relief, we are sure, by hundreds of sufferers.

THE PERIODICAL SENSATION.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and, therefore, whoever may be out and injured by the exciting occurrences of public life, the aggregate population find their profit in them. Not being within the charmed circle, having no axes of any sort to grind, and believing that the world is destined to live out its appointed cycles, we can look on in unruffled serenity at the preparations for the conflict and listen to the neighing of the war horse with undisturbed equanimity. It is regarded as certain that when all other excitements have proved abortive, a popular canvass, with its attendant circumstances of speechifying, caucusing, drinking, voting and processions, is sure to "fetch" the sovereigns. Old fossil politicians (for many of whom the Ides of March have come) begin to crawl out of their hiding places, where they have vegetated for so many years that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and once more begin to take an interest in worldly affairs. New comers are busily occupied with "learning the ropes," and studying out the parts they have got to play in the coming contest. And many a hapless wight, by that same token, will discover during the ensuing months that a man may be a perfect calcium light in the eyes of an admiring constituency at home, yet sink to the dimensions of a penny rushlight before the gaze of his conglomerate countrymen. Every rustic neighborhood of any consequence has its Elijah Pogram, who fancies his speeches and letters are attracting the notice of the crowned heads of Europe and the uncrowned heads of his native continent, when in truth they are not heard at a distance of twenty feet from his local rostrum, nor read out of the columns of his village newspaper. Such is life! Such is fame! All the mighty machinery of party is to be greased over anew and set in motion. People of every shade of religion or politics, of every nation under the sun, will be thrown into the hopper and come out Presidents, Senators and Representatives of various grades, and of undoubted purity in the esteem of half the country and decidedly questionable character in the apprehension of the rest. Owing to the pressure of circumstances—in other words, to the preponderance of gentlemen who wish to maintain a certain position in life without the painful necessity of laboring to obtain that end—the number of applicants for office will be, this year, greatly increased, and all the resources of the nation, immense as they are, will not suffice to reward the locust swarm of adherents who make that specialty their stock in trade, and travel on their cheek. Now office holders grow uneasy and begin to calculate the amount of their assessments for the coming year. Now unswerving pens are busied in recording the names of the faithful, as well as of those who are to be left out in the cold. Now are going on the preparations for a mighty battle which will shake the earth as with the throes of a tremendous convulsion; but, meanwhile, the "vulgar herd" who do not aspire to office, and who would not, probably, get it if they did, eat, drink and sleep as usual, and will probably continue to do so until the momentous struggle is past, and for many a day thereafter.

A WORD IN FAVOR OF FIELD SPORTS.

Somehow it appears to us as though our American youth have greatly increased in manliness and strength since the common abandonment of the old notion that all our hours should be devoted to work, with the exception of the Sabbath, and that—the only day regularly allotted for rest and recreation—must be devoted to a melancholy overhauling of private peccadilloes and preparation for an uncertain future. Only a few years have sped since it was deemed a reproach upon the character to be seen absorbed in fishing or gunning, or balling, rowing or riding, and of the business career or moral destiny of all who stepped beyond the narrow limits of conventionality, nothing but evil was prophesied. A prominent objection was that the localities resorted to for pleasure were surrounded with inducements for dissipation, and that the habits were apt to become unsettled; but that argument was abandoned when it was demonstrated that the incentives to sin are all of local growth, and that it does not need to take boat or rail to find inducements to dissipation. Field sports are properly unconnected with any of these evil associations, and the natural influence of the woods and fields is of itself sufficient to put all evil thoughts to flight. Was there ever heart more genial or more kindly than that of Izaak Walton, who, while he traced the limpid brook with rod in hand, could still find time to reflect upon the greatness of the Creator and the adaptability of all things to the reasonable wants of his kind. Prominent among these wants are now ranked as indispensible, fresh air and exercise, and we, consequently, see in the counting room and the factory fewer sunken chests and distorted limbs, more ruddiness of complexion and fullness of contour, with an accompanying expansion of the intellectual faculties. Ten years ago there was here and there a boat club, so called, but the sport was pursued surreptitiously rather than otherwise, and as for yachting, it was enjoyed only by the favored few, while here and there one heard of a cricket club, but base ball was almost unknown—not having been elevated to the dignity of a national game. To-day we find the local papers brilliant with accounts of matches and festivals, and whole columns are systematically devoted to base ball alone. The beneficial effect is seen, not only in the health, but also in the greatly lessened number of evils resulting from polite intoxication. Society, as well as the laws, should afford every possible facility for this species of relaxation, which tends materially to curtail the ravages of that sensual dissipation which the city journalists so frequently deplore. There cannot be less than fifty organisations worthy the name in this city and parts contiguous, while all over the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they may be counted by the hundred. This wide spread addition to field sports may be cited as a striking characteristic of an altered and altering age.

THE GRECIAN BEND.—Charley Gould, "first base" of the Cincinnati Base Ball Club, has the regular "Grecian Bend" in reaching for a ball, especially when viewed from behind. One young lady in the Buckeye match could not forbear styling him "such a graceful *c-reacher*," so we've been told.

A BAD PECK.—David Peck, of St. Louis, was recently arrested for stealing a Sunday School Missionary box with its contents. The magistrate at once took *measures* to prevent *Peck* repeating the act.

A MORMON ELDER was recently presented with nine boys and five girls at one sitting. The Elder cannot say that his life has been *fruitless*. Where does that Elder bury his dead?

THE BOATMAN'S SONG.—We learn that several gentlemen who invested rather too heavily on Coulter, in his late contest with Brown, consider Pittsburgh as "The *Dearest* Spot on Earth," etc.

MEASURED LOGIC.—When a conspiracy is just a-foot, it certainly cannot be very widespread.

A CRICKET MATCH was played at Chatham, C. W., between the Thames Club of that place and the Peninsulars of Detroit Mich. One innings only was played, and the Thames won by a score of 58 to 27.

BASE BALL.

THE CLIPPER BASE BALL PRIZES.

Since the defeat of the Atlantics by the Athletics of Philadelphia, in two successive games, and the subsequent victory of the Atlantics over the champion Unions, we have received quite a number of letters upon the subject, asking for information in reference to the championship, and the disposition of the CLIPPER gold ball and medals. It seems that a number of our correspondents look upon it as a foregone conclusion that the Atlantics, having so easily disposed of the Unions in their first game, must vanquish them in a second meeting, and thus secure the championship. Others, again, take the ground that the Atlantics, having been beaten by the Athletics, cannot hold the championship until they shall have triumphed over the latter club. Different opinions are advanced, according to the prejudices of the writers and their connection or association with the various clubs competing for the office. Our views being asked for, we take this opportunity to give our understanding of "the situation." The Atlantics have already won one game in the series with the Union club (the present champions). Should they succeed in defeating them a second time, before another club has defeated them, they, the Atlantics, become virtually the champions; should, however, the Athletics and Atlantics win two games *each*, with the Unions, then, in consideration of the Athletics beating the Atlantics, the former club would be looked upon as the rightful possessors of the title, although the Atlantics, presuming they were the *first* to win two games from the Unions, would, virtually as we before remarked, be entitled to the position.

In reference to the disposal of the CLIPPER prizes, we would state that we have offered them for fair competition, in which no one club shall have any undue advantage over another—and if the Union Club should decline to meet the Athletics until after they, the Unions, have completed their games with the Atlantics, then, in the event of both clubs beating the Unions two games out of three, a fresh series of games will have to be played between the Atlantic and Athletic clubs, the winner of two games out of three to be entitled to the Gold Ball.

We have been informed that, as long ago as three months, the Athletic club solicited the Unions to name a time for an early meeting; but that nothing was done in the matter, the communications being unanswered, or, if replied to, the club making no definite response as to time of meeting. It would be manifestly unjust in the Unions to play *two* games with the Atlantics before playing *one* with the Athletics or any other competitor for the championship, and it is to prevent anything that may even bear the *semblance* of collusion that we shall exact a fulfilment of the above conditions before awarding the CLIPPER prizes.

Common fairness should dictate to the present holders of the honor some method in meeting their engagements with rival clubs by which all could be fairly served. Before the second game with the Atlantics is played, the Unions should play their first game with the Athletics. The three principal claimants—the Atlantics, Mutuals and Athletics—having been accorded a game each, let the return games be left to chance—that is, let a toss be made for precedence, and this will give all an equal show.

THE ATHLETICS AT ALBANY AND TROY.

ATHLETIC vs. NATIONAL.

On the 8th inst., the day following their game with the Atlantics in Brooklyn (a full account of which we gave in last week's CLIPPER), the Athletics took passage in the day boat for Albany, where they arrived about 5 P. M. They were received by a delegation of the Nationals, and escorted to the Delavan House, where quarters had been engaged for them. On the 9th inst., they were conveyed in a special car to the grounds of the National Club, which, owing to the rain and long grass, were in no condition for playing. Wilkins was not on hand, and Kahmar took his place, which made two or three changes necessary. Radcliff played short, Cuthbert caught, Kahmar right field, and Foran left. The game opened with a slight lead for the Atlantics, which they kept up to the sixth innings, when the score stood four each. On the seventh innings the Athletics received their fourth blank, and the Nationals made a single, giving them the lead by one run. Up to this time the batting had been very light and the fielding sharp. Owing to the long grass and the heavy condition of the ground from the rain, many good hits that would have given the strikers a couple of bases on a hard ground, were easily stopped and thrown in in time to cut off the batsmen. In the eighth innings the Athletics rallied well for five runs, and disposing of the Nationals for one, had the game well in hand. In the ninth they added four more to their score, leaving the Albanians eight to get to win. By sharp fielding the Athletics "blinded" them and closed the game for the small totals of 13 to 6. The fielding was remarkably good on both sides, Fisler and Umpleby especially excelling. The score is appended:—

NATIONAL.	H.L.	R.	ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.
Cantwell, c	2	3	Reach, 2d b	2	3
Wolverton, 3d b	4	1	McBride, p	2	1
Gould, r f	4	0	Radcliff, s s	4	1
Waddell, p	1	0	Kahmar, r f	4	1
Spelman, 2d b	3	1	Fisler, 1st b	4	1
Umpleby, 1st b	1	1	Sensenderfer, c f	3	1
Eitzberger, l f	4	0	Foran, l f	2	3
Stimson, c f	3	0	Cuthbert, c	3	1
Powers, s s	4	0	Berry, 3d b	3	1
Total		6	Total		13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	5	4	—13
National	0	1	0	0	2	1	1	1	0	—6

Fly catches—Reach, 4; Cuthbert, 4; Fisler, 2; Radcliff, 1; Kahmar, 1; Sensenderfer, 1; Foran, 1—14. Eitzberger, 4; Stimson, 3; Cantwell, 3; Spelman, 3; Gould, 2; Wolverton, 1—16. Run out—Stimson by Reach, Wolverton by Radcliff, Radcliff by Wolverton. Double play—Reach and Fisler. Out on fouls—Athletic, 5 times; National, 5 times. Left on bases—Athletic, 9 times; National, 6 times. Umpire—Chas. Bierman, of the Union, of Lansingburg. Scorers—Messrs. Bell and Garfield. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes.

On the 10th the Athletics took carriages for Troy to meet their engagement with the "Haymakers." About 3,000 persons had gathered to witness the contest, a threatening rain keeping many away. Special seats had been reserved for the Philadelphians, and the large delegation was well provided for. An even score of three each at the end of the second innings gave promise of a close contest, but on their next turn at the bat the Athletics hit heavily for seven runs, and following this up with five more in the fourth innings, held the advantage by 15 to 8. The last five innings were more evenly contested, the batting being very heavy on both sides. The Athletics made 21 runs and the Unions 20, thus winning the game by a score of 36 to 28. Reach and Foran excelled in fielding, and Fisler and McBride in batting. Cuthbert played well behind the bat, and made the only home run of the game. M. King fielded remarkably well for the "Haymakers," taking seven flies. "Clipper" Flynn and S. King also played their positions well. Bearman, late of the Mutuals, played first base in his inimitable style, and pitched in the last three innings. We append the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	UNION.	H.L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	2	5	Craver, c	4	2
McBride, p	0	5	Ward, 2d b	4	3
Radcliff, c	5	3	Davis, p	2	5
Kahmar, r f	2	6	McAtee, s s	0	6
Fisler, 1st b	3	6	Flynn, r f	4	2
Sensenderfer, c f	6	2	M. King, c f	1	4
Foran, l f	2	4	Bierman, 1st b	5	1
Cuthbert, s s	3	4	S. King, l f	3	3
Berry, 3d b	5	1	Penfield, 3d b	4	2
Total		36	Total		28

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	3	0	7	5	3	5	2	10	1	—36
Union	1	2	2	3	0	3	7	9	1	—28

Fly catches—Reach, 4; Foran, 3; McBride, 1; Kahmar, 1; Sensenderfer, 1; Berry, 2—total, 12. M. King, 7; Ward, 2; McAtee, 2; Flynn, 1; S. King, 1; Penfield, 1—total, 14. Foul bound catches—Radcliff, 2; Cuthbert, 1; Craver, 2. Out on fouls—Athletic, 3 times; Union, 4 times. Left on bases—Athletic, 4 times; Union, 8 times. Umpire—Mr. Wolverton, of the National, of Albany. Scorers—Messrs. Bell and Schofield. Time of game—Three hours and fifteen minutes.

ALERT, OF CHARLESTON, S. C., vs. FOREST CITY, OF SAVANNAH, GA.

The second of the series of games between these clubs came off on Monday, the 7th instant, on the grounds of the Alert Club, before the largest concourse of spectators ever before assembled in the South to witness a game of ball. Fully 4,000 persons witnessed the game. More than ordinary interest was manifested in this game, as the Forest City won the first game in Savannah on the 4th of July. Score 27 to 16 in favor of Forest City. At 2.40 P. M., Mr. Frank McCabe, of the Carolina Club, having been chosen umpire, and the Alerts having won the toss, the game was opened by their sending the Forest City to the bat, who scored three runs, while the Alert made five. The second innings resulted in a blank for the Forest City, while the Alert scored 12. After the third innings, when the Forest City scored 5 and the Alert 19, it was very evident that the latter had the game their own way, although their opponents struggled for the mastery, which they did not succeed in gaining. At the end of the seventh innings it becoming dark, the game was called. The game was delayed on account of McNulty, of the Forest City, meeting with a severe accident to his hand, and by Easton, of the Alert, trying to take a fly with his head, which he did not accomplish, and he was knocked senseless for some time. The third game will be played in Augusta, Ga., at an early day. The following is the score:—

FOREST CITY.	H.L.	R.	ALERT.	H.L.	R.
McNulty, 2 b	3	3	Easton, s s	2	7
Veltman, l f	1	4	Heslin, c	2	6
May, 1st b	2	2	Cook, c f	1	8
Colquitt, c f	2	1	Schacte, 1st b	0	8
McDonald, p	2	3	Concklin, l f	3	5
Beard, 3d b	4	0	Stubbs, 2d b	2	5
Craven, c	3	1	Mathews, 3d b	4	4
Griffin, r f	1	1	Boyce, p	4	4
Bell, s s	3	1	Lockwood, r f	3	4
Total		16	Total		51

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Forest City	3	0	5	9	1	3	4	—16
Alert	5	12	19	5	5	4	1	—51

Flies caught—McNulty, 1; Veltman, 1; McDonald, 2; Easton, 1; Cook, 1; Schacte, 3; Heslin, 2. Flies missed—Cook, 1; Stubbs, 1; McNulty, 1; Veltman, 5; Colquitt, 1; McDonald, 2; Beard, 2; Craven, 1; Bell, 1. Fouls struck—Alert, 21; Forest City, 18. Out on fouls—McNulty, 3; May, 1; Bell, 1; Easton, 1; Heslin, 1; Boyce, 1; Lockwood, 1. Left on bases—Griffin, 2; Colquitt, 2; May, 1; Stubbs, 2. Passed balls—Craven, 14; Heslin, 10. Home runs—McNulty, 2. Umpire—Frank McCabe, of Carolina Club. Scorers—Messrs. Bingham and Winner.

UNION vs. STAR.

The champions had a very narrow escape from defeat on the 12th inst., on their own ground at Tremont. The well known Star Club of Brooklyn was their opponent, and having out a full nine caught the Unions napping, and came very near winning the trophy. The Unions were short of Martin, Hudson taking his place in the nine. In the first two innings the Stars batted finely for twelve runs, while the Unions failed to count. The champions began to realize the necessity of doing something about this time, so Hudson, who had been playing short, was sent into the field, Smith to second, and the balance of the nine to their regular positions. The change worked to a charm, as in the rest of the game the Stars were only allowed to add two runs to their score, while the Unions, assisted by the mis-plays of their opponents, made seventeen. This was a very small hole to get out of, but the champions played a lucky up-hill game, while the Stars, besides playing poorly, were in very bad luck. The ground was wet and muddy, and the ball difficult to handle, but nevertheless there were some pretty displays of fielding on both sides. We give the score below:—

STAR.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Rogers, s s	2	3	0	1	Goldie, 1st b	3	3	0	1
Manly, 3d b	1	3	2	1	Austin, c f	3	2	1	0
Cummings, p	3	1	0	0	Hudson, s s	4	0	0	0
Clyne, 1st b	3	1	0	1	Pabor, p	5	0	0	0
Jewell, c	4	1	0	3	Wright, 3d b	3	2	0	0
Dollard, 2d b	5	0	0	2	Birdsall, c	2	3	0	3
Johnson, r f	4	1	0	0	Shelly, 2d b	3	2	0	0
Hall, l f	3	2	0	2	Smith, l f	2	2	0	1
Worth, c f	2	2	0	3	Reynolds, r f	2	3	0	2
Totals	27	14	2	13	Totals	27	17	1	7

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Star	2	10	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	—14
Union	0	0	3	0	2	3	0	6	3	—17

Out on bases—Star, 12; Union, 7. Double plays—Star, 0; Union, 1. Out on foul balls—Star, 9; Union, 10. Umpire—Mr. Thompson, of the Harlem Club. Scorers—Messrs. Lush and Stirling. Time of game—Two hours.

MUTUAL vs. ECKFORD.

The third and deciding game of the series between these clubs took place at the Union Ground on the 12th inst., and was won by the Mutuals with the score of 23 to 16. The New York club gained such a decided advantage in the first four innings that their adversaries, though playing a plucky, up-hill game, found it difficult to overcome it. On the 5th innings the score stood 16 to 2; but Malone was sent in to pitch at this time, and the Mutuals only added seven more to their totals. In the meantime the Eckfords were not idle, and ran up their score from 2 to 16, thus making a very good finish to the game. The fielding exhibition was not a very creditable one for either club, but the batting was first class. The best fielding was done by Eggler, Pike and Swandel, the former making two very handsome catches. Nelson was, as usual, a little "sulky," but played well at times. Dockney put out the most players, capturing eleven on fouls, and had the best score—one out and four runs. Below we give the score:—

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Allison, 1st b	3	2	1	1	McMahon, r f	4	3	0	1
Wood, 2d b	2	3	1	1	Dockney, c	1	4	1	3
Eggler, c f	4	1	1	4	Wolters, p	3	1	2	0
Davenport, p	3	1	0	0	Pike, l f	4	2	0	4
Nelson, s s	2	3	0	4	Galvin, 1st b	2	2	2	1
Hodes, 3d b	3	1	1	2	Stockman, s s	4	2	0	0
Patterson, l f	1	2	2	0	Devyr, c f	4	2	0	0
Malone, r f	4	1	0	0	Swandell, 3d b	2	4	0	3
Holmes, c	3	2	0	2	Flanly, 2d b	3	3	0	2
Totals	27	16	6	14	Totals	27	23	5	14

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eckford	0	0	1	1	4	3	3	4	0	—16
Mutual	0	5	1	10	0	4	3	0	0	—23

Home runs—Davenport, 1; Patterson, 1. Out on bases—Eckford, 8; Mutual, 12. Foul bound catches—Hodes, 1; Dockney, 5. Double play—Nelson, Wood and Allison, 1. Out on foul balls—Eckford, 11; Mutual, 4. Umpire—Mr. Reach, of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia. Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Dongan. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

MARYLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

The second game for the Silver Ball and the Championship of the State of Maryland, which came off on the 10th inst. in Baltimore between the Enterprise and Maryland clubs, of that city, was unusually interesting, from the fact that both clubs are composed of excellent players, and large amounts had been staked on the result by the friends of either club, the Enterprise being the favorite. On the toss the Maryland went to the bat and made one run, the Enterprise following, and meeting with a "skunk" on the first two innings, placing the Maryland 5 ahead. At the end of the third innings the Enterprise had scored 2 points, and at the ninth innings the game stood—Maryland, 17; Enterprise, 15—the latter club at the bat. At this point the excitement was so intense as to cause an intermission of several minutes in the game, the betting becoming general. Quiet having been restored, the Enterprise went to the bat, when Muncher and Ceachtel were caught out on flies by Annan, and Bass on a foul fly by Keerle. The following is the score:—

MARYLAND.	H.L.	R.	ENTERPRISE.	H.L.	R.
Hooper, r f	3	2	Galliker, c f	4	2
Wilson, 1st b	3	3	Goldsmith, c	2	1
Roorke, p	3	2	Chenoweth, r f	5	1
Hannan, s s	4	2	Braden, 3d b	1	4
Keerle, c	3	2	Muncher, 1st b	3	2
Lucas, 3d b	3	2	Wachtel, 1st b	2	2
Worthington, c f	3	1	Bass, s s	2	1
Doyle, 2d b	2	3	Fitzsimmons, p	5	0
Armstrong, l f	3	1	Warring, 2d b	3	2
Total		17	Total		15

Scorers—Clinton S. Birch, Maryland, and Chas. F. Flander, Enterprise.

Making the Maryland victorious by two runs. Mr. N. W. McCrae, of the Olympic, Washington, acted as umpire, and rendered his decisions with much satisfaction to both sides. Both clubs played with vigor, and the game is considered the finest of the season, the batting on both sides being excellent. The third and decisive game was to have been played on the 15th inst. The Enterprise anticipate a visit to New York and Philadelphia, on the last of this month, and will play with the leading clubs in both cities. They will remain in Philadelphia three days, and four days in New York.

ECKFORD vs. ALASKA.

At the Union Grounds on the 8th inst. the first game of a series was played between the veteran Eckfords and the young Alaskas. The Eckfords batted splendidly and fielded sharply, and won the game by the following one-sided score:—

ALASKA.	H.L.	R.	ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.
Lyster, s s	3	1	Allison, 1st b	2	6
W. Moller, 1st b	4	0	Wood, 2d b	2	4
Shevlin, p	3	0	Eggler, c f	3	3
Nichols, c	4	0	Brown, r f	5	2
J. Moller, 2d b	3	1	Nelson, s s	4	3
Allison, r f	3	1	Hodes, c	3	4
Clack, c f	2	1	Patterson, l f	2	5
P. Moller, l f	2	1	Grum, 3d b	3	3
Wakefield, 3d b	3	0	Malone, p	3	3
Total		5	Total		33

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Alaska	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	—5
Eckford	1	4	7	1	1	7	3	7	2	—33

Umpire—Mr. John Grum, of the Eckford Club. Time of game—two hours and ten minutes.

RESOLUTE vs. CHAMPION.

The home and home game of the match between the Resolute, of Elizabeth, N. J., and the Champion, of Jersey City, came off at the Fair Grounds, Waverly, N. J., on the 9th inst. After a closely contested game the victory rested with the Resolute by the appended score:—

RESOLUTE.	H.L.	R.	CHAMPION.	H.L.	R.
Sipp, 2d b	5	0	McMahon, s s	3	3
J. A. Ritter, c	3	2	Denmead, 2d b	3	3
Meeker, 1st b	4	1	Willis, 1st b	5	1
Kirk, s s	4	1	Brower, p	4	0
Brant, r f	4	1	Tildon, r f	3	1
Ball, c f	2	6	Snowden, l f	2	3
Stevens, l f	3	2	Brown, c	1	4
Forsyth, 2d b	1	4	Halpin, c f	4	0
Amery, p	2	3	Johnson, 3d b	2	2
Total		18	Total		17

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Resolute	0	3	1	1	5	1	4	1	2	—18
Champion	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	7	0	—17

Umpire—Mr. Bell, of the Mutual, of New York city. Scorers—Messrs. J. D. E. Ritter and S. W. Stilson. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

EXCELSIOR vs. ECHO.

These Providence, R. I., clubs played a game on the Dexter training ground on the 9th inst., the score of which we append:—

EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	R.	ECHO.	H.L.	R.
McAlvon, c	2	4	McCune, c	2	4
McCoyne, p	4	4	Shay, r f	5	0
McCarron, 1st b	3	4	Cannon, c f	4	2
Hyde, s s	1	6	Gallagher, 3d b	4	0
Connors, 3d b	4	4	Moran, 2d b	1	4
McKenna, l f	1	6	M. Cannon, 1st b	3	1
Mullen, r f	3	3	O'Donnell, p	2	1
Rider, 2d b	7	1	McGuire, l f	2	2
Fitzgerald, c f	2	6	McKenna, s s	4	2
Total		38	Total		16

Umpire—G. Gaddes. Scorer—Mr. Heffernan.

CANUCK BALL TOSSING.

We append the score of the return match between the Frontier and Young Mechanics clubs, of St. Catharines, C. W., played last week:—

FRONTIER.	H.L.	R.	YOUNG MECHANICS.	H.L.	R.
R. Slater, p	4	3	Dale, l f	1	4
T. Jackson, c	4	4	St. John, 3d b	4	4
Keine, c f	1	6	Ray, p	3	5
C. Jackson, l f	3	5	Hemphill, c	2	4
R. Kane, 2d b	1	6	Cooney, 1st b	1	6
Helliwell, s s	3	5	Willmott, c f	3	5
Dudley, 3d b	1	5	Magness, 2d b	3	4
W. Kane, r f	6	2	Fletcher, r f	6	2
Yale, 1st b	3	3	Sparrow, s s	4	2
Total		39	Total		36

Flies caught—C. Jackson, 4; Keine, 3; Slater, 2; total, 9. Dale, 1; Rae, 1; Hemphill, 1; Cooney, 2; Magness, 2; Willmott, 1; Sparrow, 2; total, 10. Out on bases—Frontier, 7; Young Mechanics, 12. Time of game—Three hours. Umpire—R. B. Wait, Enterprise Club, Chicago. Scorers—Messrs. Jackson and Reid.

EUREKA vs. UNKNOWN.

These two junior clubs played a game Sept. 9th, on the Prospect Park Grounds, Brooklyn, which, after a well contested game, resulted in favor of the Eureka, as will be seen by the following score:—

EUREKA.	H.L.	R.	UNKNOWN.	H.L.	R.
Schroder, c f	3	4	Greene, 2d b	2	3
Keeney, 1st b	3	3	Evans, c	2	2
Elliott, p	3	2	Donahue, p	3	2
Case, l f	2	3	Abercrombie, s s	4	1
Dodge, 2d b	3	1	Forsburg, 1st b	5	0
Harmon, s s	2	2	Powell, r f	3	0
Campbell, r f	4	1	McCroslan, l f	3	0
Jones, 3d b	5	1	Purdy, 3d b	4	0
West, c	2	4	Mast, c f	1	3
Total		21	Total		11

Umpire—G. Wobbe, of the Atlantic, Jr. Scorer—Thomas Cogan. Fly catches—Eureka, 16; Unknown, 13. Flies missed—Eureka, 4; Unknown, 3.

On Saturday, the 12th inst., the Eureka played a match with the Keystone (champion junior club of New York), and beat them by a score of 41 to 13.

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eureka	8	9	0	7	5	3	1	6	2	—41
Keystone	0	1	8	0	3	0	1	0	0	—13

COPEC vs. GREAT WESTERN.

On Saturday, the 12th, these clubs, of Covington, Ky., and Cincinnati, came together for the third game of their series, each having won one—the second by a score of 22 to 21 in ten innings. The game was quite exciting, with some prospect of the Cincinnati Club winning, but, owing to the early closing of the mail, we can give the score of but five innings:—

COPEC.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	GT. WESTERN.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Arnold, c	1	3	0	1	Taylor, c	2	1	1	0
Welsch, 1st b	2	2	0	0	Mussey, r f	1	3	0	0
Scott, s s	2	2	0	1	Beggs, 2d b	3	1	0	1
Thomas, p	0	2	1	1	Kalish, s s	1	3	0	0
Fallon, 2d b	3	0	0	1	Riemeyer, 1st b	1	2	1	0
Shoup, l f	2	1	0	1	Stiles, p	2	2	0	0
Barnes, 3d b	1	1	1	1	Holabird, 3d b	2	1	1	1
Reed, c f	2	1	0	1	Black, c f	2	1	1	2
Grant, r f	2	1	0	1	Garlick, l f	1	1	1	0
Totals	15	13	2	8	Totals	15	15	5	4

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Copec	4	0	7	0	2	—13
Great Western	3	1	2	5	4	—15

The Actives, of Indianapolis, play the Cincinnatis on the 14th and the Buckeyes on the 16th. On the 15th the latter club plays in Cleveland with the Forest City Club.

ORIENTAL vs. VALLEY.

On Sept. 5th, the Oriental Club, of Sharon Springs, and the Valley Club, of Canajoharie, N. Y., had an interesting meeting in the picturesque valley of the Mohawk. The contest was close and exciting, and an extra innings had to be played to decide it. The Valley boys made four in the tenth innings, and seemed confident of victory. The Orientals soon dashed their hopes to the ground, for, by a fine display at the bat, they secured nine runs, and were declared the victors. Gus. Volge, of the Empire Club, of New York, who was stopping at the Springs, acted as Umpire to the satisfaction of all. The score follows:—

ORIENTAL.	H.L.	R.	VALLEY.	H.L.	R.
Kelly, c	4	3	Blowers, s s	4	4
A. Van Valkenb'h, 1st b	4	3	Mann, l f	5	2
De Noyelles, 3d b	3	2	Van Vlock, 3d b	2	4
C. Van Valkenburgh, c f	5	3	H. Mosher, 1st b	1	4
C. Wagoner, r f	3	5	Nahr, p	3	3
Green, l f	2	5	Bromley, 2d b	3	3
Hutt, p	2	5	J. Mosher, c f	2	3
W. Wagoner, s s	5	2	Perry, r f	2	2
Mallet, 2d b	5	4	Jones, c	4	2
Total		32	Total		27

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	
Oriental	0	1	3	4	1	0	7	3	4	9	—32
Valley	1	3	3	1	2	1	1	3	8	4	—27

Fly catches—Oriental, 9; Valley, 5. Umpire—Mr. Volge, of the Empire Club, of New York. Scorer—Mr. Robert Gardner.

CINCINNATI BALL ITEMS.

The Cincinnati Club has concluded to make a tour of the seaboard cities, and will leave Cincinnatti on Monday, the 21st inst. They will go straight to Washington to play the Nationals, and probably the Olympics, and thence proceed to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Of course they intend to visit their former guests, the Athletics, Atlantics and Unions, but what other clubs they will play has not yet been determined on. At a meeting of the club on the 7th, the Hatfield matter was brought up, he having till then been suspended. It was there stated that Mr. Hatfield had been offered two hundred dollars and a position in the Internal Revenue office to take charge of the Buckeye nine as captain, it being their intention then to make an eastern tour. However, Johnny did not accept the offer and the matter was dropped......Harry Wright, the

veteran captain of the Cincinnati Nine, was married on the evening of the 10th, to Mrs. Richardson, of Cincinnati. The many friends of Harry hereabout will join us in wishing him a long life and a happy one. On the wedding night Captain Wright was presented by the club with a gold watch and chain, and in its case was found a $100 bond. The nine also gave him a gold medal as a souvenir...... The continual rains of last week spoiled most of the base ball sport in Porkopolis. We gave a complete eight innings score of the Buckeye and Columbia Club game in our last. At the end of the ninth the score was 60 to 8......The Ohio Base Ball Association will hold a State Convention in Columbus on September 30th......The following is a calendar of last week's games:—Night Owls vs. Daylights, 21 to 12; Greenwood vs. Juvenile, 43 to 21; National vs. East End, 19 to 9; Night Owls vs. North Bend, of North Bend, Ohio, 49 to 41; Magenta vs. Clipper (of Newport, Ky.), 23 to 14—a good junior game; Laurels vs. Continentals, 41 to 39; Arctic vs. Pacific, 41 to 39; Fairmount vs. Mutual, 57 to 19......The Excelsiors, of Chicago, will play the Cincinnatis, on the latters' grounds, on the 21st, and the Buckeyes on the next day. They expect to win with the Bucks, but they will certainly have a big time in doing it. They rather give in with Red Stockings.

COLLEGIANS AS BALLISTS.

According to custom the Senior Classical Class, of Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Mass., challenged the balance of the students to play a home and home match, and the game came off on September 5th, resulting as below:—

Senior Nine.	H.L.	R.	School Nine.	H.L.	R.
Stuart, c	4	3	Butler, p	2	5
Fitts, c f	2	4	Jackman, 3d b	4	3
Cooper, l f	4	1	H. Blair, 2d b	4	4
Pratt, 3d b	4	2	Stanley, 1st b	3	2
Sergeant, 2d b	2	4	Jourdan, r f	7	1
Trott, r f	5	1	W. Blair, c	2	6
Pruple, s s	1	4	Bannard, l f	3	5
Boardman, p	2	3	Bunce, c f	0	6
Vanralzah, 1st b	3	1	Guild, s s	3	4
Total		22	Total		36

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Senior	1	1	5	5	1	2	0	6	1—22
School	3	13	0	2	1	3	2	10	5—36

Left on bases—Senior, 7; School, 3. Double play by Sergeant and Vanralzah. Umpire—Mr. Tyler, of Amherst. Scorer—E. A. Bradford, of '69. Time of game—Three hours and fifteen minutes.

On the 9th inst. the first of a series between the classical and English departments took place, and, although rain fell during the greater portion of the game, it was very close and exciting, the C.'s winning by but one tally. We give the score:—

Classical.	H.L.	R.	English.	H.L.	R.
Stuart, c	2	3	Butler, 2d b	3	4
Fitts, c f	4	2	W. Blair, c	1	6
Blair, 1st b	2	4	Stanley, s s	1	4
Eden, p	1	5	Bunce, 1st b	1	4
Sergeant, 2d b	2	4	Lee, c f	3	4
Vanralzah, 3d b	7	0	Dow, p	4	2
Rice, l f	4	2	Weber, r f	3	1
Bunn, s s	3	3	Hooker, l f	1	1
Boardman, r f	3	4	Jackman, 3d b	4	2
Total		27	Total		26

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Classical	3	1	2	7	3	0	4	6	1—27
English	5	1	0	3	6	5	1	0	5—26

Left on bases—Classical, 1; English, 8. Double play—By Stuart and H. Blair. Umpire—Frank Sawyer. Scorer—E. A. Bradford. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

OHIO BASS BALL CONVENTION.

The Annual Convention of the Ohio Association of Base Ball Players is to be held at Columbus, Ohio, on September 30th. Since last year hundreds of clubs have been organized, and the interest in the game has wonderfully increased, and it is expected that this year there will be a very large gathering of the friends of the national game, and a great deal of important business transacted. The following are the committees which were appointed for the years 1867 and 1868:—

Committee on Rules and Regulations—Robert N. Spry, chairman, Riverside Club, Portsmouth; G. B. Ellard, Cincinnati Club, Cincinnati; Albert Wrattan, Columbia Club, Columbia; E. Baker, Social Club, Cincinnati; George E. Rollins, Greenwood Club, California; J. J. Snyder, Mutual Club, Springfield; J. M. Oldfather, Olympian Club, Oxford; F. P. Boise, Penfield Club, Oberlin; H. A. F. Deneke, Crescent Club, Cincinnati; T. B. Webb, Newtown Club, Newtown; John H. Fenton, O. K. Club, Zanesville; M. J. Higginson, Red Hot Club, Cincinnati; George P. Sands, Buckeye Club, Cincinnati.

Committee on Nominations—M. E. Brazee, Capital Club, Columbus; W. S. Price, Quickstep Club, Toledo; E. P. Hoovler, Xenia Club, Xenia; F. A. Taylor, Great Western Club, Cincinnati; W. A. McIntosh, Railway Union Club, Toledo.

Judiciary Committee—J. A. Scarrett, chairman, Capital Club, Columbus; W. W. Pyle, Hickory Club, McConnelsville; J. T. Pringle, Republic Club, Springfield; John S. Davis, Live Oak Club, Cincinnati; Frank White, Onawa Club, Williamsburg; A. A. Kramer, Harmony Club, Cincinnati; John H. Gogan, Diamond Club, Newtown; W. B. Thorn, Toledo Club, Toledo; H. D. Peck, Pastime Club, Cincinnati.

The St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association offer the following premiums, to be contested for during the fair week of the association, commencing on the 5th of October, 1868, provided four clubs enter the contest, the members of which are non-residents of the city of St. Louis:—To the winning club, $300 and the champion belt; second best, $150; third best, $50. The association will appoint, we are told, an awarding committee of gentlemen who are familiar with the game, with the reputation, standing and expertness in play of the various clubs in the United States, and who will arrange the matches between the opposing clubs so as to secure the best, most evenly contested, and thus the most interesting matches possible. In this view the committee will oppose those clubs of the highest reputation for skill in the game against each other. Entries to be made on or before the 23d day of September, 1868. The games will be played in accordance with the rules and regulations for 1868, as adopted by the National Association of Base Ball Players at the National Convention at Philadelphia December 11, 1867. Each and every club will be declared out of the contest on the first defeat. The winning clubs will be matched in the same manner as above until the number is reduced to three. At the close of the entries each club will be notified by telegraph or otherwise of the day on which it is expected to play. In no case will the name of the opposing club be given.

Base Ball Clubs in the State of Pennsylvania, who are or intend becoming members of the "Pennsylvania State Association of Base Ball Players," are requested to elect two delegates to the annual convention of the State Association, which will be held in Philadelphia in October (the time will be duly announced), and send them with the name of their club, date of organization and list of officers, signed by their President and Secretary, on or before the 1st day of Oct., to Henry R. Hellier, Recording Secretary, 431 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. P. S.—No individual club can become a member of the National Association only through the State Association.

Henry R. Hellier, Rec. Sec'y. E. H. Hayhurst,
President Penn. State Association of B. B. Players.

Captain Jinks vs. Grant.—One day last week the above clubs played a match at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J., the namesakes of Gen. Grant proving successful by the subjoined score:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Grant	6	3	1	3	1	5	4	0	11—34
Capt. Jinks	1	7	7	0	4	8	0	1	5—33

Umpire—Mr. Miller. Scorers—Messrs. Hookey and Hopkins. Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes.

King Philip vs. Bay State.—Boston Common was the scene of a match game, played between the clubs above named, on Saturday, 12th inst. The result was as follows:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
King Phillip	3	2	2	0	4	2	0	0	1—14
Bay State	0	2	3	1	0	0	2	0	5—13

The Third Match Game between the Olympic Club, of Washington, D. C., and the Maryland Club, of Baltimore, was played in Baltimore on the 8th inst., resulting in a victory for the Maryland, the score standing Maryland 25, Olympic 13. This makes the former club victors, they having beaten the Olympic two out of three games. Mr. Frank Norton, of the National of Washington, acted as umpire.

The Game that was to have taken place in Baltimore on the 12th inst., between the Pastime of that city and the Union of Washington, was postponed, the latter club not appearing on the ground when play was called. No definite reason has been given for their failure, but a telegram was received in Baltimore on the day appointed for the game, stating that if the Union did not make their appearance on the ground on the 19th inst. they would send the ball to the Pastime Club.

Ball Play in St. Louis.—A game was played between the Atlantic and Lone Star Clubs on the 6th inst., the former winning by a tally of 21 to 16......On the same day the Baltic and Resolute second nines were opponents, the latter being defeated by a score of 24 to 18......The Bentons also beat the Vetos 35 to 20, on the same date.

Mutual vs. "Haymakers."—The Mutuals have decided to play the third game of their match with the "Haymakers" on the latter's ground at Lansingburgh on the 18th. Both clubs have agreed upon Mr. C. D. Walker, of the Active Club, of New York, as umpire.

Iron State, of St. Louis, Mo.—At an election held by the members of this club on the 7th inst., the following officers were chosen to serve during the ensuing twelve months:—President, Ed. O'Neill; Vice President, Thos. G. Stack; Secretary, B. A. Yeager; Treasurer, Geo. D. Barklage.

King Philip vs. Stella.—These Boston clubs met on the Common on the 5th inst., when the Stellas received an overwhelming defeat. Score, 55 to 14; umpire, J. Hartnett; scorer, E. Darrow.

Akron vs. Pittsburgh.—On the 22d ult. the Mutuals, of Pittsburgh, played a match with the Akrons, of Akron, Ohio, on the grounds of the latter. The Akrons were victorious by a score of 21 to 11.

A match game was played in Ellsworth, Me., Friday, Aug. 29th, between the Lejoks, of that place, and the Asterons, of Bucksport, resulting in the defeat of the latter, the score standing 27 to 12.

The Olympic Club, of Canandaigua, N. Y., visited Auburn on the 4th inst. for the purpose of playing their third game of a series with the Auburn Club. They returned with the trophy, making a count of 27 to 12.

The Mutuals to go to Philadelphia.—The Mutuals will make a short visit to the City of Brotherly Love next week, playing the Athletics on the 21st, Olympics 22d and Keystones 23d.

The W. F. Rogers and Alert Clubs played a game at Buffalo, on Sept. 11th, the result being a triumph for the former. Score, 24 to 12.

Atlantic vs. Mutual.—The second game of this match will come off on the 25th inst.

The Empire Club, of the Mound City, defeated the Lone Stars, of Alma, Ill., 53 to 14, in a game played on the 9th inst.

The Baltic and Star Clubs, of Troy, N. Y., played a return game on the 8th inst., the former winning by a score of 34 to 26.

The Victors, of Victor, N. Y., were victorious over the Farmer Club, of Farmington, by a score of 43 to 6 on the 5th inst.

Who is the Best Broadsword Dancer?

MARTIN CHALLENGES MORGAN.

The wearers of the plaid will be especially interested in the subjoined bold challenge, which we present with the remark that we would prefer that, should a match be arranged between the parties named, they mutually agree upon some competent judge instead of investing us with the power to appoint one:—

New York, Sept. 11th, 1868.

Frank Queen.—*Dear Sir.*—Being dissatisfied with the decision of the judges in reference to the Killum-kallum, or broadsword dance, at the late Caledonian Festival, I hereby publicly challenge the winner of the gold medal to compete with me in a trial dance for from one to five hundred dollars a side; the editor of the Clipper to appoint the judge, whose decision will be final. I do not wish to reflect on the judges' partiality, but to give my competitor an opportunity to prove to disinterested parties that I am his superior. I will meet Mr. Jacob Morgan at George McKay's, N. E. corner of 16th street and 8th avenue, on Thursday evening next, at eight o'clock P. M., prepared to put up $100 forfeit and make the necessary arrangements as to time and place. Very respectfully,

Alexander Martin.

Dancing Challenge.—I hereby issue this challenge to the champion dancer or dancers of the Caledonian Club, of New York, Brooklyn, or any dancer in the United States, to dance the following dances:—The Highland Fling, The Sword Dance, the ancient reel of Tolough, and the Scotch Medley Dance; such as the Flowers of Edinborough, the Strathspey, and the Blue Bonnets, for the sum of one or two hundred dollars, to be danced for as the parties may agree. As proof that I mean business, I leave $20 as a deposit. D. McDougall.

Address Richard Cronin, corner of Court street and Hamilton Avenue, South Brooklyn.

[$20 received.—Ed. Clip.]

Euchre Match.—Tom Harris, of Gotham, and John Flanerty, of the 9th Ward, Brooklyn, played their second match for $25 a side at euchre at the Brewery Shades, West 41st street, on Friday evening, 11th inst., in the presence of a great crowd of admirers of the game. The match was closely disputed, lasting over an hour, Flanerty finally getting off winner by obtaining 25 to Harris' 23. There were not three points difference at any time during the game.

AQUATIC.

ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE HUDSON AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE AND GOOD RACING.

Probably no aquatic celebration which ever took place in the vicinity of the metropolis attracted so large a concourse of spectators—and especially such a strong representation of the gentler sex—or resulted in a greater success than that of the Second Annual Regatta of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, which eventuated on the North river, over the regular Elysian Fields Course, on the afternoon of Thursday, 10th inst. The energetic members of the various first class clubs composing the association, and especially the committees having the general management of affairs, exerted themselves to the utmost to ensure the success of the jubilee, and it is pleasing to know that their efforts were so fully rewarded. The morning broke cloudy, and those who intended participating in or looking on at the sport were fearful that Jupiter Pluvius would interfere with their calculations and deprive them, for the time being at least, of the enjoyment they looked forward to upon the occasion; fortunately, however, the murky mass overhead separated and the sun shone forth shortly after noon, lightening the hearts and elevating the spirits of the blooming damsels and gallant members of the sterner portion of humanity, who crowded the decks of the gaily decorated steamers. In addition to the revenue cutter Jessamine, kindly placed at the service of the association and on board of which were the officials, committee of arrangements and officers of the competing clubs, some dozen or so steamers and barges had been engaged for the day, including the Seth Low, Wilber, Erin, S. E. Stevens, Virginia Seymour, Burbeck, Fort Leo, and Deer, each and every one of them uncomfortably crowded; several of them were also provided with bands of music, and the popular and appropriate strains discoursed by them during the day tended to greatly add to the charm of the scene. A large number of persons had also gathered beneath the heavily foliaged trees which render the Fields Elysian so delightful a resort, while innumerable pleasure barges, shells, lapstreaks, working-boats, yawls, skiffs, scows and other descriptions of water craft skimmed about on the bosom of the river near the starting point, many of them manned by members belonging to clubs designated by the uniforms they wore, and which by their variety and tasty design increased the picturesqueness of the display. The distance in each of the races was three miles, one mile and a half to a stake-boat and return. A few minutes before three o'clock the judges' boat, on board of which were Gen. Hatfield, Thos. E. Stewart, William Radford and Col. T. W. Meyer, judges; Major Gen. Shaler, referee; Stephen H. Knapp, time keeper, and the jovial commodore of the association, David Banks, Jr., took up its position opposite the point of starting, and without further delay called the boats into line for the

FIRST RACE.

This was for double sculls, for prizes of two gold badges, and the entries were three in number, viz.:—Atlantic—Spielman and Russell, white; Columbia—Van Raden and O'Neill, blue; Columbian—Ketchum and Knight, black. It was ten minutes after three when the crack of the pistol gave the signal for the oarsmen to bend their blades, and with a will did they respond. The Columbias drew clear of their opponents after about a score of strokes, and kept rapidly widening the distance until they rounded the stake about one hundred yards ahead, and, though easing themselves on the homestretch, crossed the line still further ahead in 25:40, the Atlantics, who met with an unfortunate mishap, following in 28:01, and the time of the Columbians not being taken. It had clouded up again and now the rain commenced to descend, but luckily it quickly gave place to sunbeams, and those whose tempers had been momentarily ruffled by the pattering drops were restored to their customary equanimity. As soon as the shower passed off the referee gave the signal for the boats to take position for the

SECOND RACE.

This was for eight oared barges, and the prize at stake was an elegant silver punch bowl. Three entries were made, as below:—

Vesper, Atalanta Club—W. H. Webster (stroke), J. Ogden, L. Waterbury, W. Haddock, S. S. Church, A. Knapp, J. H. Lindsay, A. Haddock; S. Noyes coxswain. Colors—Crimson.

Contest, Gulick Club—H. Roeme (stroke), H. Barrett, R. Culkin, J. Sullivan, J. Warn, J. Lawrence, W. H. Seaman, A. Handy; G. Lawrence, coxswain. Colors—White.

S. H. Knapp, Columbia Club—W. J. Knight (stroke), W. A. Martin, W. Neill, G. M. Young, C. G. Barret, J. F. Polly, E. R. Ketchum, H. G. Hashagen; James Hutchison, coxswain.

They managed to get under headway nearly at the same instant, but from the start it was evident that the real contest lay between the Atalantas and Gulicks, they remaining nearly bow and bow until one-third of the distance had been rowed over, when the former drew ahead, and after a most exciting race, which roused the enthusiasm of the spectators to a high pitch, they darted across the mark winners in 23:08, the Gulicks second in 23:41, and the Columbias third in 24:02.

THIRD RACE.

This was a single scull race for the champion flag of the Association and a handsome gold badge. A large number of entries had been made but only two competitors put in an appearance, viz.:—Thos. Fearon, of the Vesper Club, of Yonkers, and G. M. Young, of the Columbias, the former rowing the Skippie and the latter the Flirt. The race did not excite the least interest, as it had been booked as a sure thing for Fearon, and he took the lead at once, maintained it throughout, and won as he pleased in 23:10; Young 29:30. Fearon's time was excellent.

FOURTH RACE.

This was the closing event and the principal feature of the regatta, and after the interesting character of the race which preceded it all were doubly glad when the referee ordered the boats entered to draw into a line. It was for six-oared gigs and the prize pulled for was the champion flag and a gold badge for each of the winning crew, presented by Thomas E. Stewart. The following crafts speedily took up their allotted positions:—

Atalanta—George Roahr (stroke), Russ Withers, E. Smith, W. C. Mainland, Alden S. Swan, H. Gardner; John King, coxswain. Colors crimson.

Adam Cook, Mutual, of Albany—H. S. Truax (stroke), G. Hughes, C. G. Cook, A. P. Adams, W. H. Snyder, Chas. Pippenbrink; P. H. Ewing, Jr., coxswain. Colors—Magenta.

Gulick—W. H. Matthews (stroke), G. Clark, J. O'Neil, J. Cosgrove, T. Moore, W. H. Spear; C. Devoe, coxswain. Colors—White.

Columbia—H. R. Rough (stroke), J. C. O'Neill, P. McIndoe, W. F. Sielken, T. Van Raden, J. A. Meredith; J. Hutchison, coxswain.

From the previous splendid struggles between the Mutuals and Atalantas it was expected that this would prove a brilliant race, and nobody was disappointed in this regard, for the crews of the rival clubs designated quickly left their companions in the lurch and went ploughing toward the upper stake-boat close together. The Mutuals, however, showed themselves to be superior to their opponents upon this occasion, as they turned the buoy about ten seconds in the van, which they increased greatly on the homestretch, and eventually dashed across the line victors in 20:15; Atalanta, 21:05; Gulick, 23:15; Columbia, 25:20. There was heavy betting upon this race, and the New Yorkers dropped pretty heavily, while the friends of the "Mutes" were jubilant because they had repaid the defeat received last year at the hands of the leading club of the metropolis. The oarsmen now pulled homeward and the steamers landed their delighted occupants upon *terra firma* once more, while the successful competitors and their chosen friends assembled in their respective boat houses, passed several hours in celebrating their victory, while others gathered at the "Great Eastern" and tested "Black Jack's" fluid extracts in toasting the different clubs and the association. May this be the harbinger of many more like unto it. The prizes were awarded to the victors at the Atalanta Club house. General Shaler presided, and Colonel Myer presented the flag and medals to the Mutuals, Mr. Stewart delivered the punch bowl to the Atalantas, Mr. Bradford handed the flag and badge to the Vespers, and Colonel Myer the gold badges to the Columbia. In response to the complimentary allusions made to the association, Mr. Banks spoke briefly and appropriately.

WINNISIMMET REGATTA.

The Winnisimmet Boat Club, of Chelsea, Mass., held their usual annual regatta on the afternoon of the 7th inst. The club is composed of young men engaged in business pursuits, who think that proper physical exercise is calculated to preserve health and strength, in which they are evidently not mistaken. Not being professionals the attendance was not large, but the sport was well worth witnessing. The single scull race had to be postponed on account of the roughness of the water, so that the first event was for double sculls, for which there were two entries, the Francis Low, pulled by J. Henry Emory and J. F. Perkins, and the P. Black, pulled by W. R. Bagnall and W. F. Low, and about half-past three o'clock the word to get away was given. The P. Black got the water first and made the most of it, and it was very soon apparent that they had the best of the race. At the club boat-house they led a length, and at the Magee Furnace the Low had to take their water. From this point the Low pair had to follow, and the P. Black came home very easy winners. Time—Black, 13 min. 18 sec.; Low, 14 min. 18 secs.

A four oared race, distance two miles, was next contested by the Winnisimmet, a white boat, and the Chelsea, a green craft, for a purse of $75; $50 to the first and $25 to the second boat in W. F. Low, Alexander Haworth, Chas. A. Hunt and W. R. Bagnall (stroke) manned the former, and James Perkins, James H. Emory, Chas. H. Davis and Geo. C. Davis, Jr., (stroke) manned the latter. They started at 4 P. M., and the Winnisimmet got a lead of half a length at the Club House, and at the Magee Furnace this was increased to two lengths by the wide steering of the Chelsea. There was not any variation in positions until after turning the stake-boat, when the Winnisimmet crew bent down to their work, which before had apparently been mere practice, and went away from their opponents. At the Iron Works, coming down home, they had a lead of ten lengths, and this they very easily kept to the end of the race. Time—Winnisimmet, 12 min. 7 secs.; Chelsea, 13 min. 25 secs. G. Prouty and Chas. Holmes acted as judges, and T. W. Holmes as referee.

WHO IS CHAMPION OF THE THAMES?

RANDFORD CHALLENGES KELLEY.

The subjoined letter has been addressed by Randford, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., to Harry Kelley.

"Tyne v. Thames.—Sir.—As to who is the champion of the Thames—the late R. Chambers was the last who held it, when he defeated Sadler—you cannot lay any claim to it till after the decision of the late trial is reversed. At the London Regatta, the committee stated that the prize was for the championship of the Thames, which was objected to by you. You stated that you would not start without such statement was withdrawn. This was not done; for when I received the prize, the committee told me that I was justly entitled to it. As my challenge to you is for the championship of England, which was last contested for on the Tyne, and as you have always expressed yourself satisfied with the fair treatment you have received here, which is more than Chambers received in his two last matches on the Thames, being nearly swamped in both races, I want nothing but a fair and clear course to prove which river is to hold the championship. I am willing to row you two matches, one on the Tyne, the other on the Thames, for £200 each race, and the championship of England, to come off in September or October, each party to guarantee a clear course on their own water; or I will row you on any neutral water where a clear course is to be got. The *Newcastle Chronicle* to be final stakeholder in the match on the Tyne, and *Bell's Life* in that on the Thames. Each party in both matches to pay their own expenses, and a referee to be chosen at the final deposit.—August 22, 1868. James Randford, Champion of the Thames.

"Mr. Henry Kelley."

New York Yacht Club.—The race for prizes offered by the Vice Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, one for sloops and the other for schooners, are to be sailed for on Tuesday, 22d inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M. The sailing regulations are as follows:—A flag-boat will be anchored abreast of the Club-house, Staten Island, about half a mile from the shore, west of which the sloops will anchor in line, about forty yards apart, and the schooners in line two hundred yards north of the sloops, about fifty yards apart. In taking position in the line, each yacht may select its own in the order of arrival at the anchorage. Mainsails, foresails and gaff-topsails may be set before starting, unless otherwise ordered by the committee. The signal for starting will be announced on the morning of the regatta. Yachts will proceed from the anchorage to the buoy of the Southwest Spit, passing it to the west and south, and thence to the Lightship, rounding it to the northward and eastward, and return over the same course. Going and returning the flag-boat anchored abreast of the Club-house is to be passed to the westward, and all the buoys on the West Bank, viz., Nos. 11, 13 and 15, are to be passed to the eastward. To make the race, the distance must be performed in seven hours by some one yacht of either class. No allowance of time.

Five Mile Swim.—Early on Saturday morning, 23d ult., a swimming match for £10 a side was decided in the Thames, England. The course was from Battersea Bridge to London Bridge (five miles), and the competitors were Charles Whyte, of the Serpentine Swimming Club, and Ephraim Goodwin, of Southwark. Last year, after a fine race with the same men, Goodwin was the victor. The weather was stormy when the men were started by H. Woodstock, the referee, and the race throughout afforded a thorough test of endurance as well as speed. They got away well together, but Whyte soon showed in front, and ultimately won by eight yards, though stopped for a while by some barges at Blackfriars. Goodwin did not steer so well as his opponent, but stuck to his work gamely to the last. The time was 1 h. 3 min. 38 sec.

THE WARDS vs. THE PARIS CREW.

A MEETING BUT NO MATCH.

The Ward Brothers, or their representatives, being unable to come at the time designated in the card from Charles B. Elliott, on behalf of the Paris crew of St. John, N. B., in our last issue, a meeting was convened at this office on Monday, 14th inst., at noon. Josh Ward was present in person and acted as spokesman for his crew, while Elliott and a gentleman from St. John were prepared to attend to matters for the Brunswick men. A number of prominent sporting men had gathered to see what was done, among them being Tim Donohue, J. H. Munn, Charley Moore, Ed. Fitzgerald, Jim, John and Barney Biglin, etc. They got to business without useless delay, Elliott stating that he was prepared to put up for a match upon the terms proposed in his card—to row within six weeks for $1,000 a side, at Springfield, Mass. To this Josh replied that they had been rowing for small amounts long enough, and would not consent to go to Springfield for less than $2,500, and row in five weeks, although they would pull the St. John crew for one thousand dollars a side, providing the race took place at Cornwall, on the Hudson, two weeks from signing, at the same time referring Elliott to their challenge to the world, which named the amount to be rowed for as $5,000. Elliott responded that he was not prepared to make a match upon any other terms than those he had stated, but he thought it very strange that the Wards should now object to row for a sum to which they offered no objections heretofore, or to refuse to row at Springfield, which was but a few hours removed from their homes, while it would occupy nearly three days constant travel for the St. John men to reach that place. Josh contended that the amount mentioned was entirely too trifling, when four men were to each receive a portion, and would not pay them for the trouble, expense and neglect of business involved in training for the event. He would make one more proposition, and that was to row at St. John for $2,500 a side, the brothers to be allowed expenses; these were the only conditions upon which the match could be made, and if the other side did not intend to agree to any of them, there was no use of talking further about it. It was true they had never rowed for a larger sum than that for which Elliott desired to make the match, but that was no reason why they should always row for just that amount and no more. They had done so sufficiently long and they now proposed to change their tactics. They were ready, he said, to back up their challenge, and more than that they could not be expected to do. Seeing that there was no prospect of coming to terms, the parties separated, each regretting that no satisfactory conclusion had been arrived at. We shall leave the public to draw their own inferences from the above correct statement of the facts as they occurred in our office. Elliott was very anxious to make the match and seemed to be under the impression that the Wards' challenge was for $1,000, which, however, is a mistake, as they offered that amount as expenses to any crew from Britain who accepted their *defi*. It is to be regretted that the affair wears so unpromising an aspect, for the match, if arranged, would create intense interest. If the backers of the Paris' crew think well enough of them, it is possible that Elliott may be empowered to make other proposals ere our next issue, and though the season is getting pretty well advanced, we may have the pleasure of witnessing another contest between the two sections ere winter comes upon us.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP SCULLING RACE.

WAS THE COURSE ACTUALLY FIVE MILES LONG?

A Second Measurement.

The unprecedented time said to have been made by Brown in his race with Coulter—reported elsewhere in this issue—has naturally enough caused a deal of talk, and nearly all the boating men with whom we have conversed upon the subject question the correctness of the measurement, declaring that it is utterly impossible for any man to make such time as that given. Many persons have always doubted whether Josh Ward did really make five miles in 35 minutes and 10 seconds, and now when they are called upon to believe a report still more astounding, they are disposed to scout the idea. The following extract, which we clip from the columns of the Pittsburgh *Republic*, will, if correct, as it seems to be, prove that such suppositions are well founded:—

"The excellent time made by Brown in the race on the 9th inst. created a suspicion in the minds of many in regard to the length of the course, and, in order to settle the matter definitely, two different parties left the city on Friday afternoon, 11th inst., to survey it. They struck a point on the south side of the river, opposite the starting point, and measured to the place the turning buoy had been stationed, when they discovered that the course lacked *seven hundred and twenty yards* of being five miles long. This will make the time in five miles about *forty minutes*. The course had, previous to the race, been measured on the north bank of the river, while the race was rowed on the south side. The stream is by no means straight at that point, and on the day of the race one hundred and twenty-five feet were allowed for the curve. The result of Friday's survey proves that the race was not an extraordinary one. Mr. Reese, the referee, has forwarded to Brown all the facts in the case."

ROWING ON MYSTIC RIVER.

A regatta gotten up under the auspices of the Monument Club, of Charlestown, Mass., and the Winnisimmet Club, of Chelsea, took place on the Mystic river on the afternoon of the 10th inst. The programme embraced three races, for single and double scull and four-oared boats respectively, but the latter was not rowed in consequence of darkness coming on. The judges chosen were H. M. Haynes, R. Darclear, M. L. Goss, and Gil S. Prior, while James Cleary, of the What-Cheer, officiated as referee. The course was from Chelsea to Malden bridge and return, a distance of two miles, and the judges were stationed off the former bridge in a small tug. The first race was for double sculls, and the boats appearing were the "Francis Low," lapstreak, of the Winnisimmet Club, pulled by Wm. R. Bagnall and W. F. Low, and the Lizzie, shell, of the Monument Club, pulled by Charles Holmes, and Rufus W. Sprague. The former boat drew the inside position, or that near the wharf, while the Lizzie was stationed alongside the judges' boat. A start was effected at about six o'clock, and the Lizzie shot a half a length ahead on the first few strokes. She continued to gain gradually until the upper stake boat had been reached, but in making the turn the Francis Low decreased the lead considerably. The race down the river then looked as if it might be very exciting, but the Lizzie's crew bent to their work vigorously and again left their competitors astern. They continued to gain rapidly as they came down the stream, and passed the judges' boat with a clear lead of several lengths. Time 15:50; Low, 16:30.

The second race was for single scull wherries, and in this there were also two entries, viz., the Georgie B., cedar shell, of the Monument Club, pulled by Daniel Poor, and No Name, a paper after the word was given by the referee the paper boat was half a length in advance, but the slow and vigorous pulling of Poor boat of the Winnisimmet Club, pulled by George C. Davis, Jr. Soon sent him up close to his competitor after a few rods had been passed over, and he continued to gain so rapidly that he reached home an easy winner in 15.45, Davis following in 16.38.

FIVE MILE RACE BETWEEN MEKEEL AND BLEW.

MEKEEL THE WINNER.

The match in 17 ft. working boats, two miles and a half, to a stake-boat and return, for $200 a side, between John Mekeel, of Cold Spring, and John Blew, of this city, took place on the Elysian Fields Course on the 14th inst. Mekeel's career is familiar to our readers. Blew has pulled several races in similar boats, and is familiarly known as "Shang." Much interest was vested in the race and a large attendance was present although the weather was miserable, a drizzling rain falling. The race was to have taken place on the 7th inst., but was postponed. At 5.20 the referee, Councilman Culkin, gave the word and the men got away well together, but Mekeel drew ahead after they had pulled one hundred yards, and was never headed, finally winning easily in 46:50. He was about one and a half minutes ahead of Blew, and was fully dressed when the latter came in. Before the race the betting was 100 to 75 on Blew, but it changed around as soon as Mekeel got the lead. A deal of money changed hands, the Blew men losing heavily. Neither man was in the best condition, and it was quite dark when the race was finished. Jos. Delaney backed Mekeel and Geo. McCloud put up for Blew.

John Biglin Challenges Blew.—Having understood that John Blew, *alias* "Shang," had expressed himself as desirous of effecting a match with him, John Biglin sends us the subjoined challenge, to which we call the attention of the accused:—

New York, Sept. 14th, 1868.

Editor of the New York Clipper.—*Dear Sir.*—I hereby challenge John Blew to row me a five mile race on the Hudson river, off the Elysian fields, Hoboken, N. J., for from $250 to $500 a side, in 17 foot working boats, two weeks from signing articles. If this suits Mr. B. I will meet him or his backers at the Clipper office between ten and eleven o'clock A. M. on the 17th inst., to make arrangements and sign articles. Respectfully, John A. Biglin.

Randford Accepts Kelley's Challenge.—James Randford, of Newcastle, has accepted Kelley's challenge, upon the following terms:—

"I agree to row Kelley on the Thames for £200 a side and the championship of England, according to his challenge, from the Star and Garter Inn, Putney, to Mortlake; all steamboats to be moored at Putney bridge, and the referee to be starter. *Bell's Life* or the Newcastle *Chronicle* to be the stakeholder. Articles and a deposit forwarded to the Newcastle *Chronicle* office will be attended to. James Randford, Champion of the Thames."

International Yacht Race.—On Thursday, 20th instant, a yacht race, for which the Emperor of the French gave a prize of 2,000 francs, whilst a second prize of 500 francs was offered by Mr. Thomas Broadwood, was sailed from Dieppe to Ryde and back. The Mystere, Croissy, Albertine and Lynx started. The Albertine and the Croissy did not arrive at Ryde until Friday afternoon, the others being quite out of it. Ultimately, the first prize was won by the Albertine (Captain Phibbs) and the second by the French yacht, the Croissy.

Raymond vs. Ward.—On Wednesday, 9th inst., Jared Raymond and Gil Ward were to have rowed a race at Sing Sing for $200. They did start, but as far as *racing* is concerned there wasn't any of it. Ward did not exert himself at all; allowed Raymond to open a lead of a hundred yards, and finally to win very easily. We understand that each man made a pretty good haul by the "little arrangement," but they didn't improve their reputation.

Sculling at Fox Island.—John S. Martin and James O'Neill pulled a match race for a century at Fox Island on the 9th inst. The distance rowed was something over five miles. Martin took the lead from the start, and reached home four minutes in advance of his opponent. Time, 39 minutes and 30 seconds.

Tolsma vs. Marvin.—In a recent issue we reported a race on the Niagara river between Alexander Tolsma and George Marvin. Since then the latter, who was defeated, has challenged Mr. T. to another trial with the same boats and over the same course for $50. J. L. Haggart has accepted the *defi* on behalf of Tolsma, and wants the race to take place on the 22d inst.

Sporting Squibs.

— Panthers are said to "go through" the streets of Corydon, Ind., with impunity, and a hunting party is organising to "go through" the panthers.

— Red birds and black birds are abundant along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

— The All-England Croquet Club has been established. No lady is to be admitted under sixteen years of age, and no gentleman under eighteen. By this means they expect to keep out all croa-k-ers.

— Vermont State Fair, at Burlington, commenced on the 8th, and closed on the 10th inst. The show of cattle and poultry was good, and quite a number of equine contests took place. The attendance was large, averaging from 12,000 to 15,000.

— Early Birds and Unfortunate Worms are the titles of two Rochester clubs. Do the early birds always catch the worms, though?

— Three large buffaloes are being exhibited in St. Louis. They are *en route* for this city, for the Central Park.

— A convention of all the brass bands in Indiana is called for. If they all get to blowing at once what a noise they will kick up.

— John Roberts, of Macclesfield, England, the well known pedestrian and trainer, died on August 27th, from brain fever.

— A church has been changed into a billiard saloon at Hornellsville, N. Y. Cue-rious, isn't it?

— A big alligator, fifteen feet long, created sport in Charleston (S. C.) harbor, on the 6th. He beat 'em, however, in spite of rifles, big stones, etc.

— A cat is bringing up a brood of chickens in Williamsburg, L. I., she having driven off the old hen and adopted them herself.

— The Baden Baden bank has been bursted nine times in succession by a Turk. He pitches in with his dollars recklessly, and is evidently blessed with a streak of luck.

THE RING.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

PARTICULARS OF ALLEN'S ARREST.

The London *Times* of September 1st has the following in reference to the arrest and examination of Harry Allen:—"At Bow street, the puglist Henry Allen, who was to have fought Joe Goss this day for the championship, was examined yesterday before Sir Thomas Henry, he having been arrested at Willesden while on his journey from London to Manchester. Inspector Tanner deposed that he was aware of the forthcoming fight, which was to have been held within a short distance from London. The prisoner had been known to fight on previous occasions. Inspector Clark, in company with Inspector Silverton, arrested the prisoner and read the charge over to him. Prisoner seemed very much enraged, and stated that he would rather have forfeited £300 than this unfortunate circumstance should have happened. He inquired if the other combatant was also arrested. The stakes were £200 a side. Mr. Abrams, on behalf of Allen, endeavored to show that the prisoner was annoyed to think that he should have to undergo the training again, for which reason he said he would have preferred losing the £300. Sir Thomas Henry said he was more inclined to believe the aggravation was caused by the prevention of the fight. Full notice had on a recent occasion been given of the responsibility such persons must incur, and Mr. Abrams must also remember that backers were also concerned in the affair. Mr. Abrams said that, although they were willing to side with the pugilists, the backers were most unwilling to find bail for them. The prisoner was then ordered to find two sureties in £300, and himself in the same amount, for a period of 12 months, with 24 hours' notice of bail. Late in the day bail was found."

The *Sportsman* of the same date says:—"The version we heard of his capture was that Harry, having received the "office" relative to Inspector Tanner's visit to the Manchester district, made himself scarce, and, accompanied by Bill Lang and Brown, took train by the North-Western in the direction of the metropolis. On nearing Willesden Junction the trio were engaged in a quiet game at cards, and to their surprise found, when alongside the platform, several officers in wait for them. We understand that on Sunday morning Goss left his quarters under pretence of going for a walk. He had heard sufficient to make him fully alive to the danger of his position, and did not, therefore, return home, but, after covering nearly ten miles, took the train some distance, and by appointment met a friend, who was in readiness with a post-chaise. They afterwards tried a route which it is not advisable to mention, and up to last night Joe was out of harm's way."

Since the above was written we learn that the arrest of Joe Goss was effected on the 2d inst., and upon admitting him to bail, Sir Henry, the magistrate, said:—"I will take bail, each for £500, and Goss must enter into his own recognizance for the same amount to keep the peace for twelve months, and now I warn Goss, at the expiration of that time, not to think of entering into any engagement, or making an undertaking to fight, for if such a thing occurs it will not be a question of bail, but you will be committed for trial." Goss replied: "Thank you, sir. I shall not engage in any prize fight, but I hope that when prize fighting is put down nothing worse than fighting with the fists will happen in this country." This, will, we think, place an effectual veto upon championship matches across the water, and now that such an exodus of pugilists and other sporting celebrities is taking place from the old dart, we may confidently expect to see Goss among us ere long.

FIGHT FOR A TEN PUN NOTE.

Jack Roberts and F. Jinks, of Birmingham, England, met on the 31st ult., to contest for a purse of £10, but owing to interference by the authorities the affair lasted nearly the day out. Roberts, who is 23 years of age, is well developed, standing 5ft. 4in.; he has previously defeated his present opponent, but had to strike his colors to "Yellow" and Fawcett. Fred Jinks, just arrived at the age of maturity, stands an inch over his opponent, and has defeated Owny Dufford, Young Potter and Marshall, but met with a reverse at Roberts' hands, the *finale*, however, being in the dark, and consequently unsatisfactory to his backers—hence the present match. They met near an old *rendezvous* in the Castle Bromwich district, Roberts arriving before 7, Jinks rather late in turning up. Stripping proceeded briskly, and at 7.33 they commenced business, Roberts opening the ball on the chest, Jinky returning on the mouth warmly, when they got together, and both pegged away at the dial, closed, and came to grief, Jinky under. First blood was claimed for Jinky from Roberts's mouth. Roberts rather short on the mark, Jinky prettily countering on the throat; away sparring, and on nearing Roberts got home on the chest, when they closed, and both grassed. Pace improving, both made good shots on the body, when they got to half-arm work, and eventually Jinky was fought down. Roberts invested on the forehead, raising a bump, but was countered on the left eye sharply, which flushed at once. Roberts was not pleased at this treatment, and commenced boring his man about, placing a good shot on the mark, but was countered full on the face; they closed, and Jinky got down to avoid. Roberts made for the body, Jinky prettily countering on the jaw, when both got on the body, Roberts forcing his man about; Jinky, who was evidently weak, and had not the stamina of his opponent, being averse to leading off, and acting mostly on the defensive. Roberts landed heavily on the ribs, staggering Jinky, who, however, recovered himself, and made another investment on the left eye, when they closed, Jinky the first to reach "mother earth." Roberts still forced his man, but received twice on the nose; away again, and on joining issue Roberts got well on his opponent's face, flushing it, and finished by boring him down. The next three rounds were sharply contested, Roberts "going in" and pummeling at the body, but receiving warmly on the nose and left eye, which began to tell tales. In the ninth bout Roberts got home plump on the mouth, and blood trickled down; they closed at half-arm work, and Jinky got down to avoid. Roberts forced his man about, Jinky retreating but countering on the left eye and mouth, and after a good body blow each they closed and rolled over together. Both went at it "hammer and tongs," Jinky twice on the damaged eye, inflicting a gash, Roberts on the jaw and chest, and eventually boring his man down. Jinky, still on the defensive, fought shy, avoiding close quarters. Roberts rushed at him and got home twice on the body, getting countered on the jaw, when they closed, and Jinky was under in the fall. From this point there was a great sameness in the bouts, Roberts constantly forcing his man and landing on the body, but almost invariably "collaring" on the face, his left eye nearly "up," and having two gashes, his right also ornamented, and mouth swollen; Jinky, though much flushed and his left eye slightly contracted, showing few marks. He fought with generalship, chiefly on the defensive, and succeeded in stopping many of the rushes of his opponent, though he evidently lacked stamina, and invariably was down, more than once rather suspiciously. In the thirteenth bout Roberts got home on the chest, and floored his man. After contending thirty-three rounds, in one hour seventeen minutes, a policeman was descried, and a general rush ensued through hedges and over gates, Roberts being for a time isolated from his friends by wisely keeping out of eyesight of the representative of the law. He was a good deal punished about the face. A return home was made, and at a meeting at the stakeholders a fresh direction taken to the north, when the combatants again met at noon, thirteen additional rounds being contested in twenty-two minutes, when a whole *posse* of police came up, and scattered the spectators, giving chase. A third venture was made at an old spot in a northwesterly direction, and here twelve additional rounds were fought in twenty-five minutes, when Jinky's stamina quite left him, and he was forced to succumb. Fifty-eight rounds in all; time, 2h. 4m.

A Five Round Fight.—The patrons of the P. R. in Leeds, Eng., suffered a great disappointment on the 31st ult. in the abrupt termination of what was expected to prove a first class encounter between two well-known pugilists of the town. One of them, named George Scholey, better known by the cognomen of "Nigger," in consequence of his bronzed phiz, has been in several engagements, his last essay being with Fotter, of Leeds, some few years since. Gillan, on the other hand, has not had a long career, his recent defeat by Carney, of York, being the most important effort. An early journey was made in the first instance to Low Moor, but the presence of several policemen prevented active measures being taken, and the referee ordered a return to town. A second trial was made in the afternoon, at a well-known spot between Leeds and Dewsbury, to which place more than 2,000 people wended their way. As the ropes and stakes had been taken possession of by the police, little time was lost in getting the men together, and at a quarter past four they faced each other. They fought four rounds very keenly, without any apparent advantage to either party, give and take being the order of the day. On coming up for the fifth round Scholey feinted with his left, and Gillan, seeing an opening, dashed in his right and caught his opponent a stunner on the left jaw and neck and sent him to mother earth, when all order was at an end. It was afterwards announced that the referee had given his decision against "Nigger" for not coming to time.

Battle for a Tenner a Side.—Young Donald and W. Evans met on August 24th to decide a catch-weight match for £20. The fixture was a well-known spot down the river; but Puggy made the journey by water needlessly long. At half-past two o'clock the lads got into the ring, Evans attended by the Inspector and Nutts, while Mickey Gannon and Tim Collins looked after Donald, and a sergeant officiated as referee. Both lads are novices, Donald being 21 years of age, standing 5ft. 3in., and weighing 8st. 4lb. Evans is 19 years old, an inch shorter than his opponent, and states his weight to be 8st. 6lb; but he looked fully a stone heavier. The affair proved a very poor one, for although Evans took the lead for the first two rounds, Donald soon made it even with him. Very little punishment was inflicted on either side, and, to the intense disgust of his seconds and backers, Evans, at the finish of the seventh round, refused to scratch again, and the sponge was thrown up amid shouts of derision from all present. The contest, if so it can be called, occupied 24 min. Donald's victory was obtained under great disadvantages, for all his fighting habiliments and his seconds were left behind, and boots, hose, &c., had to be improvised on the spot.

A New Sporting House.—Charley Clark, brother to Billy, (not Nobby, but the jovial "Professor," now of Fort Hamilton,) has been installed as boniface of the premises, No. 200 Mercer street, between Bleecker and Amity, which has been christened the "Clipper Shades" and is at present undergoing a thorough rejuvenation. The walls of the new establishment will be ornamented with the most extensive collection of sporting prints in the country, the Clipper, *Bell's Life* and other live journals, containing the latest information of sporting events in both countries, will be found on file, together with Fistiana for reference, and everything necessary will be done for the convenience of those who may drop in. The place will be formally opened on Monday evening, 21st inst., when Charley and his "big brother" will be happy to meet all their friends.

Matchett too Much for McCormack.—On Tuesday, 25th ult., a fight which created much interest among the Brums was satisfactorily decided near Birmingham, Eng. The combatants were young Matchett, of the hardware village, and James M'Cormack, a Londoner. The stake was £10, and the conditions catch-weight. McCormack, who had previously contended creditably, if not successfully, at home, had the advantage in point of height, but Matchett was his superior in generalship, and after fifty-four rounds had been fought, in 1 hour 40 min., the sponge was thrown up for the cockney.

Death of Jack Martin.—We regret to announce the demise of one of the veterans of the P. R., viz., Jack Martin, who was born July 10, 1796, at Kennington, Eng., and died on Friday, August 14, at Eastbourne, aged 72, deeply regretted by his numerous circle of relations and friends. His encounters in the P. R. comprised a victory over G. Oliver in 1813, J. Johnson and J. Scroggins in 1818, beaten by Ned Turner, beat Josh Hudson 1819, beat Cabbage 1820, beat Sampson 1820, beat a gipsy at Lewes Races 1820, beat D. Hudson 1820, beat Ned Turner 1821, drew with Jem Burn 1820, beaten by Young Dutch Sam 1828.

Johnny Lafferty Still Alive.—The report sent us last week by a St. Louis correspondent to the effect that Johnny Lafferty had died of brain fever appears to have been a little premature, according to a communication before us, purporting to have been signed by that individual himself. Johnny is at present residing in Covington, Ky., is in excellent health, and expects soon to be in Gotham, when he may make overtures with a view to a mill for the championship of light weights.

A Windfall for Watts.—Ralph Watts, the sarcastic, formerly poet to the House of Commons, sailed for Liverpool by the steamer Columbia on Saturday, 12th inst., for the purpose of making his title clear to that £6,000, said to have been recently left him by a relative in England.

John Wood, of Boston, who was reported as being the backer of Tom Kelly, of Philadelphia, in his match with George Siddons, of Boston, writes to us to say that he has nothing to do with the match in any manner, and wishes us to state the fact.

Tom Bunyan, a well known follower of all kinds of sport, died on the 6th inst., aged 36, at the Hand-in-Hand, Princess street, London road, after a brief illness.

Mach Between Tyros.—We are informed that a match has been made between Dickey and Stuart, of Baltimore, Md., to fight at 107 lbs. for a century a side, on Tuesday, Sept. 29th.

We have Letters for Billy Edwards (2), Ed. O'Baldwin, Dick Hollywood, Walter Brown.

THE O'BALDWIN-WORMALD MATCH.

ANOTHER HUNDRED A SIDE POSTED.

From the view taken by O'Baldwin of the match made for him with his old opponent, Joe Wormald, it was feared that some hitch would occur at the time fixed for planking the second instalment of one hundred dollars a side at Coburn's Harlem Hotel on Tuesday, 8th inst., but fortunately nothing of the sort transpired, each side putting up without argument of any kind, thus disappointing those who had gone there in expectation of witnessing a stormy meeting, and perhaps "fun" of a rather rough description. Both principals were present in *propria persona*, the Giant arriving early in company with Felix Larkin, who posted for him, Charley Diamond, Billy Higgins and Pat Kelly, of Brooklyn, while Wormald didn't make his appearance until within a few minutes of the expiration of the allotted two hours, and was accompanied by but one person, Harry Solomons. Among those present were J. H. O'Connor, an old friend of O'Baldwin's, and who traveled with Ned through New England, Jimmy Devine, Tommy Mulligan, Harris Holcomb, George Cline and other well known sporting men. The stakeholder was not on hand, but the deposit was placed in the hands of our representative for delivery to him. The match is now fairly under way, and from present indications it seems improbable that anything will stand in the way of an adjustment of their differences in the way both men evidently earnestly desire they should be settled. The Giant has, we believe, already commenced taking his preparatory exercises at a suitable locality in New England, and Wormald will follow his example as soon as he returns from his present brief tour eastward, locating himself at the Harlem Hotel, 125th street. The unfortunate issue of their previous match in Britain has seemingly increased the desire on the part of O'Baldwin to try the mettle and endeavor to get even with his antagonist, and Joe does not appear to be one particle less anxious for a go with his Celtic highness; so that should everything continue to be conducted harmoniously and the match come to a satisfactory termination we may confidently anticipate a contest in which each will do his level best to secure the honors. The third instalment of one hundred a side falls due this (Tuesday) evening, 15th inst., at Bob Smith's House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, between the hours of eight and ten o'clock P. M., and the fourth, of a like amount, at Felix Larkin's, corner of West and Charlton streets, on Tuesday evening, 22d inst., between the same hours.

ABE HICKEN HAS ANOTHER SAY.

The paragraph in last week's Clipper stating that Ed. Tuohey was willing to give Abe Hicken the opportunity for which he has professedly been so long waiting most anxiously, providing they could come to terms as to the amount of money fought for, has brought the annexed communication from Hicken. It will be perceived that he signs himself "Light Weight Champion," but if he is not willing to fight for any reasonable amount less than $2,000, he cannot justly lay claim to the title, which, from the anxiety he manifests to secure it, one would suppose he thought more of than the money accompanying it. Read his letter:—

Philadelphia, Sept. 10th, 1868.

Frank Queen.—*Dear Sir.*—I am surprised to see in your last issue that Ed. Tuohey wants to fight me for what he can get for the Light Weight Championship. Such a challenge is preposterous. If he can't get friends to back him for $1,000, it is useless for such an aspirant to cast such a slur upon the Light Weight Championship. You have fifty dollars in your hands for Tuohey to cover, or any other man breathing, for $1,000 a side, and nothing less, at from 124 to 134 pounds, and weigh the day before fighting. Yours respectfully,

Abe Hicken, Light Weight Champion.

Jem Ward to his Philadelphia Friends.—The "Black Diamond," as jovial, good natured and scientific old Jem Ward is termed, returned to the metropolis on the 10th inst., after a couple of weeks' sojourn in the City of Quakers, and is at present making his habitation and home at the House of Commons, 25 West Houston street. He desires us to return his sincere thanks to Harry Monaghan, Andy Sheehan, Alderman McMullen and others, for courtesies shown him during his stay in their village, which manifestations of regard he appreciates and will ever remember with feelings of gratitude. Bob Smith also wishes to express his acknowledgements to the gentlemen above mentioned for the favorable consideration so cheerfully given his request, hoping to sometime have an opportunity to reciprocate.

Benefit for Jemmy Welsh.—This Birmingham boxer, who beat Ned Perry, Eades and J. Moran, and was defeated by Jones and Regan, will be the recipient of a benefit at 600 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, 23d inst., when, in addition to other celebrities, his old fellow townsman, Bob Brettle, will be on hand and exhibit his trophies.

Hussey and McLean Again.—Billy McLean and Tim Hussey still continue at dagger's points, but nobody gets hurt. In a letter at hand Hussey says that Billy is shortly to give an exhibition, and has given out that he intends to match himself against Tim with the proceeds, in answer to which the latter replies that he only hopes McLean will make his word good by calling upon him as soon as possible afterwards at Hastings' Hotel on the Germantown road.

Novel Feat.—On Thursday, 17th, Prof. Judd, boxer and gymnast, of Maire's 8th street gymnasium, this city, will undertake to hang four minutes from a bar by his hands without changing his grip—$50 depending upon the result. Although apparently easy to do, this is really a most difficult act. Professor Judd is now in training, and will take the bar at half past 7 P. M. on the above mentioned date. The public are invited.

Dick Hollywood had a pretty good exhibition at 600 Broadway, on Monday evening, 7th inst. The show was marked by plenty of good boxing and the boys turned out in force.

Gone to the Capital.—Billy Edwards and Dooney Harris took their departure for Washington, D. C., on the 9th inst., and purpose giving an exhibition there some night during the current week.

Con. Orem Wins Again.—The electric telegraph informs us that John Condle Orem and John McArdle fought for $500 a side and the gate money, amounting to about $2,000, at Helena, M. T., on the 5th inst. Con. won in 42 rounds, 1 hour 30 minutes.

Jimmy Gallagher will have a sparring exhibition at the Chatham street track, No 92, on Saturday night, 19th inst., when he has been promised the assistance of a number of boxers.

Bob Brettle, a celebrated English pugilist, arrived in this city from England on Monday, Sept. 7th. He is stopping at Harry Hill's, in Houston Street.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

Trotting near Philadelphia, Pa.

Those of the denizens of the Quaker City and neighborhood who enjoy the sport of horse racing were afforded several fine opportunities to indulge their inclinations in this respect last week, and the manner in which they took advantage thereof showed how much they appreciated the same, crowding the grand stand, and assembling in large numbers at other eligible points of observation at the Suffolk Park Course—indeed seldom, if ever, did such an extensive array of beauty, wealth and fashion pass through the gates of this course than upon the occasion mentioned. The races began on the 7th inst. with a trot for a purse and stake of $1,000, between George Wilkes and Lucy, the latter being a strong favorite in the pool selling and betting. In the first heat Wilkes having the pole, a good send off was obtained and for a few yards they trotted side by side, but now the mare broke, and Wilkes had opened a gap of a couple of lengths before she recovered. Lucy acted badly all through, and George took the heat in 2:26½, the mare lapping. They got off for the next heat on the first attempt, Wilkes soon drawing a trifle ahead and passing the quarter so. The mare now broke, but quickly recovered, and had changed positions with George at the three-quarter pole after a desperate struggle. The contest on the homestretch was very exciting, but Lucy kept her feet and won by a head in 2:27½. On the third heat Lucy took the lead and kept it until after passing the quarter pole, when the pace proving too fast, she went off her feet, and Wilkes won the heat in 2:27½ easily. After considerable trouble they received the word, and as they passed the stand George commenced to draw ahead, and continued to do so until nearing the half mile pole, when Lucy made a rush, and from here until after entering the home-stretch she lapped Wilkes, but breaking lost the heat and race in 2:26½. We give a summary:—

Suffolk Park, Monday, Sept. 7th.—Purse and stake $1,000; mile heats; best three in five, to harness.

W. L. Simmons entered br s Geo. Wilkes	1	2	1	1
Budd Doble entered b m Lucy	2	1	2	2

Time, 2:26½; 2:26½; 2:27½; 2:26½.

Between the heats of the above race a trot for a purse and stake of like amount took place between Lady Thorne and Mountain Boy. The latter obtained the lead in the first heat, and, through the bad behavior of the mare, maintained it throughout, eventually winning by several lengths in 2:25. The horse also secured the best of the send-off in the second heat, and kept in the van until the three-quarter pole had been left behind, when the mare turned on the steam and dashed across the line a length ahead in 2:22. The lead was obtained by Lady Thorne in the next heat, and they went by the quarter lapped in 36½ secs. The Boy now increased the pace, collared and went away from the mare, passed the half mile pole two lengths to the good, to which he added a length before reaching the three quarter. Now the driver of the mare called upon her, and, with a tremendous burst of speed, she quickly closed the distance, and won by half a head in 2:26. The mare allowed Mountain Boy to keep the lead until nearing the three quarter pole, when she deprived him of it and won easily by about a dozen good lengths. Summary:—

Suffolk Park, Monday, Sept. 7th, 1868.—Purse and stake, $2,000; mile heats; best three in five, in harness.

D. Pfifer entered b m Lady Thorne	2	1	1	1
P. McLaughlin entered b h Mountain Boy	1	2	2	2

Time, 2:25; 2:22; 2:26; 2:29.

On the 9th inst. a trot took place at the Point Breeze Park, the summary of which is appended:—

Point Breeze Park, Wednesday, Sept. 9th, 1868.—Purse and stake, $250; mile heats; three in five, in harness.

Owner entered Blue Dick	1	1	0	1
Owner entered br h Victor Patchen	2	2	0	2
E. H. Concklin's br h Prince George	3	3	3	3

Racing in Massachusetts.

The fall meeting of the Springfield (Mass.) Club was held last week, commencing on the 8th inst. We herewith summarize the different events:—

First Day.—The first race was for all horses that had never beaten 2:50, in harness, mile heats, best three in five; $200 to first horse, $100 to second, $50 to third, and was won by John, entered by C. P. May, in three straight heats; J. H. Phelps' Dutch Boy second, J. H. Martin's Twang third. Time, 2:38½; 2:37½; 2:38¼. Eight horses started. The second trot was open to all horses owned in Hampden County, mile heats, best three in five; $150 to first horse, $50 to second. Brown Mare, entered by E. C. Robinson, won. Gen. Sheridan second, Calamity third. Time, 2:49; 2:44½; 2:48½; 2:47½. Four started. The third was a running race—a handicap sweepstakes of $50, for all ages, half forfeit, and $10 if declared; $400 added; one mile and a quarter; the second horse to save his stake. Ten horses were entered, but only three ran. D. McDaniel's ch f Lizzie Rogers was the winner, closely followed by Climax, entered by R. B. Forbes, Jr. Time, 2:16½. A premium was offered for another running race, but it did not fill. The day's sport closed with a trot for all horses that had never beaten 2:35, in harness, mile heats, best three in five; $350 to the first horse and $150 to the second. The trot was won by Belle Strickland, entered by H. Bradley, in three straight heats; James Morgan second, Britain third. Time, 2:37½; 2:38; 2:34½.

Second Day.—The first race was a trot, open to all horses that had never beaten three minutes; mile heats, best three in five; $250 to first horse, $100 to second, $50 to third. Seventeen horses were entered, eight of which started. Dutch Boy, entered by J. H. Phelps, was the winner; Fanny second, Silas Wright third. Time, 2:43; 2:56; 2:42; 2:46. The second was a hurdle race, welter weights, two miles, over eight hurdles; $400 to first horse, $100 to second; which was contested only by J. P. Ackerman's Eagle, and D. F. Ryan's Remorse, the former winning in 4:08. The third was a running race—a dash of a mile and a half—for a premium of $400. This race resulted the same as yesterday's running race—McDaniel's Lizzie Rogers beating R. B. Forbes' Climax. Time, 2:49. The fourth was a trot for all horses that had never beaten 2:40, to harness; mile heats, best three in five; $350 to first horse, $150 to second. Seven horses were entered; six started. It was won by Warwick, entered by Dan Mace; Twang second. Time, 2:40; 2:41; 2:39½; 2:43. The fifth and last was a trot for all horses that had never beaten 2:30, in harness; mile heats, best three in five, $750 to first horse, $250 to second. This was the most exciting race of the day, and was not completed at 7 P. M., when the darkness compelled an adjournment until the following morning. Five heats were trotted, the first being a dead heat between Empress and McClellan, Jessie Wales taking the second, McClellan the next, Richard Neavals, (formerly Old Put) the fourth and fifth, and McClellan the sixth. Empress was distanced on the fifth and Surprise and Henrietta on the fourth. Time, 2:35; 2:35; 2:36; 2:37; 2:37; 2:37½.

Third Day.—It partially cleared off from the 10th inst., and the 2:30 trot which was left incomplete the day before, was finished. Only three horses of the original six remained undistanced, and Jessie Wales was withdrawn, leaving the race to be trotted by Richard Neavels and McClellan—each of which had taken two heats. McClellan won the heat and race. Time, 2:32. The track was heavy, and the balance of the races were postponed until the next day.

Fourth Day.—The 10th inst. was another unfavorable day, the track being very heavy. The sport began with a trot for all horses that had previously been beaten. In the three minutes and 2:50 classes, best 3 in 5, in harness, $100 to first horse, $50 to second, four heats were trotted, and Black Harry was the winner; Planchette, second. Time, 2:45; 2:41½; 2:45½; 2:46½. The running race for all ages, two mile heats, for a premium of $700, was a walk over by D. McDaniel's Lizzie Rogers. The third was a trot for horses beaten in the 2:35 and 2:40 classes, best 2 in 3, in harness, $100 to first horse, $50 to second. It was won by Mr. May's John, from Montgomery, Alabama; Britain second. Time, 2:39½; 2:40. The expected trot between Lucy, Rhode Island, and Fearnaught fell through.

Equine Sport in New Hampshire.

The Piscataqua Fair opened at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 9th inst., continuing two days. The number of persons present was quite large, and the sport good notwithstanding the heaviness of the track from frequent rains. In the trots for pairs on the first day, premiums $35 and $15, George H. Pierce's Little John and General Hancock, of Dover, won the last three heats and the race. Time, 3:03; 3:03; 3:04. In the trot for horses that never beat 2:35, five horses came to the score and made a splendid race. They were—Wonder, of Manchester; Young Draco, of Durham; Mountain Maid, of Portsmouth; Fred, of Newmarket, and Blondelle, of Hampton. Wonder won in three straight heats. Time, 2:44½; 2:44½; and 2:47; Young Draco second and Mountain Maid third.

The weather was rainy upon the 10th instant, but still the attendance was good. Seven three-minute horses were entered for the race. Eight heats were trotted in the mud, making much sport. Lady French, owned by H. McDevitt, of Stratham, took the first prize.

Racing at Middletown, N. Y.—Two trots took place at Middletown, N. Y., on the 10th inst., and, considering the rainy weather, the attendance was quite large. A premium of $2,000 had been offered, but did not take place; Hotspur and George Palmer came to time, but the owner of Bruno withdrawing his horse on some pretext at the last moment, the judges were obliged to declare the race off. A purse was then offered, for which George Palmer and Hotspur were entered, which was won by Palmer in three straight heats. Time, 2:38; 2:33½; 2:33. A purse of $50 was then trotted for by the following horses—Baltimore, Brown Gelding, Bidgboy and Butcher Boy. It was won by Baltimore in three straight heats. Time, 2:58; 2:59; 2:50.

DONCASTER RACES.

The races at Doncaster, Eng., commenced on the 8th inst., but were not very largely attended, owing to the unpleasant weather that prevailed. There were five events, which resulted as stated in the appended paragraphs:—

Fitzwilliam Stakes.—Bluegown, 1; Evelina, 2; Vespasian, 3. Seven started. The betting was 2 to 1 on Bluegown, 15 to 1 agst Evelina and 3 to 1 agst Vespasian.

Champagne Stakes.—Hawley's sister to Rosicrusian, 1; Belladrum, 2; Chatelherault, 3. Four started. Betting—8 to 1 against sister to Rosicrusian, 5 to 1 on Belladrum, 12 to 1 agst Chatelherault.

Glasgow Stakes—Achiever, 1; Conjurer, 2; Fecialis, 3. Betting—3 to 1 agst Achiever, even on Conjurer, 2 to 1 agst Fecialis.

Great Yorkshire Handicap.—Romping Girl, 1; Nyanza, 2; Tabouret, 3; The Palmer, 4. Ten started. Betting—3 to 1 agst Romping Girl, 8 to 1 agst Nyanza, 5 to 1 agst Tabouret, 8 to 1 agst The Palmer.

Clumber Plate.—Vespasian, 1; Palmer, 2. Only two started.

The Doncaster St. Leger was the leading event of the second day, and it, with the other equine contests, was run under favorable circumstances, as the sky was clear, the air cool, the turf in excellent condition and the attendance large. The result of the St. Leger fell like a thunderbolt among the sports, and turned the meeting into a surprised party, as will be readily understood when we state that ten days previous the odds were 13 to 2 against Formosa, and only 4 to 1 against King Alfred. We here give a summary of the events of the day as remitted by the Atlantic telegraph:—

The St. Leger was a sweepstakes of 25 sovereigns each, for three year olds; colts to carry 122 pounds, fillies 115 pounds; the second horse to receive 100 sovereigns out of the stake; one mile, six furlongs, 132 yards; 241 subscribers. It was won by Mr. W. Graham's ch f Formosa, who will be remembered as the winner of the Oaks at the Epsom Summer Meeting.

Mr. W. Graham's ch f Formosa, by Buccaneer, out of Eller	1
Mr. G. Hodgman's br c Paul Jones, by Buccaneer, out of Queen of the Gypsies.*	2
Mr. J. Johnstone's b c Mercury, by Lambton, out of Starlight	3
Mr. Bowe's b c The Spy, by Underhand, out of Victoria	4
Mr. R. Bell's b c See-Saw, by Buccaneer, out of Margery Daw	5
Mr. Thomas' b c Typhœus, by Stockwell, out of Typee	6
Mr. G. Holmes' br f Virtue, by Stockwell, out of Patience	7
Baron Rothschild's b p King Alfred, by King Tom, out of Scholar's dam	

Twelve started. Time, 3:17.

The betting before the race was 3 to 1 agst Formosa, 3 to 1 agst King Alfred, 7 to 1 agst Paul Jones, 7 to 1 agst See Saw, 13 to 1 agst Typhœus, 25 to 1 agst Mercury, 100 to 1 agst The Spy and 1,000 to 1 agst Virtue. The betting about ten days since was 70 to 40 agst The Earl, 4 to 1 agst King Alfred, 13 to 2 agst Formosa, 30 to 1 agst See Saw, 30 to 1 agst Typhœus, 100 to 3 agst Mercury, 40 to 1 agst St. Ronan, 50 to 1 agst Green Sleeve, 1,000 to 3 agst Birdcatcher.

The following is the summary of the other races during the day:—

Municipal Stakes.—Misadventure, 1; Scintilla, 2. Four ran. Betting at the start, 2 to 1 agst Misadventure and 2 to 1 agst Scintilla.

Corporation Plate.—Evelina, 1; Master Willie, 2; Bombastes, 3. Seven ran. Betting at the start, 6 to 1 agst Evelina, 2 to 1 agst Master Willie, 6 to 1 agst Bombastes.

Bradgate Park Stakes.—Charwood, 1; Acaster, 2. Five ran. Betting, 2 to 1 agst Charwood and 13 to 1 agst Acaster.

Her Majesty's Plate.—Romping Girl and Lord Palmerston ran a dead heat; Blacklock was last. Only the three mentioned ran. The betting at the start was even on Romping Girl and Blacklock and 4 to 1 agst Lord Palmerston.

Third Day.—The third day's racing at Doncaster was witnessed by a large number of both sexes. The particulars are briefly told by the submerged wire, as follows:—

First Race—Sweepstakes—Had nine starters, and Thorwaldsen won, Merry's Crocus being second, and Rysworth third. Betting at the start was 10 to 1 against Thorwaldsen, 3 to 1 against Crocus, and even on Rysworth. Somebody must have dropped a few £'s.

Second Race—Scarborough Stakes—Charnwood walked over.

Third Race—Zetland Stakes—Geant des Batailles walked over.

Fourth Race—Eglinton Stakes—Minaret, 1; Lord Hawthorn, 2. Only two ran. Betting even.

Fifth Race—Portland Plate—Lord Zetland's Lady Zetland, 1; Timaru, 2; Hermit, 3. Eighteen ran. Betting at start 25 to 1 against Lady Zetland and Timaru, and 2 to 1 against Hermit.

Sixth Race—Badminton Handicap—Laneret, 1; Lady Henriette, 2; Ritualist, 3. Six ran. Betting even on Lanerct; 5 to 1 against Henriette, and 7 to 1 against Ritualist.

Fourth Day, Friday, Sept. 11th.—The racing on this day don't seem to have been as interesting as the previous days, as two of the events were walked over, as the following telegrams will show:—

First Race—Sweepstakes for three year olds—The Spy walked over.

Second Race—Park Hill Stakes—Athena, 1; Frolicsome, 2; Myscotis, 3. The betting before the race was 3 to 1 against Athena, 4 to 1 against Frolicsome, and 5 to 1 against Myscotis. Three started.

Third Race—Doncaster Stakes—Geant des Batailles; The Spy, 2; The Sawyer, 3. The betting before the race was 3 to 1 against Geant des Batailles, 2 to 1 against the Spy, and 5 to 1 against The Sawyer.

Fourth Race—Don Stake—Vale Royal walked over.

Fifth Race—The Doncaster Cup—Mandrake, 1; Julius, 2; Charnwood, 3. The betting before the race was 2 to 1 against Mandrake, even on Julius, and 5 to 1 against Charnwood.

Sixth Race—Nursery Plate for two-year olds—Colt by St. Albans, out of Crochet, 1; Ventnor, 2; colt by Onieston, out of Crucifixion, 3. The betting before the race was 8 to 1 against the winner, 10 to 1 against Ventnor, and 12 to 1 against the Onieston colt. Twenty-two started.

Seventh Race—Westmoreland Stakes—Macduff, 1; Riga, 2; Mause, 3. The betting before the race was 2 to 1 against Macduff, 6 to 1 against Riga, and 3 to 1 against Mause. Seven started.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PEDESTRIANISM IN THE BAY STATE.

MOSES WESLEY WALKS FIFTY MILES IN TEN HOURS.

There was a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen at the Trotting Park, North Adams, Mass., on the afternoon of Saturday, 5th inst., to witness Moses Wesley commence the feat of walking fifty miles inside of ten hours upon a wager. He walked on the outer edge of the track, which measured 171 rods, and to walk fifty miles he would have to go ninety-three times around the track and 1,600½ feet. To satisfy all that it was a "square thing" he decided to walk ninety-four times around. He started from the judges' stand precisely at 10 o'clock A. M.; after the twentieth round he rested seven minutes, having walked 10 miles and 220 rods in 1 hour 49m. and 50s. He continued to walk very rapidly and apparently without exhaustion until his 58th round, when he was called in and rested 12 minutes, having made 30 miles and 218 rods in 5 hours 17m. and 20s., walking thirty miles in 5h. 5m. and 35s. At this time he was 47m. 30s. ahead of time. After his rest of 12 minutes he started out fresh and feeling well, and confident of success. Up to this time there was no betting in his favor, but now plenty of bets with heavy odds were offered without takers. He was called in again on his 73d round, having made 39 miles 3 rods in 7h. 1m. and 10s., being 47 minutes ahead of time. After resting 19 minutes and 10 seconds he again started, having 27 minutes and 50 seconds to spare. He completed his walk of 50 miles this time without stopping in 9h. 27m. and 30s., having 32m. and 30s. spare time.

Pedestrianism at Troy.—In the neighborhood of one thousand spectators gathered at Rensselaer Park Course, near Troy, N. Y., on the afternoon of Tuesday, 8th instant, to witness the walking contest between Haydock, Payne, Adams, Bendon and Ferguson, the attempt being to traverse one hundred miles, fair heel and toe, in twenty-four hours. The start was made at 5 o'clock, Adams leading at first, but being quickly passed by Haydock, who, at 9 o'clock, had completed his twenty-fourth mile. The latter finally won, accomplishing the distance fairly and squarely, 'tis said, in twenty-two hours and fifty-four seconds. Payne, of Albany, was next, in twenty-three hours and thirty-seven seconds, and Bendon, a member of the Troy police force, took the third prize, although giving out on the eighty-seventh mile. He walked fifty miles without a rest, and entered the contest without any training. Haydock walked an extra mile after completing his 100 miles. Subsequently Topley, Oddy, McMann and Miles, walked a race of four miles, which was won by Topley.

Mile Walking Match.—A one mile walk for $50 a side took place at Utica on the 2d inst., between J. V. Watkins and J. G. Williams. Watkins was declared the winner, making his mile in 8:49 and Williams in 9:17. H. Twelvetrees and Charles Glatt were chosen umpires and Dan Collyer referee. But for the track being in very poor condition better time would have been made by both parties. The match was witnessed by many friends of the contestants.

That Big Jump.—As expected, that extraordinary standing jump, said to have been made recently at Milwaukee, Wis., turns out to be a *canard*. A correspondent, who was one of the judges of the game, informs us that the exact distance jumped was 11ft. 1½ inches.

A Walking Match is said to have come off at Plainfield, New Jersey, on Monday, Sept. 5th, between Frank Stanley and Scott, alias "Jinks." The match was two miles, fair heel and toe, for $100 a side, which Stanley won in 17 minutes and 8 seconds.

Jack Goulding was to appear at the Highland Park, Newburgh, N. Y., on the 15th, 16th and 17th inst., performing the half hour feat each day.

A Grizzly Bear of large proportions has recently been caught and caged by a California trapper and hunter, now operating on the Missouri, near Sun river. Gris eats elk and antelope with a hearty appetite. A citizen, well known to pugilistic fame, has made arrangements to have him taken to Helena for an encounter with a wild bull. Heavy timbers are now being procured for the construction of a strong twenty foot square pen, and seats are to be provided for the accommodation of an audience of fifteen hundred. This promises to be the most exciting affair of the kind that ever took place in Montana.

That Four-Handed Ball Match.—The second deposit of $25 a side in the match between Barney McQuade and Ed. Murphy on one side, and Phil Casey and John Manix for $200 a side, was forthcoming in due season at this office on the 14th inst. The match is to be decided at the New York Racket Club Court, 43 and 45 West Thirteenth street, on Sept. 30th, between the hours of 12 and 3 o'clock. The third deposit of $150 a side must be tabled at the Clipper on Sept. 28th, between the hours above mentioned.

Accident Through Wrestling.—Two Chicago lads of eight years old, had a wrestle on the 7th inst., when one seized the other by the throat and threw him. When picked up it was found that his windpipe was ruptured.

THE HONEST PUGILIST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Unheeding bribes, he holds his own
At times when others yield;
By him no fight was ever "thrown,"
He trusts to a fair field,
And to the power contained within
A well developed fist;
Sans these he does not hope to win—
The honest pugilist.

He is no drunken, bragging boor,
He has ideas of right,
And keeps his word and faith secure
In any sort of fight.
The blacklegs of the ring can never
Get him to join their list;
They may not tempt with offers clever
The honest pugilist.

He knows that nature gave to him
A well developed muscle,
A breadth of chest, a strength of limb,
Well suited for a tussle;
With these he's not afraid to dare
The champions of the fist;
But he is fair and on the square,
The honest pugilist.

He don't forget in private life
Amenities and duties;
He's always faithful to his wife,
And has two children—beauties—
On whom a father's love's bestowed,
And if either one were missed
He'd feel the weight of sorrow's load,
This honest pugilist.

When in the magic ring he stands,
He moves swift as a rocket;
The fight depends upon his hands,
And not upon his pocket.
Right quickly at the voice of woe
His sympathies enlist;
He's generous to a fallen foe—
The honest pugilist.

Now when the plough of Time shall trace,
In furrows, sharp and deep,
The heavy lines adown his face,
Or when he goes to sleep,
We'll keep a tender memory up
Of one who will be missed;
And to this toast we'll fill our cup—
"The Honest Pugilist."

H. J. D.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 22.—The Aspasias of the Town.

During that period of the year when our country cousins poured in upon us of the city in a solid phalanx for the purpose of combining devotion with amusement, denominated anniversary week, no feature in the religious programme attracted greater attention than the report of the Magdalen Society. Annually in the month of May were we presented with graphic homilies upon the nature of female depravity, viewed from a theological standpoint, while a committee of learned divines compiled formidable statistical tables touching the development of social crime. And then the fair ones from the country would undoubtedly return to their homes deeply impressed with the idea that this metropolis was the realization of Babylon of the Apocalypse.

Anniversary week was an immense institution, regulating all sublunary matters by evangelical strokes of the pen, and how we, born to the manner, used to watch the influx of country material as the army of invaders poured along Broadway, in every variety of costume. They came in broadcloth and homespun, in drab and in grey, according to their religious tendencies, for in those good days, Quakers and Quakeresses thought it sinful to indulge in aught save the prescribed color as patronized by the founders of their sect, while religionists from the rural regions held in detestation Parisian modes and fashions. The cardinal weakness of all, masculine and feminine, however, evinced itself in philanthropic concern after the salvation of our fallen ones of the weaker sex. They had Magdalenism on the brain, and regarded female children of sin as their particular and especial inheritance.

The condition of public women in those days was about the same as at present, still there then existed a class of courtesans who appear to have disappeared entirely from the theatre of social life. It was for the benefit of these leaders of the immoral *ton* that the Magdalen Society was created and the continuous agitation of their demerits maintained until the Aspasias of the town became as celebrated locally as the Ninons and de l'Ormes of past centuries. The Magdalen Society flourished, as every spasmodic attempt at reformation will do for a time, without producing the faintest reformatory effect; while, at the same instant, by inviting public attention to the annals of shame, it spread, rather than checked, the social evil it pretended to suppress. Finally, when it was discovered that the asylum, sought to be kept up through evangelical contributions, had been converted into a harem for the particular benefit of its clerical manager, the bubble burst, and its originator was canonically expelled, although a fugitive from the scene of his philanthropic toil. Then came the triumph of the Aspasias, who took the town by storm, flourishing in renewed glory as exemplars of oppressed innocence, much to the vexation of their less ostentatious sisters, compelled to walk while they rode.

What ancient New Yorker fails to remember the famous "Lady in Black," who used to promenade daily past the Broadway hotels every afternoon, between the hours of four and six, to the great delight of loungers who were wont to protrude their thin boot soles through the bar room windows, according to the then custom, but contrary to our present notions of etiquette? With a sweet, winning smile on her features, radiant with freshness in beauty, she marched as majestically as if born a queen, and yet but a few years back that haughty dame had been but a milliner's apprentice. Nothing is too rich, too costly, too extravagant for her to wear or to own; and, as her admirers are both numerous and wealthy, she indulges to the full bent of her inclinations in matters of costume and jewelry. It is her habit to walk alone, never recognizing acquaintance of either sex, taking a fixed and ever recurring journey from her handsome little house in Canal street to the Battery, whence she retraces her steps with unabated rigidity in demeanor.

Twice a week the auction rooms of Tom Bell, the model auctioneer of Gotham, were crowded with anxious visitors, who examined the attractive articles of household ornaments taken from the possession of unfortunate debtors, and warranted to be disposed of at immense sacrifices. Tom Bell was the George Robbins of this ilk, noted for his genial humor and shrewd business tact. He was, moreover, a good looking person, extremely popular with the ladies, and just the sort of individual to captivate the fantasies of the Mrs. Toodleses. This mart was a favorite resort with the Lady in Black, who would outbid the most earnest of would-be purchasers, and after securing possession of the coveted article would deliberately dash it to pieces, as her taste ran entirely towards a preference for perishable commodities. The lady's ignorance of objects of *vertu* being quite equal to her reckless extravagance, she was frequently the dupe of an ingenious practical joke; for instance, she was induced to pay an exorbitant price for a second hand bedstead under the belief that it was the identical one used by the Queen of Sheba on the occasion of her visit to Solomon. Tom Bell, like other auctioneers, had a happy knack of fabricating pedigrees for his modern antiques.

Another of our aspasias rivalled the Lady in Black in notoriety by manufacturing for herself a sonorous title—the Countess of Creve-Coeur, which might be freely translated into heart-breaker, an eccentricity only to be equalled by the waggery of a well-known literary gentleman, who flourished among the fashionables at Saratoga as the Chevalier Point d'Argent, which they mistook for a veritable cognomen, little imagining that it conveyed the true condition of his finances—the knight without any money.

The Countess, who was in reality the divorced wife of a traveling painter, with not the slightest tinge of foreign blood in her veins, advertised herself extensively by starting a tilbury with a tiger in full livery, in which she made her appearance on the road among the bloods of the day. To do the lady credit I admit that she was an excellent whip, and possessed an admirable turnout, and as she rattled over the Bloomingdale road she created a sensation particularly stunning, quite superior to that produced by the charlatan Baron Spolaco, with his diminutive grey horse and dilapidated vehicle. The Countess, too, was a woman of refinement, a charming blonde, with liquid blue eyes, whose acquaintance could only be obtained through an elaborate process of introduction, she being under the guardianship of a venerable dame who had to be propitiated after the manner of Spanish duennas by a pecuniary donation before the honor of presentation to her handsome charge could be attained. She tenanted a neat cottage orne near one of the fashionable squares, and happy was the individual receiving permission to enter within its decorated chambers, there to indulge with the captivating beauty in a little French supper. But this happiness was subsequently dissipated when a tradesman's bill to a heavy amount came to be presented for liquidation on the countess' account. After a short but brilliant career the titled lady caught a tartar upon being arrested for obtaining goods under false pretences by some obdurate merchant, blind to the fascinations of her nobility and beauty. The charm once dispelled, the Countess, finding dupes not over numerous, changed her tactics, dropped her title and went into the matrimonial brokerage; but her star was no longer in the ascendant, for after a few months' trial the business was abandoned to give place to an experiment at fortune telling, and the last I heard of the gay, dashing and fascinating syren was declaiming the destiny of servant girls, from a greasy pack of cards, in a basement cellar near Essex Market.

But decidedly the reigning belle of our *demi-monde* was the daughter of a prominent politician in one of the adjoining counties. Coming to the city immediately upon emerging from boarding school, young, unsophisticated, and of marvellous personal attractions, our beauty mingled in the best of society, by whom she was flattered, courted and caressed as a giddy hoyden. In a moment of amorous infatuation she became the victim of a young naval officer, temporarily sojourning at a house of one of her rich relatives. Their criminal intimacy was detected, and the young man was forthwith disinherited by an indignant parent, who in this wise needlessly bruited abroad her shame and deprived her of any opportunity for honorable marriage. La Belle Elise was a girl of pluck, and aware of the uncertainty of the course of life inevitably imposed upon her, resolved to enter upon it with a grand *eclat*. She selected from her numerous admirers, unconscious, at the time of her dereliction, four of the richest married men, and upon them bestowed in secret favors of the warmest nature, each conceiving himself to be her only lover. When the moment for the proper fulfilment of her intention arrived she took handsome apartments and invited each of her protectors to a *recherche* breakfast, timing their arrival, one after the other, at stated intervals. The astonishment of the entrapped individuals can readily be imagined at each successive entry, the four being reputable traders and well acquainted with each other. The breakfast dispatched, La Belle prepared for business by informing the gentlemen that she had discovered herself to be in a delicate condition, and, as she was uncertain as to which particular individual belonged the anticipated honor of paternity, she had concluded to assess the cost of educating the child upon them collectively, and therefore merely demanded, as earnest money, a sum of five hundred dollars each, otherwise she would be compelled to appeal to the generosity of their wives. This announcement burst upon the company with the force of a thunderbolt, as, knowing each other's mercantile position, they perceived the unpleasantness of their mutual predicaments. Two immediately acquiesced in the lady's suggestion, and gave their obligation for the amount; a third vacillated but finally succumbed; while the fourth avowed that his finances were inadequate to meet the lady's demand. The genius of the fair Elise was equal to the emergency; consequently she declared that the remainder should be responsible for the other's deficiency. There was no help but compliance with the inexorable beauty's mandates, as the money was forthcoming, and La Belle emerged into the *demi-monde* with a competency sufficient to give dignity to her newly assumed calling.

Even the smartest and shrewdest can be outwitted, as La Belle discovered to her cost at the termination of her course. An offer of marriage from one representing himself the scion of a wealthy family, struck by her accomplishments and beauty, was gladly accepted, and our heroine retired to a tranquil home in a country town where knowledge of her character had not preceded her. To her sorrow she discovered that her husband was a penniless adventurer, whose union had been based upon presumption of her own wealth.

I remember one among the disciples of Aspasia whose particular fancy was patronage of literary men and of artists, upon whom she lavished the monies obtained from financiers and traders. To her house men at all distinguished in the world of letters were rapturously invited, and oftentimes Clara N. would discard the advances of a wealthy merchant to court the favor of some penniless writer, for whose society she affected an intense admiration, inasmuch as she herself claimed literary attainments, beside accomplishments which in any other sphere of life would have rendered her an ornament to polite society. But with the brand of opprobrium impressed upon her brow, she sought consolation among those who are renowned among the world's vulgar prejudices. The first time I encountered Clara she was a ministering angel at the bedside of an incapacitated, poverty stricken actor, whose voice was denied the privilege of lisping the name of his benefactress through fear of awakening in others unpleasant memories of one mercenary and foul to the world without, but to him goodness and purity. Clara believed in the stories of Marion de l'Orme, and other gay companies of Le Marias, where, the guest of a courtesan, the divine Milton conversed with his gifted contemporary, Corneille, and imitated these distinguished celebrities in her small way.

To those who pretend to believe that it is impossible for an erring woman thoroughly to reform, irrefragable evidence can be adduced to demonstrate that hundreds, taken even from the lowest paths of debauched life, have voluntarily abandoned their old associations and applied themselves to servile labor to sustain themselves in their resolution. If such be the case with the more degraded of the class, how much more easy is it for a well educated, intelligent woman to reassume a position in society forfeited through accident and retained merely to comply with popular prejudice? While the faults and frailties of fallen women are paraded in print, few records are kept of those who, wearied by the tinsel and glitter of an effervescent method of daily life, reascend from "out of the depths."

Some years ago I observed, on a bright Sabbath morning, a venerable and elegantly dressed female hanging on the arm of a leading member, enter a fashionable church for devotional purposes. That woman had been, in her younger days, of immoral notoriety, the mistress of one of the wildest rakes of the town, a woman whose indecent orgies had rendered her name a household word of shame. And still, with this load of opprobrium resting upon her, this courtezan, by the simple exercise of moral courage, had not only reassumed her original inheritance in society, but contrived to establish a reputation for probity and Christian piety. After attaining a competency, she thoroughly reformed, cut aloof from her prior associates, entered upon a new field of life, and mindful of her unfortunate beginning, terminated her mortal career by donating her worldly all for the purposes of benevolence and of charity.

Every picture has its reverse, and I know of no more marked contrast to the instance to which I have alluded than the case of a person who, but a few years back, flourished as proprietress of a splendid equipage, and was among the earliest to inaugurate the now popular vehicular promenade through the Central Park. She was an English woman, one of that class whence are recruited the collection of "spoiled doves" so extensively patronized by the gentry of England, and with whose adventures our public are familiarized through the medium of London cheap publications. A bold, dashing and not over refined demeanor, aided by the possession of some wealth bestowed upon her by an American diplomat with whom she had cohabited in Europe, gave her a ready entrance among the *parvenues* of up town, who tolerated her assumptions, not through ignorance of her true character, but through believing that women of such a stripe are countenanced by European aristocrats. The lady certainly possessed many social qualifications distinguishing good society. She dressed well, maintained a handsome establishment and gave excellent dinner parties. And still it was notorious that all this show, glare and glitter were secured through vending of her personal favors to any one affording to purchase them; in fact, for a time, it was understood that no man of fashionable repute could be acknowledged as such without being able to boast that he had enjoyed at least one evening's society with the gay, fascinating and accomplished lady of the brown stone front. She was the rage, the fashion, and wherever she moved constituted the centre of female attraction, particularly at the watering places, which she visited annually, to regulate, I presume, the morals of polite society congregating at those curious places.

Although people at large may not be aware of the fact, there has existed for several years past, and still does exist, a class of females in our metropolis corresponding in every particular, save exhibition in public, with the denizens of the Quartier Lorette of Paris. The pen of Dumas and the pencil of Gavarni have not been employed to delineate with matchless accuracy the moral and physical features of our *lorettes*, yet to the critical observer of society their lineaments are as distinct as those of their French prototypes, with this exception, that while the Parisian courtezans confine themselves to a solitary locality, and adapt themselves to an acknowledged code of manners, ours pervade every class of society assimilating to its general features.

If the Aspasias of my time were better known to the popular masses than their successors can claim to be, it was owing to the existence of scandalous chronicles or printed sheets conceived in various degrees of literary grossness, which pandered to the more depraved tastes of the multitude, and were ready to seize upon the slightest moral transgression and trumpet it to the winds of Heaven, without respect to the feelings of individuals or to the rights of persons. Papers of such a character were both numerous and popular thirty years ago—*The Flash*, *The Whip*, *The Rake*, *The Libertine*, and others—but neither the popular taste nor the laws of the land seem at present disposed to sanction any abuse of the liberty of the press, used as a lever for the destruction of the powerless and the persecution of the innocent, in filching from them the priceless jewel of a good name.

OUR JOHNNIE'S SECOND LETTER.

HE DISCOURSETH BASE BALL.

CINCINNATI, August, 1868.

DEAR MR. CLIPPER.—It's been a long time since I wrote to you, but as I write so nicely I suppose you'll be very glad to hear from me. We've got vacation now, and don't have to go to school. Somehow we never do have to attend school in vacation, and they never allow us to have vacation while going to school. It's a funny thing when one comes to think of it, but it is nice.

Being vacation, it is summer time, and the weather is awful warm. The weather is mostly warm about this time, more so than in winter, which is icy; and we can't skate now, which is much better. Skating is nicer in cold weather, because then we have the ice and can't skate any other time, which shows that it is better at that time. So our pond ain't a pond now, but it's a base ball ground, and we all play base ball.

Did you ever hear how we can play ball about here? We're bully, but I don't suppose you know it. We've got the best players here in the world, they tell me, and I'm sure they are. Only when some clubs come here, like the Atlantics and Athletics, their luck is bad; it is so, for I've heard 'em say so. When the clubs come from the other way, like from St. Louis or Indianapolis, their luck is better, which is funny, but I know it's so. I've heard 'em say so!

Our boys batted splendid; only when Mr. McBride or Mr. Pratt pitched there was something the matter with the bats, and the balls went up in the air and didn't touch the ground when they came down. And then the man they had for umpire wasn't good to them. He'd say "out," and they'd feel so put out about it that they would lay down their bats and go away. But they batted splendidly, and their fielding was remarkable. I know it is so, sir, for I've heard them say so.

They *must* have had hard luck or they wouldn't say so. Most clubs do have bad luck when they don't win, and the luck out here is always worst when the club comes from the east, which is funny. Now, there's Freddy Waterman, who is a great friend of mine, and wouldn't tell a lie. He says that he always knocks "corkers," and when he played the Atlantics he never found such nice pitching to bat as Mr. Pratt's; but yet, somehow or another, the umpire was against him. For, just as Freddy would get to his first base on his way to make a home run, that mean man would cry, "Out on a fly," and then Mr. Chapman, who was on the left flank of the Atlantics, would throw the ball in, and Mr. Waterman would be cheated out of his home run, which was bad.

Mr. Brainard pitches much nicer than Mr. McBride or Mr. Pratt, but you see the other men had luck, for when one of them would strike the ball the umpire didn't hollow "Out on the fly" to him, but some of his companions would shout, "That's your sort," and "Go in Dickey, git down!" And they'd force the poor man to run all around the bases, which our boys didn't have to do so often, and when he would rush home he couldn't speak but one word, he'd be so tired, and that was "Score!" That is the way our boys got beaten, from all I can understand—they didn't hollow "Score!" enough. I think I've heard 'em say so.

A good many of our boys seemed to think it was a pity that luck went against our nine the way it did. It seemed to have something to do with their getting new hats in some way, though I can't imagine how. Anyway, before the game I heard a great number of them say they were going to sport new "plugs," but they must have changed their minds, for they kept their old hats, though a good many of their friends came out in new ones. And when one of our boys was asked how the hat trade was he looked queer, and mentioned the name of the hot place, which wasn't nice.

I think so much of base ball that when I get to basing it I hardly know what to write about. The folks are all well at home, I thank you. Mr. Wilson comes to see Cousin Maggie the same as ever, only a good deal more so. He comes every other night now, and somehow Cousin Maggie don't seem to want me to be in the parlor so much on nights when he's there as when Mr. Jones or Mr. Diserus is there. When they come she don't tell me I'd better go up stairs and study my lessons, and then scold me if I say it's vacation. She thinks he don't like me, I expect, but she's awfully mistaken there, for he's precious clever to me. But I've been too well raised to stay where I'm not wanted, and I let her have her own way. I don't think I'd like Cousin Maggie much if I was not related to her, for she's mighty crusty and snappish to me now and then. She ain't half as good natured as some of the other girls that come here. But maybe Mr. Wilson don't know it. She laughs real nice when he comes in, and I think she's then always got one of her good spells on her. I expect she'd be afraid to boss him around the way she does me, for he's a good deal bigger than she is, and I sort of think sometimes that she's a little shy, and she gets red when he talks. Most likely she is ashamed of the way she uses me, and don't like to tell it. He ain't so shy, but he gets red too when he sees me watching him pretty hard. Maybe he bosses somebody around where he lives! He thinks I'm a sharp little boy, for he often says so, and when he does Cousin Maggie generally sends me off. I think she's meaner that way than she used to be, and maybe Mr. Wilson is the fault of it, but I don't hate him. He gives me money sometimes.

The folks are all well, thank you, and I believe I told you that the weather was pretty warm, being it's summer, which is quite right. When our boys beat any eastern club I'll let you know, and give you an account of it. Some of the boys are beginning to talk about bats again—somehow they always do when a match is coming off. I don't think, however, that they are quite as bat-ish as they were before the Athletic match.

Yours, as ever, JOHNNIE.

WOLF HUNT IN TENNESSEE.—Quite an exciting wolf chase took place at or near Tullahoma, Tenn., on the 12th ult., the hunting party consisting of about thirty men and sixty hounds. The Nashville *Banner*, in reporting it, says that they had not gone more than a mile beyond the town before the hounds accidentally ran upon a wolf—a veritable wolf that for the last two or three months had been seen lurking about the suburbs of Tullahoma. As a matter of course, a race followed, in which the wolf led off, and not having time to think, but trusting to circumstances, he was not particular which direction he took. As a consequence of such folly, he went tearing through the streets of Tullahoma at a tremendous rate, closely followed by the yelping hounds and the hunters, who shouted, blew their horns, and made a tremendous hubbub generally. This excited everybody. Merchants dropped their yard sticks, carpenters their tools, saloon keepers their bottles, lawyers left their offices, doctors their shops, and joined in the chase. Confusion now reigned supreme. The wolf turned down Atlantic street followed by a furious crowd of men, women, hunters, hounds, negroes and children. By this time the crowd must have numbered at least 800. Everybody shouted his "level best," and appeared absolutely crazy with excitement. In fact, at this stage of the proceedings the tumult had become so great that the Mayor deemed it necessary to call the Board of Aldermen together for the purpose of devising some means of securing quiet. They met, but instead of calling out a special police force, offered a reward of $5 to any man who would bring in the scalp of the wolf. The crowd of spectators that had gathered around the door, upon hearing this proposition, turned away with a yell of delight, and joined the crowd that was still pursuing the wolf. It is almost impossible to give a faithful description of the chase, which lasted until half-past 12 o'clock, at which time the Nashville train arrived. The wolf was now almost exhausted, having been chased through the town two or three times. He accordingly took refuge in the mail car, much to the trepidation of the agent, who immediately emigrated to the tender of the engine. Just then the train started, carrying the wolf as an unwilling passenger, to the disappointment of the assemblage that had gathered upon the platform of the depot. About the time the train got outside of the corporation line the monster jumped out and got away.

NOT EASILY DONE.—"Hallo, steward!" exclaimed a fellow in one of the steamboats, after having retired to bed: "hallo, steward!" "What, massa?" "I want to see if these bed bugs put down their names for this berth before I did. If not, I want them turned out."

A NIGHT IN THE SLUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A sudden yell, half of pain, half as if imploring help, and from the lips of a man; then a sudden burst of light through the wide flung door of a basement, and amid a fierce chorus of women's voices, a young man of about two and twenty, hatless and bleeding from a cut across the forehead, rushes wildly into the street, looking round eagerly, but in a bewildered way, for a policeman.

It was about half past eleven at night, as we stood on the corner of a down town street, almost in sight of the City Hall. Seeing me standing there directly opposite, the young man staggered toward me, and, in tones that sounded even like those of terror, implored my aid and sympathy. He had been set upon, he said, by half a dozen women, in the cellar from which he had just emerged, and beaten by them with a club. Reminding him that his hat was missing, he raised his hand to his head, and the bright crimson stream went trickling down his wrist and into his sleeve. My sympathies being awakened by the youth and really frank and attractive face of the stranger, I volunteered to obtain for him the missing head gear, the door to the basement (which was nothing more nor less than one of the vilest of those many vile dens, termed saloons, which so abound in that region) still standing open, and the excited voices of the women sounding from within.

With this object in view I descended the half dozen or more of wooden steps and entered the cellar. The lights were burning brightly, and beneath them, in the centre of the room, was a group of, perhaps, half a dozen females, while seated around in various attitudes, were, maybe, as many again. All were of that peculiar type which belongs to women of their calling and class; all wore low-neck dresses, very low, in fact, with sleeves made short, although the night was chilly and damp; some of their faces still bore lingering marks of good looks; while others, naturally ugly, were made even hideous by the depraved nature of their vicious, sinful lives. A dozen eyes, fiery with anger, flashed upon me from the group in the centre of the room, and a fierce howl issued from a dozen more of lips. Then, seeing their mistake, all grew silent, and gazed at me with something like astonishment.

"Will you give the man his hat?" I asked.

Had I been in bedlam a more deafening, maddening chorus could hardly have reached my ears at the announcement of my errand. It was a furious clamor, in which Celtic and Teutonic voices mingled, growing louder and louder each moment till it filled the room, a large one at that, and must have sounded away out into the street; it was a modern Babel of tongues, and women's tongues, too. My words, "will you give the man his hat?" seemed to have opened seething volcanoes of sound that hissed and bubbled out from the mouths of these furies.

"Give the man his hat!" they would flay him alive, they would tear his eyes out, tear his body in pieces, bind him hand and foot, and set his clothes afire if he dared show his face there once more; and the furies raved and swore, and swung their arms in the air till I began to think that my own life was in danger; when, on a sudden, the stoutest and oldest of all, a short, thick-set woman, with stout, muscular arms, and a hard, determined face, who had occupied the centre of the middle group, and whom I took to be the proprietress of the place, started behind the bar, and in a moment more something came whistling through the air, and landed at my feet on the floor. It was a round, course cloth hat, and as I stooped to pick it up, and made my exit from the cellar, another furious howl arose, and the door was closed with a terrific crash close upon my heels.

When I reached the sidewalk I heard the steps of two policemen coming down the street. They stopped to inquire what was the matter, and asked me if I had witnessed the assault. Then they went on their way, and advised the stranger to do the same; that was all. What he did to arouse the ire of the furies I failed to ascertain; but then such occurrences as these are not uncommon in a great city, though the ordinary dweller therein is seldom a witness to them; it is reserved for him whose business takes him to and fro through these thoroughfares at night; or to him, the student of character or the seeker after sensation, who, as in my own case, may, perchance, be on the alert for something startling for his note-book.

Time moves on apace. It is long past twelve. There, St. Paul's clock, away down in the distance, strikes one. All is silent, save the noise of the street cars passing over the road. What are these shapes of women that move by us? Are they the same as those more gaily dressed, that float along Broadway? How they steal through the gloom, seeming a part of the deep shadows. One, two, three, four, all within so short a space of time, all within sixty seconds! Where do they live, these lost ones? Do the walls of this great city find room for so much sin? Let us stand here a moment in this doorway. Here comes one more unfortunate; now she passes right in the glare of that lamp. Come with me, and I will show you that which you have not dreamed of. Follow her. Straight on down Chatham street her way appears to be; now she crosses the street to the east, down one block more, now to the left, down this dark, narrow street, and now, what! there must be some mistake! no, she is right, up this gloomy alley-way, blacker than any night can make the street outside; up here, take care! do not trip or fall, it is paved with cobble stones, this alley-way. Her feet are more used to it than ours; we must be quick or we will lose sight of her, and then I cannot show you what I would. Now she turns an angle; this way, to the left, and up this flight of crazy stairs, rotten with many a year's rain. How the steps creak! Her quick ear may hear us. There she goes through the door at the top of the stairs; it leads to an upper room in the house fronting the street. Do you wish to glance in? Then look through this window here to the side. What do you make out? "I make her out, standing in the middle of the room. There is another woman who has just entered by a side-door, bearing a candle. She is stout, and wears a cotton handkerchief, wound into a turban, upon her head; and is—yes, a negress. She appears to have entered to see if there is anyone with the girl. The girl is quite good looking. The room is a large one and but dimly lighted by the candle." Look close and describe it. "The walls are tolerably white and clean, the ceiling is not high for the size of the room; there is a table on one side, where the woman has placed the candle." Is there other furniture in the room, or other occupants? "There are one, two, six beds; these are occupied, and the occupants are men and——" There, let us go. Gracious Heaven! can such things be? Come, let us away out of this vile place, the very atmosphere of which is sickening. Now we are in the street again; it is bright, and cheerful and even good compared with where we have been.

There is the fire bell. Fire is a purifier and refiner. If it should sweep past here what haunts of sin and shame, of vice and depravity, it would rid this city of. Perhaps it is a tenement house that is burning; if so, to-morrow we may hear of more lives lost, of helpless women and children found burned and charred in the ruins, or killed in dropping from windows. Those are the engines that we hear rattling over the stones. Yonder they go; let us follow them.

Here we are, close to the fire, and there is the burning building—that tall one half way up the street. Yes, it is a tenement house. We can get no nearer, for the police have drawn a line across the street here. How the engines snort and puff, and how the sparks fly from the chimneys. They are coming from all directions, some of them with their horses on a run, which is a mistake. Look out there for that hose! What a smell of smoke there is, and burning straw; and look at the heads thrust from the windows. But fires are common things here in New York and form an episode to almost every night's wanderings; so let us move on, as the police say.

Up town, now, still keeping to the east side. Well, there is less wickedness here, at any rate; but the streets are reeking with filth, and a foul stench, not so bad, though, as in the day time, pervades the night air. What hives of human beings are many of these houses that we pass.

Something is up here—what is it, I wonder? Do you hear that signal? It appears to come from the house opposite, whose door stands open. Why, every shadowy recess gives birth to a policeman, who rushes at once to the spot. See how they file in. Let us go, too.

"Stand back there!"

It is the voice of one of their number, who has taken his stand on the stoop, while the others have ascended the stairs in the rear of the hall.

"What's up, officer?"

"Oh! it's you, is it? Nothing but a descent on this lager beer shop. They keep open all night in the room above. We sent two of our number, in citizens' clothes, up first; it was their signal you heard. They'll all come down presently."

And they come down half a minute afterward—six stalwart men in uniform—with the proprietor in charge, and march off toward the station house.

And so the night goes, and in an hour and a half morning begins to dawn—cold and dull and gray at first—and the city begins to awake. By and by the light grows stronger, and one by one, from places where they slept over night, in areas and deep doorways, come ragged, unshorn men, and move away through the street. Then, away up on the highest buildings, the sun sheds golden light that deepens downward slowly, gradually, till the streets running to the east are all aglow, and the gloom and darkness, the sin and misery of the night before are forgotten in the broad effulgence of day.

The Drama in Russia.

An English review has the following in the course of a long article on the "Modern Russian Drama:"—Very few of the travelers who every year flit through St. Petersburgh and Moscow take the trouble to visit the theatres devoted in those cities to the national drama. And those whom curiosity does lead there seldom stay long; a few minutes are sufficient to give them a general idea of the actors and audience, and they are soon glad to get away. Nor is it to be wondered at that the Russian stage excites in them so little interest, for it is difficult even for the most sympathetic spectator to enjoy a play written in a language of which he does not understand a single word, and there is something excessively annoying to a stranger in the midst of an audience melted to tears by sorrows which he cannot comprehend, or convulsed with laughter at jokes, which, for him, have not the slightest meaning. Consequently, we know very little in England about the merits of the Russian dramatists, and, indeed, most Englishmen are unaware that the Russians can boast of anything like a national drama. Yet that is the case, and the plays which are produced at Moscow, for the benefit of an exclusively Russian audience, would well repay a stranger, who understands the language in which they are written, for the time and trouble it cost him to become familiar with them. They are, for the most part, thoroughly national, founded upon the actual experiences of their writers, and devoted to the illustration of that kind of life which is led at home by the majority of those who come to see them. Much, therefore, is to be learnt from them with respect not only to the habits and customs of the Russians of the present day, but also to their thoughts and feelings. And it is only by means of writings of this, or of a kindred class, that a foreigner who does not reside in the country has a chance of forming a correct idea of what the great bulk of the people are like. Representatives of the upper classes in Russia are to be found at every European capital or watering place, and it is not difficult to form at least an approximate idea of their characters. But middle class Russians, with few exceptions, can only be seen at home; and as they, for the most part, speak no language but their own, it is almost impossible for a foreigner who does not live among them to form any idea of the views they take of life, or of the trains of thought which pass through their minds.

With one class only the dramatist is forbidden to meddle. He may laugh as much as he pleases at the army or at the civil service, at courtiers, lawyers, or merchants. But he must be careful about alluding to the Church; none of its ministers may be represented on the stage. It would be considered a sacrilege to admit an imitation of any of its sacred vestments into the wardrobe of a theatre. Even in a historical drama it is not allowable to introduce a clergyman of any description; a rule which involves the patriotic dramatist in considerable difficulties, the Church having played so important a part in many of those troublous times which he would naturally be most desirous to illustrate. On this point the censorship is inexorable; but upon most others, even where to our eyes the writer seems to be verging upon forbidden grounds, it allows an amount of latitude which may well astonish those who entertain the common notions about Russian restraints upon liberty of thought and speech.

The chief merit of the Russian drama is not to be found in the ingenuity of their plots. They are, in fact, entirely devoid of original contrivances or startling situations. The story generally unfolds itself as the piece goes on, with a simplicity which is characteristic of a very tender age in art, somewhat resembling that which marks the dramatic productions of India or China. There is very little composition in the pictures the artist exhibits, which follow each other something after the fashion of panoramic illustrations. But as representations of Russian family life, they are not devoid of interest.

TO SPORTSMEN.—Those intending to make a fall excursion for the fun of shooting game, and who have not yet purchased their fowling-pieces, should call and examine the "Metallic Cartridge, Breech Loading, Double Barreled Shot Guns," at Charles Parker's, No. 27 Beekman street. We have heard them highly spoken of, and from our own examination, without actual trial, we should say that they are a good weapon.

☞ HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Let no sufferer from chronic dyspepsia or liver disease despair; this remedy will inevitably perform the task the doctor has abandoned, and restore the patient to health.

ENGLISH ACTORS IN AMERICA.

A recent issue of the London *Era* contained an article on the above subject, in which the writer indulged in some flights of fancy. In the CLIPPER of a recent date, Major H. Lindley replied to that article, and now we present a couple of communications which appeared in the *Era*, showing wherein "Imported Sparrow" falsifies the record:—

Dear Sir—"Imported Sparrow," in a letter from New York, challenges any one to contradict some statements of his, and if in a spirit of justice you will accord space to my remarks I think I may show that his views are highly colored. He truly says, Theatricals in the United States are worse in June, 1868, than they were nine years ago. The reason is that the country, then peaceful and affluent, had never been distracted by civil war, and a state of prosperity reigned such as is almost unknown in history, and impossible to continue long even in Eden. "Imported Sparrow" returns to America just after the reaction of the most frightful contest the world has ever seen; when the entire country is shaken to its foundation, financially; when all classes are suffering, from the "merchant prince" to the humblest laborer. He goes when theatricals are very dull—in a summer season—when all business and commerce are stagnant; and if these reasons are not enough to account for his not immediately jumping into a position, then there is the still more regretable fact of which he himself speaks:—"The English rage for spectacle and sensation has crossed the Atlantic, and to enact such parts requires more vigor and impudence than talent," "and no English need apply."

Beginning with Mr. George Wood's Theatre, on Broadway, the furthest "up-town" place of amusement, let us see whether English or Americans stand the best chance. Mr. Wood, an American, opens his first season in this new and magnificent establishment with a company of English artists, in which Miss Lydia Thompson appears, and who, I venture to say, is sufficiently lovely *not* to disappoint the "Yankees." She is followed by others of note on the London stage (Miss Pauline Markham, Miss Ada Harland, Miss Lizzie Weber, Mr. Michael Connolly, etc.,) so that nearly the entire season will be consumed by *English* artists; and the only Americans who need apply will be a few utility people.

Next comes "Wallack's Theatre." Mr. Wallack is an Englishman. He seldom or never produces an American play, but always English; two-thirds of the members of his company are invariably English. Are names necessary to corroborate this? Then let us cite Mrs. John Sefton, the leading old woman, English; Miss Fanny Morant, leading heavy, English; Miss Kate Ranoe, English; Mr. Robinson, English. In fact, with the exception of the leading lady, very nearly *all* are *always* English at Wallack's; not merely accidentally for one season, but year after year.

Next comes in importance the Olympic, successively under the management of Miss Laura Keene and Mrs. John Wood, both Englishwomen, and now managed by George Fox, an Englishman, who for the pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty" imported his Columbine and others from England.

Next follows Niblo's Garden. In the extravaganza, lately produced there, "The White Fawn" (not to go back to the "Black Crook), there were upwards of five hundred people nightly employed on and off the stage. The machinists, scenic artists and costumers, were nearly all English. There were fourteen responsible parts, male and female, in the "White Fawn," all originally filled by English people, with the exception of *five!* Mr. Mark Smith, Vining Bowers and Miss Stockton, were Americans; Miss Mena Montague, Lizzie Wilmore, Miss Lucy Egerton, Miss Mary Wells, &c., &c., all English. The *ballet* was composed of English, French and Italian girls, to whom were paid weekly (with dresses found) salaries ranging from thirty dollars upwards; while American *ballet* girls, equally pretty and competent, could not obtain regularly seven dollars a week.

Barney Williams' Broadway Theatre comes next. His stage manager, Mr. William Moore, is an Englishman, and well known to have a preference for his countrymen; and taking his company altogether, it will be found that the English out-number the Americans; and not only in New York will this be found to be the case, but in every city in the United States of America, from New York to Nebraska. In every company which appears in any town three out of five of the gentlemen will be English; and of the ladies, two out of three.

I think "Imported Sparrow" mistakes when he says that "to suit their own ends, English actors have become naturalised—these *renegades* are stumbling blocks to their ambitious and struggling countrymen, and can make or mar the chances of success of any actor or actress they may deem worthy of notice." It is well known to Americans that the motto of an Englishman is, "Once an Englishman always an Englishman;" that *no* advantages which an adopted country can hold out for a prolonged absence from his native land can induce him to become a *naturalised* citizen of any other. Statistics will show that in the recent civil and sanguinary war few, if any, Englishmen took part in it, each one holding that, as Englishmen, they had no part in it; and, beyond mere sympathy for the one combatant or the other no concern.

"Imported Sparrow" alleges that these English managerial *renegades* steal, purloin sensations, hits, plays, and avail themselves of civilities from brother managers here, &c, &c.

Although no international copyright exists, the Americans are seeking to obtain one as speedily as possible; and, as regards stealing plays, but *one* instance occurs in my experience—"Caste"—and that was to the detriment of Mr. Wallack, who bought the right of its production in the United States from Mr. Robertson, so that the former gentleman and not the latter was the sufferer; but plagiarism is a charge which might be brought against even English playwrights, and is a taunt which has been bandied between rival authors in rival countries from time immemorial, and is too deep a grievance to be even debated here.

As there is so large an English element in theatrical matters, and as the predilection for their compatriots is as marked as it is natural, it is the American and not the English artist who "stands a poor chance on the agents' books." The mere name of Englishman—with no fame and no credentials—will secure a hearing and an appearance on the American stage without the aid of an agent; and once seen by the "Yankee" public success or failure is sure to follow, according to the ability of the actor.

Whatever may be the individual there is absolutely *no national prejudice*. No two English people ever did more to offend the prejudices and wound the *amour propre* of the Americans than Mrs. Frances Kemble and Mr. Charles Dickens, and no two artists ever awakened more enthusiastic admiration than they, for the Americans know that genius is of no clime, and welcome and worship it, whether it come in the shape of an Italian *tragedienne*, Ristori; or a German, Janauschek; a Swedish singer, Jenny Lind; or an English actor, Kean.

The English accent is no more pleasing to the American ear than is the nasal twang to an Englishman; but no critic ever twits an English artist if his language be intelligible. Scotch, English, Irish, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cockney, no matter what peculiarity of speech he possesses, it is all one to a "Yankee" audience, if the actor be a good one.

From New York to New Zealand the continent of America is open to the English actor. Native American talent ineffectually struggles to keep foothold with British artists. It is unjust and unfair to accuse the American actors of "jealousy, hatred and malice;" still it is but natural they should feel aggrieved that nowhere does their merit find recognition and place, pushed out in their own country by Englishmen; and if they cross the seas in the "hope to better themselves" they find themselves treated with contempt by English Managers and sneered at by the public because of their "accent," principally and partly on account of the utter disbelief in their ability.

Until Mr. Boucicault opened the doors of the London Theatre to an occasional "Yankee" actor, an American artist was almost unknown in an English stock company, and I believe a baker's dozen would more than include all the American stars that have appeared on the English stage—and not all of those successfully. But it is just to the English, who have done so much to advance the drama in America, that they should not be stigmatized as *renegades* by one of their countrymen who, piqued and disappointed, fails to obtain an opening there. "Imported Sparrow" says nothing of the vast number of American theatricals, who, like himself, are unable to obtain situations; legitimate actors and actresses, who, having worked a lifetime in their profession, are needy to the last degree because legitimate talent is at a discount on account of the rage for *Black Crooks*, *White Fawns*, and because they cannot transform themselves into Clowns, Columbines, and *Figurantes*. While these are paid exorbitant salaries, Queens in *Hamlet* go begging, and Ghosts become ghostly indeed, and "job" for a night or two here and there, and are thankful if they are paid a pittance for their labor.

Heels, not heads, are in demand, and the "Imported Sparrow" should have looked more deeply into the cause of his failure than to have attributed it to his "renegade" countrymen, or to the "jealousy" of the American artist; but should have laid it to the true reason—the extraordinary love of *ballet* and scenic effect, which has been imported from Europe into the United States.

It is not by partial and prejudiced statements that the universal good of the Drama will be advanced, nor by cherishing animosities that the doors of the theatres in England and America shall be mutually thrown open to the meritorious actor, whose mother tongue, no matter where found, is English; and in the hope that erroneous views may not be propagated by distorted statements, I ask you to insert the above remarks, the truth of which I feel convinced will be endorsed by every American on the stage. Respectfully yours,

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

LONDON, August 10th, 1868.

Sir—As an American actor, agent and manager (which three respective departments of the histrionic profession I have, from time to time, filled in the United States during the past twelve years), I feel it my bounden duty to reply to the letter in your last issue, and, as an addenda, supply some few facts which the gentle "*Imported Sparrow*" has, in his hurry, neglected.

Imprimis: As to "*the day for welcoming thoroughbred English talent having gone by*," I will only say to the *sensible artist*, who will bear me out in this, that, in my experience, I have never yet known *nativity to govern talent* in its struggle for fame in any country. As applied to the drama, "*blood will tell!*" If I did not fear trenching too much upon your space, I could give the names of many artists who have gone to America, who have not only been successful professionally, but have their "*homesteads*," and *own them; stock actors*, I mean. How many can you find in England, *walking gentlemen*, for instance, who can say this? We have them in America, but they are careful *artists*, not *boot-jacks*.

I fear our festive "*bird of passage*" is one of these eliminated bob-tail "*utility*" men, whom England would not have in this smallest of positions, and America "*wont*" have, to delight her people with his pretended "*juvenile*" perfections. In this last, however, I may be writing in the dark, as the aforesaid "*winged messenger*" has not favored us with his name, merely having suggested that he lacked *ears*, was *not a quadruped* and sent in his "*bill*" without inserting his family or stage appellation.

As to artists being engaged *entirely* through agents, I can only say the "*Sparrow lies incontinently*." The agent is seldom or never used, save by artists who are residing in the country during the summer months, and who have no time to go to New York to see the managers, who convene one and all in that place during the months of July and August. Unlike England, the managers are not so difficult of access and never refuse "*an artist*" an audience, or an admission to a Theatre.

As to *agents' fees*, I give you my own of last year, which are still followed by my successors in New York, to-wit, *no registry fee!* Engaging leading people down to the walking gent and lady, ten dollars (28s. 6d.); walking gent and lady down to utility, eight dollars (23s.); utility and ballet, five dollars (14s. 2d.) for the entire season. These prices are by no means as high as in England.

As to the manner in which individual Englishmen, who have become naturalized (*strong evidence of talent*), may treat their migrating brethren, the purloining of hits, ideas, plays, etc., I have nothing to say, as they are personal matters, and do not come under the general heading of "*bad treatment to Englishmen*." We cannot govern that.

I will take the *figures* of your correspondent upon salaries, and close a letter which I trust will be satisfactory in defence of my country and its dramatic institutions. To begin, he is in error in quoting *stars* at 120 dollars per week. We never, or seldom, pay stars a certainty. They always share after a stated amount nightly or weekly, which will amount to, he or she, as the case may be, (here talent comes in play to determine the amount) to from four thousand dollars weekly down to scarcely enough to leave town. Forrest, Booth, Cushman, Murdoch, &c., have frequently received the largest amount. Edwin Booth took eighty thousand dollars last year in America. The stock salaries run from one hundred and twenty-five dollars per week down to fifteen dollars for *ballet*; and when I assert that I reside in a beautiful quarter of New York city (No. 179 West Tenth street, formerly occupied by John Brougham), the comfortable tenant of a single room (I am a bachelor), with bath room attached, for which I pay eight dollars per week, including breakfast each week day and dinner on Sunday, I think I shall convince one and all that "*our devil is not so black* as he is painted" by our "*imported (cock?) sparrow*." Very respectfully, yours, H. H. WALL, 36 Arundel street, Strand, London.

HELP WANTED.—The latest style of advertisement for "help" is as follows:—"Wanted, a general servant, in a small family, where a man is kept. The housework and cooking all done by members of the family. The gentleman of the house rises early, but prepares breakfast himself. All the washing is put out, and the kitchens provided with every comfort and luxury. Cold meats and hash studiously avoided. Wages no object. References and photographs exchanged."

AQUATICS.

THE FIVE MILE SCULLING RACE

BETWEEN

WALTER BROWN, OF PORTLAND, ME.,

AND

HENRY COULTER, OF MANCHESTER, PA.,

FOR

The Championship and Two Thousand Dollars.

ROWED NEAR PITTSBURGH, PA., SEPT. 9TH.

TEN THOUSAND SPECTATORS AT THE COURSE.

BROWN WINS IN 34 MIN. 28½ SEC.

The championship sculling contest between the above named celebrated oarsmen was decided on the Monongahela river, above the dam, on Wednesday afternoon, 9th inst., and resulted in a signal victory for Walter Brown. Full particulars will be found below:—

WALTER BROWN first drew the breath of life in the pretty village of Madison, Greene County, N. Y., in the month of October, 1840, but in appearance is quite youthful. At the age of four years his parents removed to Newburgh, where they have continued to reside ever since, though Walter, of late years, has taken up his abiding place at Portland, Me., where his uncle is proprietor of the United States Hotel. While residing at Newburgh Brown learned the trade of ship carpenter and boat builder, being employed for some time in the establishment of Tim Donohue. He took an early fancy for rowing sport, and when only eighteen years of age had acquired such proficiency in wielding the sculls that he is said to have vanquished seven competitors in a two mile double race, his companion being William Edmundson. On May 8, 1858, he defeated Edmundson in a four miler in 34:11, and on the 27th of the same month obtained another victory, at the same distance, over Theo. Grovier in 33:00; won a double scull race, Worcester regatta, two miles, in 15:40, July 28, 1860; was beaten by John Hancon, four miles, Aug. 23d, 1860; won with Tim Donohue, double scull, Poughkeepsie, five miles, in 36:15, Sept. 6th, 1860; won second prize in the Worcester regatta, two miles, in 16:35; pulled one mile and an eighth against a six oared boat, Portsmouth, N. H., said to be for $1,000 a side, losing by seven seconds, time, 7:07, June 29th, 1865; won first prize Portland regatta, 2 miles, 17:20, July 4th, 1865; won first prize Soldiers' regatta, 2 miles, 17:10, April 25th, 1866; beat T. J. Doyle and others, Boston regatta, 2 miles, 17:00, July 4th, 1866; beat Josh Ward and others, Worcester regatta, 2 miles, 15:15, July 27th, 1866; beat Josh Ward, 3 miles, Portland, 22:30, Sept. 18th, 1866; distanced by Josh Ward, John Mekiel and Gil Ward, Springfield regatta, Sept. 20th, 1866; beat Hamill, 5 miles, Pittsburgh, 46:30, May 21st, 1867, fouls being claimed by both parties, and the referee, contrary to the expectations and convictions of justice of nearly all who had witnessed the race or read impartial accounts thereof, and in the face of affidavits made by friends of both men, rendering a decision in favor of Brown. At the Worcester regatta, same year, Brown pulled three miles against time, accomplishing the distance in 23:00. He met Hamill for the second time in a five mile race on the Hudson, at Newburgh, Sept. 9th, 1867, and this race also terminated unsatisfactorily, Hamill being awarded the stakes because Brown ran into him at the turning stake, disabling his boat. His next appearance was in the race for the championship of the Charles river and the medal of the New England Rowing Association, in June last, when he came home third. This led to a double match, three and two miles respectively, between Brown and the winner, John Tyler, jr., the first of which took place at Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill, June 18th, and the second off the Elysian Fields, June, 24th, Tyler proving victorious in each, generally considered to be upon sufferance, however. He and Tyler met for the fourth time at the Boston Fourth of July regatta, Brown winning. This was his last appearance in public up to the present time. He stands 5ft. 8in. in his stockings, is a splendid specimen of physical development, of wonderful vitality, is a married man, and upon the day weighed 158 pounds.

HENRY COULTER was born in the prosperous village of Manchester, Pa., located about two miles below Pittsburgh, Pa., on the northern bank of the Ohio river, in the month of February, 1842, which, of course, makes him now in his twenty-seventh year. Like Hamill, at an early age he developed a taste for boating sports, and many of his leisure hours during boyhood and youth were passed in endeavoring to master the science of feathering the spruces. In the summer of 1867 he had acquired such skill in manipulating the blades that his friends matched him against Fred. Wolfe to pull a five miler for $250 a side. This was to have been decided on August 17th, 1867, but in the interim Coulter had effected a more desirable match with the veteran Bill Jackson, and from policy he paid forfeit to Wolfe. He rowed Jackson on August 24th, 1867, for $500 a side, over the lower Monongahela course, and achieved his maiden single scull victory by about four lengths, the time given by the judges being 38 minutes and 20 seconds. This clever performance immeasurably increased the confidence reposed in his powers by his adherents, who manifested the same by backing him in a challenge to Hamill. Mekiel had about the same time privately forwarded a challenge to the champion to pull the same distance upon similar conditions. Jimmy stated that it was too late in the season for him to get in fix ere the close, but expressed his readiness to accommodate either or both last spring. The Cold Spring oarsman then threw down the gauntlet to the entire rowing fraternity, which was at once taken up by Coulter, and they rowed five miles for $1,000 a side on the upper Monongahela course, Pittsburgh, October 30th, 1867, Coulter winning easily in 41 minutes 50 seconds. Early in February last he challenged Hamill to pull him a five miler, and after a deal of haggling they came to terms. They attempted to row upon the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, on June 18th, but after going about a mile the boats collided and both men received a ducking. Coulter was assisted into his boat again and pulled over the course, coming home in 42 minutes 7 seconds, while Hamill was taken into his barge and returned to the starting point, one of the outriggers of his boat being rendered useless by the collision. Both men put in a claim of foul, but it appearing from their statements, made at a meeting convened by the referee the same evening, that each was equally to blame, he ordered them to row over again the following day. On the second trial Coulter, unfortunately, broke one of his oars at the third stroke, and was compelled to withdraw, leaving Hamill to row over the course and take the stakes, his time being given out as 37 minutes 26 seconds. Coulter was very much dissatisfied with this result, and endeavored to induce Hamill to give him another race, but Jimmy paid no attention to the *defi*, expressing a resolve never to pull another race. The championship being now an open question, Brown challenged Coulter to row for it, and the present match was the result of their rather long winded negotiations. Coulter is a large framed man, although not so muscular as Walter, of temperate habits, and is an enthusiast in the sport. He is also a Benedict, stands 5ft. 8½in. without his Oxford ties, and on the day of the race brought down the beam at 168 pounds.

THE PRESENT MATCH

Subsequent to the unsatisfactory meeting between Coulter and Hamill upon the Schuylkill, the former, who naturally felt deeply mortified at the result, which decided nothing that was expected to be decided by the contest, endeavored by repeated personal interviews to induce Jimmy to give him another chance to retrieve the laurels so unsatisfactorily lost, but without avail, as Hamill, for reasons not yet made public, but which he promises to make known at an early day, declined to accede to his very reasonable request. Thinking that it would have greater effect and compel Hamill to declare himself publicly, one way or the other, Coulter issued a formal challenge through our columns, proposing to row Jimmy a five miler on any waters in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. To this Hamill did not make any rejoinder whatever, but on the 11th of the same month Walter Brown, who had long been looking askance at the championship, published a challenge in the CLIPPER, dated July 11th, proposing to row three miles over the Charles river course, each man to pay his own expenses, or a five miler at Portland, offering $250 for expenses; or, if neither of these propositions suited Hank's ideas, he would pull him a five mile race upon any course mutually agreed upon. This brought a reply from the Manchesterian the week following, in which he stated that he would row Brown at Pittsburgh, upon either course, and allow him $250 for expenses, or he would row upon the Schuylkill, each man to defray his own expenses. On July 22d Walter sent us another communication naming the Troy course, accompanying his card with $200, to show that meant it. A few days subsequent he telegraphed to Coulter, offering $500 if the race was made to take place at Portland harbor, and asking if a similar amount would be allowed by the other side. To this Hank responded promptly, acknowledging the generosity of the offer made, but stating that his friends did not wish to go so far from home, and declaring that he would row nowhere else except upon the waters he had previously named. Brown then, in order to facilitate matters, communicated with Coulter by telegraph, and a meeting was arranged to take place at this office on August 14. Brown was here in person, accompanied by John Tyler, Jr., and Charley Elliott represented Coulter, but as the latter had not received full instructions from Hank, nothing could be done. A second meeting was held at this office on the Monday following, however, when, after very little indulgence in chin music, the subjoined strict

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

were entered into between Henry Coulter, of Manchester, Pa., and Walter Brown, of Portland, Me., to row a race of five miles (two and a half miles and return), for the sum of one thousand dollars a side, and the undisputed title of champion sculler of America.

The race to take place on the 9th of September, 1868, between the hours of five and six o'clock, P. M., on Monongahela river, above the dam, the party going from home to select the course at least two days prior to the race. The first deposit of $200 a side shall be placed in the hands of FRANK QUEEN on the 17th of August, 1868; the second deposit, $300 a side, shall be in the stakeholder's hands on the 25th of August, 1868, at 11 o'clock, A. M.; and the third and final deposit of $500 a side shall be made good on the 5th of September, when the sum of $250 shall be paid for expenses to the party going from home.

RULES GOVERNING THE RACE.

1st. The referee shall be chosen at the making of the last deposit, and he shall be bound by these articles in rendering his decision.

2d. The race must be rowed on a *fair day* and in SMOOTH WATER, and if the day chosen be unfair, the referee SHALL postpone the race to the first fair day thereafter that will suit both contestants.

3d. The two boats must collide in order to make a foul, which shall be considered unfair, and the referee shall order the race rowed over and over again, until pulled to a fair and satisfactory conclusion. The course to be properly surveyed and the expense to be shared alike. As an act of courtesy Mr. Coulter will attend to placing the stake-boats in their proper positions (each man to turn his own stake-boat) at least two days before the race—stakes or buoys shall be used in the absence of boats—to make the course.

4th. If the party going from home be interfered with by outside boats, or parties on the course during the race, the referee shall order the race to be rowed over again within twenty-four hours from such interference, and not until twelve hours have elapsed.

5th. Both men shall be in their boats and at the starting point between the hours of five and six o'clock, and either party failing to appear at such time shall forfeit all claim to the stake money. The money not to be given up until won or lost by a fair and square race.

JOHN TYLER, JR., for WALTER BROWN.
CHAS. B. ELLIOTT, for HENRY COULTER.

Witness:— { CHAS. M. COLVIN,
JOHN A. BIGLIN.

THE MEN IN TRAINING.

Immediately after the argument between Brown and Coulter had been clinched, they commenced preparatory work in downright earnest, Walter taking his exercises in Portland Harbor, without the services of a mentor, and the Manchesterian fixing his headquarters at the boat house of the Xantha Club, of which he is a member, and taking daily pulls on the Monongahela and Ohio, with Messrs. Flanegan and Gordon Jackson to look after him. As both had been taking pretty regular exercise since early spring, they experienced no difficulty in ridding themselves of superfluous avoirdupois, and the reports which reached us from time to time from their training quarters, represented them as rapidly approaching the very acme of physical condition, in which each assuredly was upon the day of the race. Brown remained at Portland until the 3d inst., when he took his departure for the City of Coal Dust in company with his backer, John Tyler, jr. and J. F. Randall, arriving there on Sunday morning, 6th inst. They were met at the depot by several boating men of the Sooty burgh, and after attending to the requirements of the inner man proceeded to Glenwood, a few miles above the city, where quarters had been provided for Walter. Coulter had removed his headquarters to a point nearly opposite on the south bank of the stream a few days prior, taking his finishing spins over the course. The deposits had been regularly forthcoming, and at the time of putting up the final, Brown received the amount specified for expenses.

COURSE, REFEREE, JUDGES, ETC.

It was the general expectation that the course would be the same as that over which Ward and Hamill rowed in '64, but Brown, upon an examination of the water on the morning of the 7th inst., selected a point opposite Packer's Landing, further up stream, for the start, and on the 8th inst. the City Engineer is said to have surveyed an exact two miles and a half down the river from said point, where a buoy was placed. This possessed advantages over the former, giving the spectators a better view of the struggle, and placing the contestants upon an equality in this respect, as neither had rowed over the course chosen prior to the day of the race. According to the articles the referee was to be selected at the time of putting up the final deposit, but they being unable to agree upon any of those whose names were submitted, the representatives of the men decided to defer this important matter until the principals met at Pittsburgh and could have a voice in the choice themselves. Several meetings were held for the purpose, at which a number of gentlemen were proposed, but in consequence of objections urged against some for various reasons by either party, and the absence or declination of others whom both sides were willing to accept, it was not until Wednesday morning that this responsible office was filled, when, at a meeting convened at the Monongahela House, Alex. Murray, who represented Coulter, presented the name of Thomas Rees, Jr., a man as well known as any denizen of the sooty district and whom long experience has familiarized with the rules governing boat racing; feeling satisfied from what he had seen and heard of the man that he would decide impartially, Tyler, who was spokesman for Walter, at once accepted him, and thus this difficult matter was finally adjusted satisfactorily to all. Captain John Travis, the famous pistol shot, and S. D. Stevens, the Portland oarsman, stood judges for Brown, while Irwin Redpath, of Pittsburgh, and David Speer, of Allegheny, officiated in a similar capacity for Coulter, one for each taking their positions in the boats moored at either end of the course. The referee was seated in a six-oared barge, which accompanied the men over the course, thus allowing him the opportunity of seeing the entire race and being able to decide from personal knowledge upon any question which might arise, without having to rely upon the statements of others, which are, nine times out of ten, of a very conflicting nature.

THE CROWD AT THE COURSE.

Although to the general public the match was not invested with that absorbing interest which has characterized similar contests in former years, the citizens of Pittsburgh, Allegheny and vicinity were apparently as deeply interested in the issue as ever before, and all who could manage to do so determined to make a holiday of the occasion. A number of steamers, none of very great capacity, however, had been chartered for the afternoon, and shortly past mid-day the passengers commenced to gather upon their decks, which, long ere the arrival of the hour announced for the race, were uncomfortably thronged with sprightly damsels and "misses" of a more advanced and rather uncertain age, comely matrons and firm looking spinsters, sober merchants and fast clerks, sharp lawyers and juvenile scapegraces—in fact, a rather mixed assembly; all, however, good humored, and submitting to all inconveniences with commendable resignation and becoming grace. Several of the boats had bands of music on board, adding not a little to the pleasure of the trip. With that astounding energy and regard for public comfort and convenience for which it has become celebrated thereaway, the Connellsville Railroad Company advertised one excursion train, consisting of a number of open trucks, not very cleanly in appearance, to start for Braddock's Fields, adjacent to the starting point, at half past four o'clock, and these were overcrowded by the masculine gender, the ladies who had intended proceeding to the scene by this route being obliged to retrace their steps when they found out the miserable nature of the accommodations provided for them. A large number of others also proceeded to the ground in vehicles of all descriptions, and it is estimated that over ten thousand persons witnessed the contest. This is considerably less than the number congregated at previous aquatic displays on the Monongahela, but, considering the distance from the city, about six miles, and the fact that early in the afternoon rain commenced to fall, and there seemed every probability that the event would be postponed, the attendance was even larger than could be reasonably expected; had it taken place over the lower course the crowd would doubtless have been more than doubled. All the prominent sporting men of the vicinity were on hand, of course, and in addition were several from the east, including Charley Elliott, James Lee and Charley Moore, from the metropolis, James Shea, inventor of "Shea's Own," and Cushing, all the way from the Hub of the Universe. The nut brown face of Sam Collyer was also visible among the crowd at the starting point, alongside of the rubicund, jovial visage of his trainer, Johnny Newell, and not far from that of the good-natured sporting Boniface of the "Constitution." The rain continued to fall pretty heavily at intervals, but although it dampened the ardor of the sight-seers, they stood their ground manfully, determined to see the thing through at all hazards. The betting had all along ruled at odds in favor of Coulter, and considerable speculation was indulged in at the rate of 100 to 85 or thereabouts. The friends of the Manchester man had the utmost confidence in his powers of endurance which they thought far superior to his opponents, although the latter might pull a more graceful stroke and prove the better man for a shorter distance, and accordingly wagered their money freely upon him at the odds asked by the strangers, who possessed equal confidence in Brown, had gone there expressly to bet, and also a few if any suitable offers to go begging. With all this, however, the betting was far less spirited and a much less sum of money changed hands upon the issue than at the time of the memorable races between Hamill and Ward on those waters—a fact attributable to the odium which had been cast upon boating by prior fizzles and other reasons too obvious to require allusion to here.

THE MEN IN THEIR BOATS.

Brown was the first to enter his boat, which was launched from the deck of the steamer Alex. Foster, shortly after half-past five o'clock, and as he pulled toward the starting point he was joined by Coulter, the pair receiving an enthusiastic greeting from the on-lookers, who, from the delay and rain, had feared that they were doomed to another disappointment, and were overjoyed to find their gloomy expectations unfounded. Brown was attired in white drawers, with a white handkerchief bound about the head, and pulled a paper boat, built by Water & Co., of Troy, 42 feet long, 12 inches wide, and weighing about 28 pounds. Coulter's distinguishing color was pink, and he pulled in one of Elliott's cedar shells, 34 feet long, 13 inches wide and 34 pounds in weight. The former was accompanied by the four-oared shell Friendship, manned by Wm. Jackson, John Tyler, J. W. Randall and Fred. Dierst, and Coulter by the old New York, now belonging to the Xanthe Club, and propelled by Gordon Jackson, Patrick Speer, Wm. Myers and Anderson Ross. After a few moments' delay, caused by Brown being obliged to adjust the wire of one of his outriggers, the men backed into line, the Portlander having the position next to the judges' boat.

THE RACE.

It lacked about twelve minutes of being six o'clock when the referee, after warning the men, gave the word, and ere his lips had closed, and while every eye was riveted upon the rivals, four blades of spruce cleaved the water, and the delicate shells leaped forward towards the turning buoy. For a few feet the boats were even, but then Brown began to leave his antagonist, and inch by inch, foot by foot, and yard by yard did he increase the space between the boats, until, ere half the distance had been accomplished, it was a certainty for him, and his partisans were wild with excitement, while the unexpected position of affairs caused the Coulter men to feel correspondingly glum, though they did not yet lose their faith in him, but by additional wagers, this time at evens, backed up their expressed opinions that he would outlast Walter. But to those who were in a position to note the appearance of the rowers as they neared the lower stake-boat, saw that Hank's case was altogether hopeless, barring accident, for although Brown was apparently exerting himself to the utmost, pulling a magnificent stroke, he did not labor in the least, and it was plain that he could keep it up the required distance, while Coulter was pulling all he knew how, and yet dropping farther and farther astern every minute. Brown rounded the buoy beautifully a long way ahead, and as his backer had made a bet of $300 even that he would beat Coulter a full minute, he did not relax his efforts on the run home, reaching the line in the extraordinary and unprecedented time of *thirty-four minutes, twenty-eight and one-half seconds*, according to the time-keeper, Capt. Travis. The time given for Coulter was 35:26, but the Captain afterwards made another statement to the effect that he unthinkingly stopped his watch when the winning boat crossed the line, thereby losing ten seconds or more. This error has given rise to a deal of dispute, several bets having been made that Brown would win by a minute, and the losers refusing to give up their money upon the ridiculous plea that the timekeeper has no right to alter a decision which he knew to be incorrect. As Brown slackened up and pulled in to the judges' stand he was the recipient of the heartiest applause at the hands and mouths of the spectators, while bands discoursed enlivening airs, steam whistles shrieked and bells of brass clanged furiously, all combining to create a noise, or rather variety of noises, pandemonium-like in character. The late antagonists shook hands cordially after the race, Coulter candidly acknowledging that Brown had proven himself the better man, and that he could always beat him until he (Coulter) learned to row cross-handed, and he intended to commence practicing that style of pulling without delay, hoping to ere long retreve the laurels he had lost. He was dreadfully chagrined at his unlooked for vanquishment, but drew a few grains of consolation from the fact that the time stated to have been made by him was also better than that ever before made since Josh Ward pulled the five miler on the Staten Island Course, which he is accredited with having accomplished in thirty-five minutes and ten seconds.

REMARKS.

It is pleasing to know that after a succession of *fiascos*, which have done much to injure rowing interests, we have at last been favored with a championship race which was conducted properly throughout, and which was decided strictly upon the merits of the men, and is very creditable to both. It proved beyond question that Brown is the better man of the two—at present, at least—and it is, we think, doubtful that the adoption of a different style of oarsmanship by the Pennsylvanian will ever enable him to reverse this verdict. Walter has proved that he can pull when he wishes to do so, and we trust that in all future races he will exert himself to achieve the victory as he did in the present instance. Coulter unquestionably did his very best to secure the trophy, and those who risked their money upon him can find no fault with him for losing. He has shown himself to be an excellent oarsman, and few would pull a hopeless stern race with so much pluck and determination as he did. The wonderful time said to have been made has caused, naturally enough, many doubts to be expressed concerning the course being five miles in length, and of course everything goes to strengthen such supposition. We do not desire to deprive the oarsmen of one iota of the credit which is their due, and therefore we would suggest that, in order to settle the matter at once and forever, those interested adopt such measures as will prove either the correctness or falsity of the statement. Unless they do so, it will always be doubted, and if they are convinced that the survey was correct they can have no objection to follow this suggestion. Jimmy Hamill settled his differences with Brown in an amicable manner soon after the latter's arrival in the city and during his stay showed him many of those little acts of kindness which a stranger can appreciate, particularly under such peculiar circumstances. He also pulled over the greater portion of the course alongside his quondam opponent, and their relations are now of the most friendly character.

AFTER THE RACE.

It was dusk when the race was terminated, and to make matters still worse, the rain, which had fallen in showers for a couple of hours, began to come down in torrents, and very few of those in attendance reached home without being pretty thoroughly soaked—an after clap which was anything but enjoyable, but which we doubt not all would willingly risk again if they felt assured of witnessing another such splendid race. The Monongahela House was the headquarters of the Brown men, and during the evening a large number of sporting men were congregated there, discussing the race, among the number being Hamill and Brown. The conversation touched upon the challenge of the former to the winner, when one of Jimmy's old backers offered to match him against Walter for $1,000 a side, to which John Tyler replied that he would make the match for the Portlander, provided Hamill wished to row him. The "Little Engine," however, declined, for reasons best known to himself, to allow his friend to put up for such a race at present, saying that if, when next summer arrived, he felt inclined to pull a friendly race with Brown, they could no doubt easily come to terms. Brown and his friends left for the east the following day, Walter disposing of his boat to Bill Jackson for $125 before he took his departure, and presenting Hamill with the oars with which he won the race, and Coulter with the pair used in training. On the 11th inst. he called upon us in company with his backer, and the stakes were duly paid over.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

The following details of the international race between the yachts Sappho and a number of crack vessels from Britain we clip from the columns of *Bell's Life* of the 29th ult.:—

On Friday week the Sappho arrived at Cowes, 15 days from New York, and her owner only brought over eight men in her. These were supplemented for racing by seventeen Cowes hands, Penny taking the command as sailing master. Every one well up in nautical matters fancied she had a chance, especially under the conditions that had been imposed, and on Tuesday morning, 25th Aug., we heard an old salt remark, "Brother Jonathan keeps the wind to himself to-day, and he'll lick 'em hand over fist."

The owner of Sappho, fearing she had received some injury to her bottom in the gale of the 22d ult., had her taken into White's Dock, where she was cleaned and examined, nothing being found wrong. A select party, including the Earl of Rutland, Mr. J. Ashbury, Messrs. Shirley, Samuel and others, visited Capt. Baldwin, and in the course of conversation Mr. Ashbury explained that he was not at all satisfied with the arrangements or the time allowed, but putting aside the sweepstakes into which they had all entered, he challenged the American to sail him on the morrow for a 100 guinea cup at the same time as the sweepstakes race, the American to allow time at the rate of half Ackers' scale. To this the owner of Sappho

objected, and wisely, as the sequel showed. She is owned by Messrs. C. and R. Poillon, of Brooklyn, New York, Yacht Club. The following is the tenor and condition of the challenges, and the result we afterwards give in detail, viz:—

Sail.	Yacht.	Rig.	Tons.	Owner.
1	Aline	Schooner	213	R. Sutton
2	Oimara	Cutter	165	C. J. Tennant
3	Condor	Cutter	129	W. Ewing
4	Cambria	Schooner	193	J. Ashbury
5	Sappho	Schooner	331	C. & R. Poillon

It is agreed that there shall be a sweepstakes of £20 each; time for tonnage; R. Y. S. scale; course once round the Isle of Wight; to start off Cowes Castle; the course to be completed by the first vessel in nine hours, or less, or the race to be void for that day; the race to be sailed under the directions and by the rules to be supplied by the R. Y. S. The American schooner Sappho to be entered as of 310 tons; the English yachts according to Thames measurement, as measured at Cowes. Cutters to have two-thirds of their tonnage added. No squaresails to be carried, but no limit as to fore and aft sails or to men. No greater time than 20 minutes allowed. The race to take place on Tuesday, the 26th inst. Vessels to be at their stations at eight A. M., and to start punctually at nine o'clock. Entries to be sent in to the secretary of the R. Y. S., Cowes Castle, 96 hours before the time of starting. Oimara undertakes to sail Sappho upon even terms, but with respect to the English yachts she will have two-thirds of her tonnage added, and be classed as of 275 tons, Condor as of 215 tons, Aline 213, Cambria 193. All other cutters upon the same scale.

Sappho allows Oimara..... 02m. 03s.
Sappho allows Condor and Aline..... 06m. 12s.
Sappho allows Cambria..... 11m. 55s.

English Vessels.

Oimara allows Condor and Aline..... 06m. 16s.
Oimara allows Cambria..... 06m. 27s.

Sappho had the northernmost and weather station, then came Cambria, a wide distance now intervening to Condor, next to whom was Oimara, and Aline nearest to the Castle and to leeward of the lot. Cambria had taken her station about twice her length to the eastward, the rest forming a very good line. 10 A. M.: With a light W. N. W. breeze and east-going tide, they commenced the race, all canting smartly and getting off evenly together; they had the wind to the Noman dead on the mast, and up went balloon maintopsails on Aline and Cambria. Condor and Oimara big working topsails and balloon jibs; Sappho, very smart, setting canvas and the first to wing sails, the rest running down on port tack, Cambria nearly 10 minutes in setting foretopsail. 10:10: All balloon sails now set, and a freshening breeze coming up, their positions being—Aline, close in the Island shore, leading vessel, with Condor broad on port quarter, Cambria on Condor's port quarter, Oimara fine on Cambria's starboard quarter, Sappho in a straight line, with Cambria a quarter of a mile to the eastward and in mid-channel. Sappho here commenced changing sails, which was afterwards continued throughout the day, and to her manifest disadvantage. 10:15: The breeze light and baffling, Sappho's boom foresail keeping out better in the dead run than the lug-sails of Cambria and Aline; the latter had still her topmen clustered aloft, the topsails evidently not yet ship-shape. 10:20: Sappho, who had sent down foretopsail to wing sails, now set it again, and likewise sent up a square tacked balloon maintopmast staysail, and with jib topsail, which reached from foretopmast head to jibboom end, had every available stitch set. Wind still light, but all making fair progress, positions being now Aline and Cambria leading vessels sailing a neck and neck race, Condor hanging on Aline's weather quarter, with Oimara two cables' lengths astern, Sappho off in the best of tide steering a straight course for the Noman, and in a line with Condor (Gloriana, who had purchased up for a while, now nearly a mile astern of Sappho). Condor and Oimara may have set jib topsails with advantage, but, no doubt, the compound fractures in the Ryde match were not forgotten, and topmasts could not be risked at present—a formidable foe to tackle. 10:30: Cambria, moving somewhat sluggishly, ran down balloon headsails and set large working jib and staysail; the light breeze was rather quartering. 10:35: Off W. Quarantine buoys, Condor leading, Sappho second, three quarters of a mile to the eastward, on Condor's weather beam, Aline about her length over Condor's taffrail, Cambria and Oimara about 50 fathoms astern of Aline, sailing along in center of the five and both sailing fast. 11:00: Sappho jibed booms to port, dipping maintopmast staysail, but after sending it up again. Off Ryde Pier Aline had again passed into first place, here leading Condor by 12 sec., Cambria third, Oimara fourth, Sappho last, the breeze having again fallen lighter; but looking again to windward, a dark curl on the water gave notice that the trot would soon become a gallop. Off Sturbridge Oimara first showed signs, as her balloon jib sheet began to tug, and she soon stepped into third place. Condor marked this, and her ballooner went into the sail cabin, foresail and big working jib appearing in its place, and the boom jibed to starboard directly afterwards; Aline still running wing and wing, the rest, with the exception of Condor, on the starboard tack, Sappho coming skimming along, but still a stern chaser. Aline put a cable's length space of water between her rail and Condor's spider, whilst the latter shifted jibs, and Cambria, whilst Oimara was performing a similar operation, took a freshener, and passed the big cutter, tearing along like a steam engine after the Aline and Condor, and getting into close quarters before the last named got the same streak. Approaching the Fort the breeze had come out true, and all were going through the water about eight knots, the Noman buoy being passed thus:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Aline	11 3 38	Cambria	11 5 15	Sappho	11 8 0
Condor	11 4 28	Oimara	11 5 44		

They now hauled up a point or two, and on an easy bowline looked up their track for the Ledge buoy—the easternmost limit of the course—Sappho in reaching—but appearing to most advantage, and looking the picture of an American clipper. The quartering breeze was telling a tale, schooners vs. cutters, Cambria in the Brading water ranging up on Condor's lee-quarter. Aline leading the fleet by three minutes, and Sappho, foaming along like a mad horse, passed Oimara in a twinkling. Condor, however, was just able to keep Cambria in limbo, and gave her a blanketing right through St. Helens Roads to the Ledge buoy. The time on reeling this mark off was:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Aline	11 28 25	Cambria	11 30 30	Oimara	11 31 35
Condor	11 30 20	Sappho	11 31 10		

The buntle at the Ledge buoy was the feature and crowning point of this memorable race, and will be indelibly impressed on the memory of every yachting man who was fortunate enough to be present. Sheets were now flat aft, and all held their reach off on starboard tack for an offing. Three minutes after rounding one of Sappho's jibboom-guys went, but was soon replaced, Oimara meanwhile forereaching, and eating the American out of the wind, the latter still carrying maintopmast staysail aloft, which kept the maintopsail lifting, making a backsail instead of propelling power; the topsail was soon afterwards lowered, and then replaced by a smaller one; jib topsail lowered, and then reset; in fact for the first half hour after passing Bembridge buoy this perpetual shifting and resetting sails was indulged in, but all to no purpose, the superiority of the English vessels, both in canvas and weatherly qualities, being quickly apparent on hauling by the wind. 11.40: Oimara had drawn clear of Sappho, who was now last vessel, Cambria forereaching Condor, Aline gradually increasing her lead from both, and on passing Culver Cliff the following were the positions:—Aline, 11.46:33; Cambria, 11.49:30; Condor, 11.50:10; Oimara, 11.55:00; Sappho, 12.00:00. When off Sandown Fort Oimara's large topsail yard went in the slings, and the sail was banging about for nearly half an hour before being replaced by another. 12.10:—Sappho sent down foretopsail, the mainstaysail and jib topsail being still kept flying, and all helping to place her in a worse position, as "lonely stern chaser" to the four Englishmen. Off Sandown, Aline was leading Condor by a quarter of a mile, the latter being broad on Cambria's weather bow, Oimara ploughing along next, and Sappho rising and falling like a merchantman at every little salt hill. All now felt the tide hard on their weather bows, Aline still moving along grandly and leaving Cambria fast astern, Oimara again coming with a rush and threatening Cambria for third place. On Luncombe being breasted the following were the positions of leading vessels: Aline 2.20, Condor 12.23:30, Cambria 12.26:30, Oimara 12.28, Sappho at this time about off Sandown Fort, and in fact after hauling round Bembridge was "never in the hunt," and but for the tough battle with the four fastest vessels in the world, all interest in the race would have ceased. Bonchurch was passed 12.35, Aline still leading, Condor in close attendance, and Cambria, taking a fresher breeze than the rest, suddenly woke up, and although sailed a trifle finer was drawing upon Aline and Condor. On opening out Ventnor from Dunnose the positions of the four English vessels, taken in a straight line, did not show more than half a cable's length difference, Sappho being upwards of a mile dead to leaward. 12.55; Cambria first about, all having laid the course on starboard tack from Bembridge to Ventnor, and stood in on port tack close to shore. Sappho and Oimara next tacked in, followed at 1.30 by Condor and Aline. 1:12: Oimara weathered on Cambria, the latter standing much closer to the shore than the rest, who were now tacking off again. 1.12:30: Cambria in close to Ventnor beach, Sappho at the same time standing in on port tack, heading between Luccombe and Bonchurch; the latter afterwards, when about to tack off shore, carried away jibboom close to the cap, and thus extinguished whatever remote chance she had of winning; the jib topsail was set at the time, and many minutes were necessarily lost in clearing away the wreck. After this she made a long east to the southward until 2.35, and once again tacking in shore went about in Chale Bay, and then again stood off about ten miles from the land, ostensibly for the purpose of weathering Needles on next tack. 1.30: Cambria's tack in-shore turned up trumps, as she got a slant off the land, weathering on both Condor and Aline, Oimara, who took same breeze as Cambria, being now leading vessel. 1.40: Condor was weathered on Aline, all standing off on starboard tack, Oimara leading by half a mile, Cambria second, Condor third, Aline fourth. 1.55: Oimara round on port tack, Condor putting Cambria about and taking second place; lee tide now running hot and wind increasing with a little bubble of sea; Oimara and Condor tacked one with the other, the two schooners likewise warily watching each move. Aline at 2.14 sent down balloon maintopsail, both schooners having carried them thus far since starting. At 2.35 Oimara, finding motive power too strong, sent down square and set jib-headed topsail, Condor having done likewise. 2.40: Wind still freshening, hanging about S. S. W.; Cambria still carrying a balloon maintopsail. 2.45: St. Catherine's Lighthouse was passed, Oimara leading, Condor second, Cambria third, Aline fourth, Sappho, hull down, ten miles to leeward, and away in the S. E. horizon; Cambria at 2.50 shifted balloonjer for working topsail, and held her reach through Chale Bay, making smoother water, the rest having tacked off shore. 3.25: All on starboard tack close hauled through Brixton Bay and past Brook, heading up for High Down in Freshwater Bay. 3.40: In same positions, but Cambria decidedly doing the best of the four, and whether Aline had sulked or what not, she was getting such a dressing she had never before experienced, Cambria now beating her as badly as Aline did the former across Sandown Bay. 3.40: Aline sent down foretopsail, a thorough hard breeze about S. S. W. now blowing up, and tide coming down inshore. 3.50: Sappho tacked in Chale Bay, Oimara, the leading vessel, being then just off Freshwater Gate, and the latter at 3.54 tacked under High Down, followed by Cambria, and at 4 Condor went about under the latter's lee bow. 4.00: Oimara and Condor went about together, the latter having weathered on Cambria, and now on port tack looking up their course for Needles, galloping along on the back of the strong ebb tide at a pace the American could not evidently live in, the Lighthouse on the rocks being hauled round in the following order:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Oimara	4 27 50	Cambria	4 31 45	Aline	4 35 45
Condor	4 29 20				

Sappho coming along on the port tack, clean hull down, about 10 miles astern. The sea breeze was right through the Needles passage, and for the dead run to leeward Oimara commenced by sending down jibheader and up with large topsail, Condor, who has no balloon topsail, sending up the working one, and both setting their enormous balloon jibs, Oimara running up foresail likewise, and Condor jib-topsail; the two schooners set all their balloon canvas, and, as they could wing their sails, it was soon all up with cutters, Cambria off Warden Ledge, ranging up alongside of Condor, and off Hampstead wresting the lead from Oimara. The ebb tide was running hard against them; Aline, to shun it as much as possible, hugged the Island shore, and at times got slacker water inside the headlands. Cambria kept more on the north shore and Aline was running her fast. Off Salt Mead Cambria steered for the island, every sail now drawing, booms being carried right off over starboard side. Off the Gurnard buoy Aline passed Oimara and took second place, these positions being retained over the remaining short space to the flag-boat, and the Anglo-American yacht race finished at the following time:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.		H. M. S.
Cambria	6 16 23	Oimara	6 21 00	Sappho	7 56 00
Aline	6 13 33	Condor	6 23 00		

Cambria thus won the International Match and sweepstakes of £100 without her time allowance. Sappho's wretched performance took every one by surprise; but we feel certain that were she canvased, rigged and fitted out equal to her English competitors, her sailing qualities would be much improved; at the same time it must be remembered she has had to contend with a very different class of vessels to those the celebrated America was pitted against in 1851; it is, however, satisfactory to know there have been no obstacles or objections of the slightest character in the present match, yet the carrying away the jibboom off Luccombe is to be regretted, although the most prejudiced person must admit that Sappho was then and there clearly beaten on her merits, simply from having met with faster vessels. Should she be bought and remain in this country, what effect the alterations above referred to may have is quite another question. Robert Penny, one of the most experienced yacht sailors in England, was the pilot of the Sappho.

BASE BALL.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

ATLANTIC VS. UNION—THE CHAMPIONS DEFEATED.

The glorious uncertainty of base ball received another illustration on the 10th inst., in a game at the Union Grounds, L. I., between the champion Unions and the celebrated Atlantic Club. The general expectation was that the Atlantics, after the Waterloo defeat received at the hands of the Athletics on the 7th., were in just the condition to be again beaten. But, as the result proved, the ex-champions are an exceedingly dangerous club to meet after they have been badly defeated. In this game it was life or death with them. Having lost their match with the Athletics, they had resolved to redeem themselves on this occasion. How well they acted their part, let the record show.

The result of the game of the 7th inst. gave increased interest to this meeting. The ease with which the Athletics had punished Zettlein, led many to believe that the Unions, who are also good batters, would do the same thing. Pabor was looked upon as a pitcher more difficult to hit away than Zettlein, his peculiar style of delivery—left hand—being considered not so easy to get at successfully. All these circumstances combined caused the excitement about the game to run high, and the number of spectators present was something marvelous. The field was completely surrounded by a dense mass of humanity, estimated in round numbers as high as 15,000. The weather was just suited for out-door sports, the sun being obscured most of the time by the clouds. The ground was not in the best condition, however, the rain of the previous night having rendered it wet and heavy.

At about three o'clock, all the preliminaries having been arranged, the game was commenced, with the Unions at the bat. Goldie, the first striker, retired on a short fly ball to Pearce; Ferguson threw Austin out at first; Start let Martin's ball slip between his legs; Pabor, hitting safely to left field, sent Martin to second; Wright hit a low ball past third base, and Martin came home; Smith, who was playing third base, fielded Birdsall out at first, and the innings closed for one run, with Pabor and Wright left. The Atlantics did not do as well on their turn at the bat; Pearce was fied by Austin; Smith fouled out, Birdsall taking him on the bound with one hand, after a long run; Start, after getting to his base on a safe hit, was put out at first by Birdsall throwing to Goldie. Score, 1 to 0.

Shelley commenced operations in the second innings by going out at first on Pearce's throw; Ayres also retired, Mills capturing him on a foul; Smith did the same thing, Start doing the business—no runs. Chapman hit a foul, which Goldie took care of; Shelley fielded Crane out at first; Mills hit heavily to the extreme end of the field, just east of the pagoda, and made a clean home run, the crowd cheering him as he galloped round the bases; Ferguson closed the innings by giving Wright a chance, which the latter accepted. Score 1 to 1.

In the third innings Goldie led off by hitting to left field, which Chapman tried for, but slipped down on the wet grass; Goldie stole to second and came home on Austin's hit to right field, McDonald muffing the ball; Martin's stroke to left field sent Austin round, and Pabor's hit brought him home; Charley failed to reach first, however, as Ferguson got the ball there before him; Wright flew out to Crane, and Martin flew in from third; Pearce fled Birdsall—three runs. Zettlein made his first on a scratch, Goldie muffing the ball. "The Charmer" was gobbled up at second, however, on McDonald's hit to Wright—Mac just escaping being put out at first on a close play; Pearce kept him moving, but went out at first, Pabor stopping the ball very neatly and throwing it to Goldie; Smith took his base on a right short hit, and McDonald came home; Start sent Charley to second, and had a narrow escape at first, as Wright threw the ball quickly; Smith and Start stole round and came home on Chapman's hit, which Ayres muffed; Wright took a hand in and gave a life to Crane; Mills was not so fortunate, as Wright captured him. Three runs, and the score 4 to 4.

The Atlantics made short work of the Unions in this inninga. Shelley took his base on a muff of Ferguson's, but was forced out at second on Ayres' hit; Mills caught Smith out on a sharp fly tip, nicely taken; Goldie was third out, Crane flying him at centre field—no runs. Ferguson made his base by a low hit through the infield; "The Charmer" sent him to second by a left field stroke; but Zettlein was again forced out at second by McDonald; Pearce sent Fergy home by a short hit to third base; Pabor got the ball and attempted to cut Ferguson off at the home plate, but Birdsall wasn't cute enough; Smith hit to right field and Pearce came home, while his base on a safe hit, and Chapman hitting to short, they were doubled up by Ayres, Wright and Goldie. The Atlantics now had the advantage, the score being 7 to 4.

The Unions were again blanked in the fifth innings, Austin and Martin fouling out, and Pabor at first by Ferguson's work. The Atlantics were also blanked. Ayres threw Crane out, Mills fouled out, and Ferguson was forced out at second on Zettlein's hit. Score still 7 to 4.

The sixth innings yielded three runs to the Unions and four to the Atlantics. Just as the innings commenced it began to sprinkle, but it was only momentarily. Wright opened play by striking safely to right short; Birdsall kept him going by a right field stroke; Wright came home on Shelley's hit, a fine ball which Zettlein tried to stop, but it struck George in the forehead, making a bad cut and delaying the game a few moments; Ayres brought Birdsall home, but failed to reach first, as Start stopped the ball; Ferguson threw Smith out at first, and Shelley came home; Goldie fouled out. Zettlein, still suffering from the effects of the severe blow he had just received, hit feebly to short stop, and was halted at first; McDonald sent a sky rocket to right field; Pearce hurried him to second on a centre field stroke; Wright muffed Smith's ball, and McDonald came in. Charley stole to second, but came near being captured by Birdsall's throw to Wright; Start's grounder through the infield cleared the bases, but he was forced out at second on Chapman's hit, Pabor throwing the ball; Chapman took second on passed ball and came home on Crane's grounder between first and second; Mills made a slashing stroke across the infield, but was forced at second on Ferguson's hit to Wright. Score 11 to 7, with the Atlantics in the van.

The seventh innings was a disastrous one for the Unions. Up to that time, although the Atlantics had the advantage by four runs, they had fielded fairly and their chance of winning seemed fully as good as that of their opponents, but after receiving their fourth whitewash, they commenced to muff fearfully, and the A.'s getting into one of their old-fashioned streaks of batting, fifteen runs was the result, all made after two hands were out. Wright was sent in to pitch after most of the runs had been made, but the Atlantics hit him where they wanted to, and, in the next innings, Pabor resumed his position. It is needless to follow the one-sided contest to its close. The Unions did not score in the last two innings, while the Atlantics added five to their totals. This left the score 31 to 7—one of the most one-sided contests we recollect of in a championship game.

In playing Ayres in place of Reynolds and changing the positions of Wright and Martin, we think the Unions made a serious mistake. Ayres was out of practice, and should have been placed at right field, if anywhere. Martin was out of place in the field, and Wright, although playing well at second, would have done better at short. The result of this bad judgment should be a severe lesson to the champions in the future, and as they have yet to meet all the crack clubs, it is to be hoped they will profit by it.

The appended table gives the good and bad plays of each man so clearly that it can easily be seen how the game was lost and won. The columns signify—O, outs; 1st, number of times bases on hits; B, total bases on hits; R, runs; L, left on bases; F, fly catches; B, men put out on bases; M, files missed; T, wild throws; E, errors, muffs, passed balls, overthrows and missplays; A, assisted in putting out:—

Batting. *Fielding.*

Union.	O.	1st.	B.	R.	L.	F.	B.	M.	T.	E.	A.
Goldie, 1st b	3	1	1	1	1	12	0	0	2	0	0
Austin, c f	3	1	2	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0
Martin, r f	3	1	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	2	0
Pabor, p	3	2	2	2	0	0	0	1—1	2	0	0
Wright, 2d b	3	2	2	1	0	1	2	0	1	4	10
Birdsall, c	3	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	2	5	1
Shelley, 3d b	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	1
Ayres, s s	3	0	0	0	1	0	3	1	0	2	1
Smith, l f	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	27	8	10	7	6	3	18	2	3	23	17

Batting. *Fielding.*

Atlantic.	O.	1st.	B.	R.	L.	F.	B.	M.	T.	E.	A.
Pearce, s s	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	4
Smith, 3d b	1	2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Start, 1st b	3	0	0	0	1	5	4	1	0	0	0
Chapman, l f	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
Crane, c f	2	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0
Mills, c	4	1	4	1	0	7	2	0	1	0	0
Ferguson, 2d b	3	0	0	0	1	1	2	0	1	0	3
Zettlein, p	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
McDonald, r f	3	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	27	4	8	4	5	19	8	1	2	0	9

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	1	0	3	0	0	0	3	0	0—7
Atlantic	0	1	0	1	0	0	4	15	2—23

Home runs—Mills, 1. Foul bound catches—Start, 1; Mills, 6; Goldie, 1; Pabor, 1; Birdsall, 3. Struck out—Chapman, 1. Double play—Ayres, Wright and Goldie, 1. Umpire—Mr. Swandel, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Lush and Delaney. Time of game—Two hours.

ATLANTIC vs. IRVINGTON.

The return game between these clubs, which took place at Irvington on the 11th inst., resulted, as was generally supposed, in a victory for the Atlantics. The game was better played and more closely contested, however, than was anticipated. The Irvingtons played Willis in place of T. J. Campbell, and Kenny took Smith's place in the Atlantic nine. With these exceptions both clubs were represented by their best players. Willis played first base, and Mr. Campbell short stop, and as nearly all the work was done on the in-field, these last-named players did their share of it. H. Campbell, in his position as pitcher, stopped five line balls from the bat, and covered first base twice. Lewis, behind the bat, also did well, putting out five on fouls. Kenny did the best fielding on the Atlantic side, Pierce being next.

The game was conducted in the most friendly spirit as between the players, but we regret to record a most disgraceful scene which took place on the ground. It originated in an attempt on the part of a drunken rowdy from Newark calling "out" and "not out" during the progress of the game. When remonstrated with by Mike Henry, an insulting answer was returned and a beligerent attitude assumed. Mike knocked the fellow down, and this was supposed to be the end of it. On the way to Newark, however, the friends of the individual, thirsting for revenge, being unable to find Mr. Henry, pitched into a Mr. Buckley and a general fight ensued. Mr. Mcdonigle, a friend of Mr. Buckley's, who interfered to protect the latter gentleman, finally became the special object of attack for the ruffians, and he was so badly beaten that he was left by the roadside for dead. Mr. Buckley was also severely beaten, but was able to proceed to his residence in Brooklyn. This is the second or third disgraceful scene that has resulted from ball matches at Irvington. The score of the game is appended:—

Atlantic.	H.	R.	L.	F.	Irvington.	H.	R.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	4	0	2	0	M. Campbell, s s	4	1	0	1
Kenny, 3d b	4	1	0	2	Mills, 1st b	3	2	0	0
Start, 1st b	4	2	0	0	Lewis, c	3	1	0	2
Chapman, l f	3	2	0	0	H. Campbell, p	3	1	0	1
Crane, c f	0	4	1	0	Robertson, 2d b	3	1	1	0
Mills, c	3	2	0	2	Eaton, c f	3	0	1	1
Ferguson, 2d b	3	2	0	0	Elden, l f	3	0	1	0
Zettlein, p	4	0	1	0	Bailey, r f	4	0	0	3
Macdonald, r f	3	0	1	1	Willis, 3d b	3	0	1	0
Totals	32	13	5	5	Totals	32	6	4	9

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	0	2	5	0	1	0	2	0	3—13
Irvington	1	0	2	0	0	1	0	2	0—6

Out on bases—Atlantic, 15 times; Irvington, 20 times. Foul bound catches—Mills, 2; Lewis, 3. Struck out—Kenny, 1. Double Plays—Pearce, Kenny, Start, Zettlein and Mills; Robertson, M. Campbell, Mills. Umpire—Mr. W. Powers, of the Excelsior Club, of New York. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Chapman. Time of game—Two hours.

EXCELSIOR vs. PECONIC.

The third game between these clubs on the 11th inst. ended in the success of the Excelsiors, as the appended score will show:—

Excelsior.	H.	L.	R.	Peconic.	H.	L.	R.
Anthony, l f	3	2	5	Harriman, p	4	1	2
Williams, r f	3	3	4	Thorp, r f	3	2	1
Moore, c f	4	2	3	Wilcox, 2d b	3	2	0
Mitchell, 2d b	3	3	3	Stark, c	3	2	1
Richards, 3d b	3	3	5	W. Potts, s s	3	2	1
Chauncey, 1st b	1	3	4	Chapman, 3d b	3	2	1
C. Cornwell, c	3	3	4	Woody, 1 f	3	2	1
G. Cornwell, s s	4	3	4	Tucker, 1st b	3	2	0
Peters, p	3	3	1	Davis, c f	3	2	0
Totals	31	28	31	Totals	31	18	9

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Excelsior	3	2	3	0	3	5	5	10	0—31
Peconic	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	4	1—9

Umpire—Mr. E. Brady, of the Peconic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Hoh and Van Voohis. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

NATIONAL VS. ACTIVE.—These clubs, the former of which hails from Albany and the latter from Wappinger Falls, N. Y., played a match at the first named place on the 8th inst., the Nationals winning by a total of 29 to 14.

AT A MATCH played at Elmira, N. Y., on the 8th inst., between the Connectons, of Painted Post, and the Excelsiors, of Rochester, the latter were victorious by a score of 9 to 12.

JUNIOR BATTING.—The Iron State, Jr., of the Mound City, beat the Dirigos by a count of 28 to 12 on the 8th inst.

ORIENTAL, OF NEW YORK, vs. ORIENTAL, OF GREENPOINT.

The long talked of game between these rival clubs for the name and ball came off at the Union Ground, L. I., on the 9th inst., and was won by the New Yorkers by the decided score of 19 to 8. The display at the bat by the Greenpointers was not up to the club standard. In fact, we never saw them do so poorly. Their batting was very unsafe, a majority of the balls being sent in the air, as will be seen by the number of fly catches. Since the loss of Ed. Holmes the Greenpointers have been without a catcher who can stop Pinkham's swift delivery. This loss was felt in this game. In the fourth innings Pinkham went in to pitch and Ostrander to catch, and for the next three innings the New Yorkers did not score; but Ostrander, who was unused to the position, gave out in the seventh innings, and in the last three Pinkham was batted for eight additional runs. If Pinkham had gone in to pitch at first the result of the game might have been different. The New Yorkers are entitled to great credit for their fine display of batting and fielding. The twin Millers did the most of the work—Len putting out eight at first and Joe seven behind the bat. Bunting, Hartley and Sears also deserve credit for good play. Smith's batting was the best display, Perine being next. Sears, who joined the Unions, of Morrisania, sometime ago, played in this game under protest, the Greenpointers contending that he had not ceased to be a member of the champions the required thirty days. The score is appended:—

Greenpoint.	H.	L.	R.	New York.	H.	L.	R.
Ostrander, l f	2	2	0	1	L. Miller, 1st b	3	0	0
Holmes, p	3	1	0	1	Smith, c f	1	5	0
Roiston, 3d b	3	1	0	0	Hortley, l f	4	2	0
Pinkham, s s	0	0	0	0	J. Miller, c	4	2	0
Butler, 1st b	3	1	0	2	Bunting, s s	4	1	0
Cook, c f	2	2	0	0	Perine, r f	2	3	0
Hobby, 2d b	2	1	1	1	Magee, p	3	1	2
Hall, r f	0	0	0	0	Sears, 3d b	4	1	0
Randall, r f	4	0	0	0	Pennington, 2d b	3	1	1
Totals	27	8	1	8	Totals	27	19	3

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Greenpoint	2	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	3—8
New York	0	7	7	0	0	0	5	0	3—19

Out on bases—Greenpoint, 10; New York, 13. Foul bound catches—Reed, 1; Ostrander, 2; J. Miller, 4. Struck out—L. Miller, 1; J. Miller, 1; Perine, 1; Magee, 1; Pennington, 1. Out on foul balls—Greenpoint, 7 times; New York, 9 times. Umpire—Mr. Devyr, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Johnson and Coppins. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

UNION vs. HARLEM.

The new ground of the champions at Trenionf was the scene of a one-sided game on the 8th inst. The Harlems were the opponents of the Unions, and the latter club gave their friends as fine a display of batting and fielding as has been seen in this vicinity this season; in fact, the batting was fully up to the display by the Athletics on the previous day. Wright excelled at the bat, his 11 runs and no outs being the best figures of the game. We give the score below:—

Harlem.	H.	L.	R.	Union.	H.	L.	R.
Stearns, 3d b	4	0		Goldie, 1st b	4		7
Asten, c f	2	1		Austin, c f	4		7
Crecker, l f	4	0		Martin, 2d b	3		8
Spear, r f	2	1		Pabor, p	3		9
Thompson, p	3	1		Wright, s s	0		11
Murray, 2d b	3	0		Birdsall, c	4		7
Helms, s s	3	0		Shelly, 3d b	4		7
Brady, 1st b	0	1		Smith, l f	2		3
Comstock, c	2	1		Reynolds, r f	3		3
Total	5			Total	29		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Harlem	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	3—5
Union	4	6	11	7	4	3	0	0—35

Umpire—Mr. Sears, of the Oriental Club, of New York. Scorers—Messrs. Chips and Lush. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

EXCELSIOR vs. ATHLETIC.

The return game of this match took place at the Capitoline grounds on the 9th inst., and was won by the Excelsiors in a quickly played game, by a score of 33 to 12. The Excelsiors had out a strong nine, and played a superior game. The Athletics were short handed, and, of course, were not in good trim for play. Below we give the score:—

Excelsior.	H.	L.	R.	Athletic.	H.	L.	R.
Anthony, 3d b	2	5		Minor, l f	5	0	
Williams, r f	3	5		Martin, c f	4	2	
Moore, c f	2	5		Edwards, c	2	3	
Richards, 1 f	3	4		Gleason, 1 f	3	1	
Richards, s s	3	4		Van Burcherion, 2d b	1	2	
Mitchell, 2d b	5	0		Ireland, 3d b	3	1	
Conwell, c	4	3		Tilton, r f	2	2	
Geo. Chauncey, 1st b	4	4		Gaylord, s s	3	2	
Peters, p	3	4		Barrett, 1st b	4	4	
Total	33			Total	12		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Excelsior	3	1	3	2	6	4	10	1	3—33
Athletic	0	0	0	4	2	2	2	0	2—12

Umpire—Mr. Brady, of the Peconic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Chadwick and Brown. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes.

EAGLE vs. SPARTA.

The Eagles gained a decided victory over the Spartas, on the 8th, in a game at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, as will be seen by the appended score:—

Eagle.	H.	L.	R.	F.	Sparta.	H.	L.	R.	F.
Norton, 1st b	0	8	0		Loucks, 2d b	2	3	0	
Hicks, p	4	2	4		Collier, 3d b	3	2	0	
W. B. Shafer, l f	3	5	0	2	Cave, p	4	0	0	
Gaughan, 2d b	4	5	0	2	VanAmburgh, l f	2	2	1	
Gallagher, c f	3	4	1	0	Acorn, 1

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Geo. F. Tyte,	D. O. Hunter,	Joe Gaylord,
Willie Budd,	C. Le Fowler,	J. McIntosh,
W. W. Fowler (2),	L. A. Hitchcock,	Felix Macdonald
James Madigan,	A. Veandemont,	Ned Holmes,
Prof. Gregory,	H. W. Eagan (2),	Sydney Cook,
C. De Verde,	M. W. Fiske,	Frank Lum,
Delehanty & Hengler,	C. W. Straight,	Billy Hart,
Steve Ashley,	John M. Sherry,	Edward C. Davenport
Geo. Gaston,	Dave Williams,	Chas. McCarty,
W. A. Gregston,	John O'Neil,	Charles McEvoy,
Purcell & Watson,	Thos. W. Donnelly,	Johnny Pendy,
Ben Brown,	Robert Ellingham,	F. C. Gardner,
G. N. Robinson,	J. F. Meyer,	John Salkelot,
W. F. B. (3),	J. C. Wilder,	Harry Raynor,
Tom Murray,	Cady Howes,	S. P. Stickney,
Geo. P. Clark,	R. D. Ogden,	John Shrimate,
R. H. Hall,	M. L. F. (2),	Frank Nelson,
Charles Boswell,	Geo. E. Sands,	William Hanlon,
Dan Morris,	Fred. Herz,	Frank Allison,
W. Nelson Decker,	C. H. Matthews,	O. H. Hess,
Johnny Sherman,	Joseph Withers,	Chas. Dickinson,
Geo. Marcellus,	James A. Oates,	Chas. Crawford,
Frank Wilson,	Geo. Monk,	James Hussey,
Frank Howes,	Willie Stevenson,	G. B. Loveday,
Fred Gilbert,	Wm. Spaulding,	Chas. Norris,
T. H. Jefferson 10c,	Col. Wagner,	Zanfretta Troupe,
Wm. A. Oughton,	James Collins,	Billy Allen,
John M. Keefe,	D. Barlow,	Lew Benedict,
A. Anderson,	Chas. Dickinson,	S. Whallen,
W. P. Hayden,	Thos. Warhurst,	C. H. Thompson,
Anthony Beriot,	Nat Austin,	C. W. Felton
J. C. Gregory,	W. H. Maxwell,	Daniel Maley,
John Maywood,	Carlo Tornese,	Stone & Murray,
Skiff & Gaylord,	Nellie Edward (2),	Alice Kingsbury,
Fanny Brown,	Lizzie Greenwood,	Lena Prentice,
Florence Temple (3),	Josie Booth,	Kate Fisher,
Pauline Cushman (4),	Emilie Melville,	Olive Logan (2),
Hannah Birch,	Kate Atwood,	Maggie Mairs,
Lucille Watson,	Eloise Clyde,	Mary Estelle,
Ella Cohen,	Annie Yeamans 30c,	Millie Downing,
Mazeppa (2),	Sallie Western,	Gussy Lamareux,
Emilie Boswell,	Ada Richmond,	Florence Webster,
Miss Le Fevre,	Mrs. S. S. Arnold,	Lizzie Louderbach,
Rosa Celeste,	Jennie Bennerman,	Lizzie Rosalie.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Sept. 14, 1868.

WHEN we emerged from August we deluded ourselves into the belief that our "glorious summer's discontent" had passed away like a beautiful dream, and that henceforth sherry cobblers would be at an end, and hot punches would take their places; but, alas! we merely got out of the frying pan into the fire, for the weather of the past week was such as to postpone the opening of our aristocratic residences, and send us back into the dog days, sweltering in the sweat of our brow, and making us bewail our lot. The thermometer ranged between 80 and 90 all the week, and some of the theatres did a weak business in consequence, for there is little real enjoyment in "the coolest theatres in the city" when the quicksilver maintains such a high position in society. To be sure a few houses exhibited large audiences, but la! bless you, "all is not gold that glitters," says the Great American Pie Biter, and big houses do not always denote a plethoric treasury; for managers who *will not* play to empty benches, have the happy knack of filling up with dead heads, lured into doing duty as ingredients in the general dressing through the aid of "pass three," "admit one," and so forth......We attended the theatre the other evening to see Lotta, and anticipating a lot o' fun, we were in the best of humor. Seeing our amiable disposition and a vacant seat by our side, a very pretty and innocent young creature made her way towards us by the aid of the Grecian Bend and wriggled herself into the vacant chair. We hate girls, to a certain extent, and never permit ourself to be led from the paths of virtue and rectitude by any of those fascinations and machinations by which so many of our sex have been brought to ruin and shame; but this little damsel looked so neat, and innocent, and luscious, that we were drawn to her as naturally as a pure and spotless babe is drawn to its mother's breast. As she took her unpolluted seat beside us we were nearly beside ourself with joy. She bent her liquid eyes upon us and smiled. "Would we be so kind as to loan her a bill of the play?" Most happy; and as her delicate hand lunged out for the bill it touched our dexter fin, sending a thrill through us like we had been put through a gal-vanic battery. And so we became friends, we two, and mutually pitied the misfortunes of Little Nell, and quietly smiled at the absurdities of the Marchioness. "And thus we passed the time away, nor thought of care or woe," as Byron, probably, says, until the hour to part arrived. "My pa will escort me home," said she; "he is to meet me at the entrance." Cruel parient, he was not there. Joy unspeakable, would she accept of our services? "You are *too* kind, really; I so dislike to trouble you," said this enchanting little angel, as she linked on to our good right arm. Shall I describe her to you? Eyes like the raven's wing—skin pure as alabaster, and a wealth of golden hair that trailed down her back like the plumage of a bird of Paradise. Her form was faultless; cast in nature's richest mould, the contour of her bosom left nothing to the imagination, for the delicate lace that was intended to conceal those charms which make an angel weep, but too plainly disclosed the gem of purest ray serene. Her foot, tiny as a shrimp, joined to the swelling calf, was brought into view as she raised her silken skirts to avoid a deleterious puddle in which some mischievous urchins had been engaged in the vulgar occupation of manufacturing mud pies. But enough of this; for further details consult the heroine of any sensational novel. As we passed out of the theatre, a myriad of eyes were turned upon us, so young and happy did we look in our virgin innocence. Let us invoke the poetic muse to do honor to the closing moments of our evening out, and of the status of our fair companion

AT LUNCH.

We met her at the theatre—
  Wallack's—and afterwards
We thought we'd do the handsome thing,
  And took her to Maillard's;
She said she wasn't hungry,
  But we pressed her to partake
Of a little plate of ice-cream,
  And a piece of frosted cake.

Oh! no! she wasn't hungry!
  She thought she'd have a raw;
I ordered in a dozen,
  And she ate a dozen more!
Some chicken salad; also,
  A dish of maccaroon,
And things that look'd like snow balls—
  She ate 'em with a spoon!

And then this languid beauty
  Perused the bill of fare,
And faintly whispered "plover!"
  With quite a famished air;
The waiters madly flew about
  On slippers, to and fro—
Of course by this time she was dry,
  And so we had "Cliquot!"

What else she had we know not—
  We know she ate her fill!
It took a month to earn enough
  To pay that fearful bill!
She tied her bonnet ribbons
  While she sipped her Roman punch,
And said she didn't know the time
  She'd had a nicer lunch!

......And this lunch eater puts us in mind of something similar. "Our Jim" came to us in great disgust the other day, and announced that he had quit his boarding house. It seems that James has been having his mutton cooked at the "Mariner's Rest," kept by Mrs. MacQuade. He complains that in addition to a great scarcity of provisions, owing to the cattle disease, Mrs. Mac says, the domestics are not of the cleanest, their hands being anything but spotless while waiting on the table. As "Our Jim" sagaciously remarked (unconsciously, by force of association, using marine language) they must have "all *hands* to repel *boarders*!" Thus as-*sailed*, James could no longer *mast*-icate, and, making up his mind to *sloop*, he *corveted* gaily away in the face of one of Mrs. Mac's heavy *breezes*. Jim was bravely *deck*-ed out in his best clothes, and says that she may keep the *hull* of the rest. It being wash day at the house it is barely possible that Mrs. MacQuade may have had more than *three sheets in the wind*, and this would account for the *spanking* manner in which she *sailed* into our boy. Jim thinks that he is fortunate in getting away, after all, for, says he, "they are mostly *knave*-y people at Mac Quadeses." ......The stage, albeit many people take it easy, does not always take us to the desired haven of our hopes and aspirations. There be those who set out on the voyage of life buoyant with joyful anticipations of reaching a blissful abode, but who fetch up in the Tombs. We have in our eye the case of a young and handsome female vocalist, the pride of her parents' heart, and the head centre of a circle of acquaintance who looked upon her with eyes of love and devotion. She was too good for this world, and hence —— But, as the Reverend William Sturgeon would say, "let us not anticipate." James, if the weather is not too warm for the exertion, give the crank a pathetic turn or two, and show our friends the sad and untimely fate of

THE FEMALE VOCALIST.

GROUND OUT BY "OUR JIM."

—She was a female vocalist, her name was Sarah Squills—
Of course it wouldn't do to have this queer name in the bills—
And so "From London Music Halls, the Bird of Song—Belle Lee"—
Appeared in extra heavy type—a difference, you see.

One little failing Sarah had—a song, or dance, or jig,
She'd do as well as any one; but oh! she used to prig
Whatever she could lay her hands upon, and not get caught;
She knew such things were very wrong, and that she hadn't ought.

So in a Bowery dry goods store, one most unlucky day,
She entered, and she tried her hand a practising her lay;
She pinched a pair of corsets, and—what made her turn so pale?—
A cutty-eyed copper saw the trick, and marched her off to jail.

Next day before the beak they took that "Bird of Song"—Belle Lee;
"You are a vocalist, I hear," the jolly beak said he;
"That being the case, I think it quite appropriate a thing—
Taking your calling in account, to send you to Sing Sing!"

......Although Manager Geo. Wood engaged the Siamese Twins to appear at his theatre, yet they can never become actors, for up to the present time they have never been able to play a-part. ......O'Donnell, candidate for a high official position in the rear of one of our uptown theatres, and the bosom friend of "Our Jim," is a young Hibernian of much crude talent, but his association with "Jim" seems to have blunted his perceptive faculties somewhat, for he remarked to us only last Saturday that the man must have been drunk or crazy who wrote:—"It's my day-light of a starry night," etc. When we left the bosom friends, James was gravely endeavoring to convince O'Donnell that it was a bit of the "craythur" which was the gentleman's "da-light." ......That Baby Woman at Wood's Museum is equal to many of our fast boys, for she's nearly always to be seen on a bust. ......The last vestige of the theatre of our boyhood's days has gone! The pit is no more. The Old Bowery, the last to give up this time-honored institution, has at last succumbed, and the pit may now be remembered as a thing of the past. Yes, the poor old pit has been swept away before the march of improvement, and ye youth of ye Bowery pit must hereafter take his station in the upper circles. And here it may not be out of place to offer a

TRIBUTE TO THE PIT.

BY A GRADUATE.

Alas! poor pit, and you are gone,
  While we are left to weep;
Yours was a bully place to see,
  But hunkier to sleep.
Full many a cold and cheerless night
  I've munched my dry old cracker
In you, and when the play went on
  Oh! how I chawed tobacker!

My pen it fails to tell my woe—
  Farewell, my gallant pit—
Farewell your joys, your gay boys, and
  Farewell your rattan's hit;
Farewell to peanuts cracked in you—
  My sorrows can't be writ—
Farewell (as Mr. Wheatley said),
  Farewell, my gallant pit.

......Jubilate and exultemus! After two years of legs and bosoms, and other symmetrical developments, poor old Mister Shakspeare is to be unurned and presented to public notice once more. Two years ago, the legitimate was consigned to oblivion by Hertzog, the "Black Crook," and for two years has that, with similar spectacles, held possession of the stage of Niblo's, to the exclusion of everything of a Shakespearean turn. But the turning point has come at last, we are told, and the divine poet is to reign supreme once more upon the public stage, while the "Crook," and "Fawn," and "Barbe Bleue" no more will be the rage. While Forrest, Booth, and Lander, too, the era new will open, full many another histrion will aid them in their good work, for

WESTWARD THE DRAMATIC STAR TAKES ITS WAY.

How passing strange it seems, that while
  Mankind still bend them at the shrine
Of him whose fancy charmed the world,
  And thrilled its pulse by art divine,
The temples where the Drama's priests
  Erst solemnized its rites should be
By them forsaken at the beck
  Of shams and base vulgarity.

How, stranger still, that, exiled thus,
  His altars alien hands should raise
On soil first blessed by scoffing tongues
  In good old Puritanic days;
That stranger brows the crown should wear
  His countrymen have set aside,
And make the teachings we revere
  At once their guerdon and their pride!

HOW PLEASANT it is to know that Niblo's Garden will soon return to the legitimate drama, while the present questionable style of entertainment will be transferred to the west side, to take its chances with the French and Grecian residents of the Eighth, and other like avenues. It was just two years ago last Saturday, since Niblo's dropped the legitimate, and opened with the leg drama of the "Black Crook," which, after a brilliant run, was succeeded by the "White Fawn," which was a comparative failure, while it in turn was succeeded by an entertainment which was no improvement upon the immoral tone of those pieces. The bouffe opera, when first presented at this house, surprised even those who had been tamed down by the immoralities of the leg drama, for one of the leading bouffe-ers, forgetful that she was not in the "classic precincts" of moral Paris, gave exhibitions in the presence of a New York audience which were promptly hissed down, and this admonition compelled the actress to tone down her style, and keep within the bounds of decency. But there is to be a change in the things that were; the bouffe opera is to finish at Niblo's on or about October 8th—not a bit too soon—and the house will then be closed for a couple of days in order to cleanse and purify it, so that when the regular season commences on October 12th the new managers, Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, may start under better auspices, with an American tragedian as their opening attraction, for on that occasion Edwin Forrest will enter upon an engagement, supported by Madame Ponisi, a most excellent actress, and others of note. Mr. F. will play for about six weeks, when Boucicault's "last," "After Dark," will be presented. Let us rejoice at the coming change, when the naked drama and French *double-entendres* will give place to Shakespeare and the legitimate.

FANNY HERRING commences a brief engagement at the old Bowery Theatre this evening.

MANAGER GRAU is preparing for a stunning season of opera *bouffe* at the French Theatre. He has engaged a number of celebrated performers in France, and on the 12th inst. the company embarked at Brest, in the steamer St. Laurent, for this port. The party comprises forty-eight persons, among the most prominent of whom are Mmes. Rose, Bell, Desclaussa, Fontauel, and Messrs. Carrier, Beckers, Gabel, and Bourgoin. They are said to be superior to any bouffers we have yet had in this country.

"THE BARBER ASSASSIN and the Pie Woman of Bell Yard" is one of the latest productions at the Bowery. Where's the "Great American Pie Biter" now?

THE GENTLEMAN who does the advertising for Kelly and Leon eclipses all former efforts in his typical portrait this week.

IN THE CAST of characters for Unsworth and Eugene's burlesque opera of "Lucrezia Borgia" at Bryant's Minstrels, Mr. Bryant has wisely given the tenor part, Genarro, to Mr. Monroe Dempster. "Orpheus and Eurydice" is in preparation at this house.

THE NEW STYLE of entertainment offered at the Theatre Comique has thus far proved to be among the successes of the times, both *matinees* and evening entertainments being alike crowded, and this has been the rule ever since the season commenced. We attended one of these entertainments during the past week. The frame work, if we may so call it, is composed of a couple of light pieces, farces generally, which are poorly played, but this only sets off the pictures to better advantage by the unfair contrast. The filling in, if we may so express it, comprises a variety of singing, imitations, ventriloquism, and Dutch comicalities, participated in by Miss Alice Dunning, Mr. Horace Lingard, Hilton and Joseph Emmett. Mr. Lingard is billed as the great attraction, and certainly he possesses considerable talent, but if we are to judge of real merit by the applause bestowed, Mr. Joseph Emmett stands first in the estimation of the audiences assembled at the Comique; and certainly Mr. Emmett is deserving of the very liberal tokens of approval and appreciation of which he is the nightly recipient, his eccentricities affording a fund of merriment seldom enjoyed in an establishment of this kind, while his performances on a tiny mouth organ are listened to with the deepest attention, for from this simple little instrument he extracts the most pleasing harmony and the most pathetic of melodies; in a word, Joseph Emmett fairly divides all the honors with Mr. Lingard. The latter we have fully spoken of in former issues—his style is something new to an American audience, and, being a novelty, and the gentleman himself being somewhat clever, we take to him and his performances just as Americans take to everything possessing this merit of novelty and freshness; yet, Mr. Lingard is not a *great* artist; as a singer he is fair—his imitations evince a deal of deep study of character, and while a few of them are strained somewhat, the majority are easily recognizable, and their peculiarities are caught up by the spectators quite readily. We presume this gentleman will find his richest harvest in this cosmopolitan city. Miss Alice Dunning looks exceedingly attractive in her sky-blue silk, which is cut sufficiently low in front to disclose a portion of her personal charms—and this seems to be her strong point; her vocalization is free and easy, and altogether she adds interest to the entertainment. Prof. Hilton's ventriloquial dialogues are well carried on, and seem to be enjoyed by a portion of the audience. McKee Rankin was added to the company the past week, and J. T. Raymond commences the present.

LOTTA closed a five weeks' engagement at Wallack's on the 12th inst., four weeks of which were consumed in the representation of her new play, the "Fire Fly," written for her by Edmund Falconer, but which cannot be claimed as a success. The last week of her appearance was devoted to "Little Nell and the Marchioness," which far eclipses the "Fire Fly" in interest, and which may be set down as Lotta's strongest card. She has attracted a series of good houses, and may come again at some future time, at another house, with increased success.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE returned from Europe per steamship Scotia, which arrived at this port on the 9th inst.

MR. E. SOTHERN will visit this country professionally next autumn. Already negotiations are pending for his appearance in this and other cities. He has been absent about seven years.

"472" BROADWAY, where E. P. Christy made a fortune, the Bryants "*struck ile*" and Bob Butler secured a competence, is without an occupant, the owners, we believe, refusing to let it for minstrel or show purposes; and it being fit for little else, it stands idle.

NOT GOING.—Sig. Caron and family, and Miss Barret, *premier danseuse*, have declined going to Havana with Albisu and company, engaged here by Sig. Tamaro, in consequence of the season commencing too early, they having been there before and knowing the climate very well.

MESSRS. THOMPSON & RIGGS, proprietors of the Cosmopolitan Agency of this city, advertise in another column for a number of talented artists in various specialties.

DISGUSTED.—The agent of Dan Rice's Circus, according to instructions from the proprietor, secured a lot of ground at the junction of Broadway and Forty-third street, this city, for one week, for which priviledge $400 was paid, and Daniel was expected to pitch his tent thereon and deliver his political speeches every afternoon and evening. As soon as the lot had been secured Daniel was informed of the fact, when he at once rebelled, refusing point blank to appear. He stated that his contract would not hold him to an engagement in the metropolis. Daniel's ideas have become elevated considerably of late years, but we cannot blame him for not wishing to exhibit himself at 25 cents a head in this city, surrounded as he is by such an apology for a circus and menagerie as is that at present bearing his name, no matter what he may do in the country. Besides, it was in this city that the great banner was unfurled, proclaiming "Dan Rice the People's choice for President." Think of the people's choice showing as a jester in a circus tent in the metropolis.

A "LOCK OUT."—The Worrell Sisters' Theatre continues in possession of J. T. Lloyd. The lease states that Mr. Lloyd has the theatre for four or six weeks, or as long as the piece or pieces run and are mutually profitable. Nothing could be plainer than this. At the expiration of the four weeks Mr. Worrell attempted to dispossess Lloyd, when he found it no easy job. Like Shylock, whenever an argument was raised against him, Lloyd pulled out his lease, and, not finding it so nominated in the bond, defied all efforts to oust him. An attempt was made to break the lease, as it was stated in A. T. Stewart's lease to Worrell that the theatre must not be sub-let; but as Mr. Stewart was made aware of the sub-letting at the start and made no objection, that point was quashed, and so the "lock out" continues. It is pretty rough on the Worrell Sisters, who were to have commenced their season this week, but who are compelled to go on a skirmishing tour.

"BARBER BLU" continues to be the principal attraction presented by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels. It has been improved upon since its initial performance, and is now over by ten o'clock instead of nearly eleven. The burlesque plays smoothly, and each performer is well up in his *role*. Kelly as Barber Blu, and Leon as Bullyette, are the features of the performance, although Brockway's Prince Say Fire is a creditable performance. There were several changes in the cast last week. J. F. Oberist played Queen Clem in consequence of S. S. Purdy leaving, and Leon Mayer that of Princess Her-Me-Ah, formerly played by Summers. Oberist has left and gone to Hooley's Minstrels in Philadelphia. Dick Ralph occupied the tambourine end last week in place of Purdy. Excepting Thursday evening, when the weather was very stormy, business was good. A burlesque on Offenbach's "Orphee aux Enfers" is in active preparation.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS produce this evening, after considerable preparation, a burlesque by Eugene on "Lucrezia Borgia," for which new scenery has been painted by H. Wallack, and everything done, it is thought, to make the affair a success. Johnny Pearce was added to the company on the 7th and appeared during the week in Billy Morris' sketch called "A Perplexing Predicament," with Nelse Seymour as the lawyer. Unsworth appeared in a new banjo solo last week, which was *encored*. He also gave his stump speech of "Any Other Man." Dan Bryants' performance of "Capt. Jinks" appears to be as popular as was "Old Times Rocks" at the old place on Broadway years ago, for he is *encored* each evening. Hogan and Hughes, two clever song and dance performers, gave "The Happiest Couple Out." Business was fair all the past week. Brougham's burlesque on "Orphee aux Enfers" is in active preparation.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON has foregone his engagement at the Olympic Theatre, having come to the conclusion that he could do no better, and perhaps not so well as "Humpty Dumpty," so he has relinquished the present engagement at this establishment, and "H. D." will continue on in the even tenor of his way undisturbed and master of the situation. It is really astonishing to note the big business that *has* been done and is still being done at this theatre. Night after night is the house crowded, and scarcely standing room is to be found. The pantomime, it is thought, will run in its present condition until Christmas, when many changes will occur. Mr. Hayes is busily engaged on a new transformation scene; a new *ballet* will appear, also a number of ingenious tricks and amusing acts imported from London.

A PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—George Crabtree, brother of Lotta, the popular little comedienne, met with an accident on Sept. 5th, which came near costing him his life. He had been sent the day previous to Tremont (a short distance from this city) on a visit, and the following day was proceeding to Harlem with some other boys to see a ball match. While walking alongside the railroad track he commenced jumping on and off a train while in motion, and slipping, fell under the train, five cars passing over his right leg, mashing it to a jelly. In this condition he attempted, with his left leg, to push himself from the track, when a car wheel passed over his left foot lengthways. Dr. Carnochan, who happened to be on the train, had him taken to a house and amputated the right leg at the knee joint. The following day he removed a bone from the left foot. On Thursday, Sept. 10th, the boy was getting along much better than was expected, and it is thought that the left leg can be saved if inflammation does not set in. He is eleven years of age.

AN ENTERTAINMENT, sparkling all over with witticisms, new jokes and conundrums, was presented each evening the past week by the San Francisco Minstrels, to large and delighted audiences. The bill remained the same as that of the previous week, excepting a few slight changes that were made in the laughable afterpiece called "Barber Brown, or the Pacific Sleeper." As a finale, Wambold sings the opening song by Barber Blue, in the opera of that name, assisted by the full company in the chorus. It is quite an improvement to the piece, and is most effectively rendered by Mr. Wambold, whose make up for a Dutchman is very laughable.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK, the German actress, who appeared in this country last season, returned to New York per steamship Weser, from Bremen, on the 12th inst.

"IXION" is the burlesque chosen for the *debut* of Lydia Thompson and troupe at Wood's Museum, on the 28th inst.

J. HOLMES GROVER, the Irish comedian, who, in consequence of ill health, has been at the Springs, near Penn Yan, N. Y., all summer, paid a flying visit to this city on the 11th inst.

BROOKES AND FYFFE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, at present organizing in this city, sails on September 20th for Demarara, South America.

MESSRS. L. W. SEAVY & Co., scenic artists, have established themselves at No. 684 Broadway, this city, and as they are well up in their business, there appears no reason why they should not be fully successful.

MRS. J. J. PRIOR has been engaged for Brougham's Theatre.

THE HIBERNICON, which was unrolled at Pike's Music Hall on the 7th, and continued throughout the week to a good run of business, remains on exhibition there for the present. It is a panorama representing a tour in Ireland. The first section is a tour of Dublin, closing with illuminated scenes in the life of St. Patrick. The second is a tour of Wicklow, interspersed with songs, by Teresa McKenna and Charles McEvoy, the latter appearing as Barney the Guide. The third section represents a variety of scenes in Kilkenny and noted cities in Ireland. The last section takes the auditor on a tour of Cork and Kilarney. As a panorama it is a success, the paintings being the best of the kind we have ever seen. John T. Rowland is the lecturer, but we could not understand one half he said, which is the fault of the hall, for it is very bad for acoustics. The seats are very uncomfortable, consisting of low camp stools.

MESSRS. LOWELL AND SIMMONDS advertise in this week's CLIPPER for twenty *coryphees* for one of the theatres in this city. They also announce the early arrival of John Collins, the Irish comedian, for whom they are prepared to negotiate with managers for star engagements. The ladies and gentlemen engaged for the Mobile Theatre are requested to call at the office of this firm in time to obtain their railroad tickets prior to leaving on October 12th. The company engaged for the Varieties, New Orleans, are also requested to report to this firm prior to departing by steamer on the 26th, or by rail on the 28th.

THE DIORAMA representing the funeral ceremonies of the late President Lincoln continues on exhibition at Irving Hall.

LITTLE NELL, a young lady of about sixteen years, and announced as the "California Wonder," makes her *debut* in this city this evening at Tony Pastor's Opera House. She is to appear in a selection of ballads and in a song and dance. She also plays the banjo. The afterpiece this week is "Six Nights in the Bowery."

THE GREAT WESTERN CIRCUS is the name of the new organization formed in this city last week, and to commence operations on the 17th inst., on the lot at 43d street and Broadway, this city. Mad. Tourniaire and daughter, John Foster, the Delevante Brothers, A. W. Morgan, William Naylor and others are in the concern.

WETMORE & Co., dramatic agents, of 17 West Houston street, publish a number of business cards in another column, to which the attention of those interested is referred.

ELLA, the wife of F. C. Gardner, late agent for the Miltonian Tableaux, died in this city on the 13th inst, after a lingering illness. Her remains will be taken to New Haven, Conn.

Dramatic.

THE LOUISVILLE THEATRE opened for the season on August 31st, with the Spectacular Drama written by Mr. Geo. Fuller, entitled "Zorastre, or the Dwellers of the Sea." A correspondent says:—"I never saw a show piece go as smoothly for a first representation, or actors better up in their parts. The scenery is magnificent; the transformation in the second act, from the 'Enchanted Forest' to the 'Garden of Fruits and Flowers,' being beautiful, and the transformation in the last act—'The Palace of Lurline'—has never been equalled in this city, far surpassing in splendor and effect, either that of the 'Black Crook' or 'White Wawn,' which were presented at this theatre last season. The cast, an excellent one, is as follows:—Mortals—Zorastre, a magician, Mr. C. Krone; Sir Otto, W. M. Holland; Rummenpuff, W. T. Melville; Herman, Mr. M. Clapp; Albert, Mr. Pike; Agnes, Isadore Cameron; Bertha, Effie Johns; Dame Gertrude, Mrs. Sarzedas. Immortals—Kempen, a Goblin, Mr. Charles Williams; Arione, Z. B. Evans; Fairy Queen, Mrs. Pike; Fairy Nip, Miss L. Lecompt; Fairy Gentilla, Miss A. Lecompt; Fairy Trip, Miss Arnold. The plot of the piece is good, and the author has adhered to it throughout. To say that Messrs. Krone and Holland played well would be unnecessary, as they are first class artistes, good dressers and excellent actors. Mr. Melville was, as usual, funny, the character of Rummenpuff being especially adapted to him. The Misses Isadore and Victoria Cameron appeared to advantage in their respective *roles*. Miss Effie Johns, as Bertha, looked as pretty as ever; her dressing deserves particular mention, and in the scene where Bertha appears as the fairy of the Watermelon, I envied Rummenpuff his portion of it. The dancing of M'lle Albertina is graceful and elegant. Sig. Ximenes deserves praise for his arrangement of the *ballets* and marches. The Can-Can, by six bull frogs, is immensely funny. The incidental music of the piece is beautiful—that of the transformation being particularly fine; and the vocal music, composed by J. W. Parson Price, proves that his musical qualifications are of no ordinary kind, especially Rummenpuff and Bertha's duett of 'Don't You See,' and Bertha's song, 'I Will Tell You Truly.' Taken altogether, the piece is a decided success, and destined to have a long run.'"

SELWYN'S THEATRE, Boston, opened for the season on Sept. 7th, to a large audience, among whom were Charlotte Cushman and Harriet Hosmer. "Belle's Stratagem" was the initial performance, which passed off in good style. After the third act Messrs. Selwyn and Thomas Barry (stage manager) made brief speeches.

MARBLE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY is traveling through Minnesota.

THE NEW THEATRE at Bryan City, Texas, was to be opened on September 7th, with the following company:—Agnes Stanfield, leading; Alfy Chippendale, Maggie Foster, Jenny Lee, C. Toler, J. C. Breene, J. C. Heyburne, C. G. Strahan, C. Wallis, J. L. Mason, H. Becks and J. F. Noyes. A correspondent says:—"Business is picking up every day, and with proper management I think the season will be a profitable one to both the management and actors. There have been several improvements made in the building in the way of dressing rooms, green room and office. The stage has also been deepened at least fifteen or twenty feet, which is a great feet (ure)."

A DRAMATIC COMPANY for Cleveland, Ohio, is wanted by Geo. Hutchinson. See advertisement.

A CHURCH in Jersey City is being negotiated for to turn into a theatre.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Ohio, opens on the 21st inst., with "Humpty Dumpty." Tony Denier, J. Fleming, with a host of assistants, have been busy for some time making preparations for the opening; meanwhile Manager Ellsler and the company are perambulating through the State. The following is a portion of the company for the ensuing season:—J. Wesley Hill, leading; Harry Ellis, juvenile; E. M. Day, leading heavies; J. E. Irving, first low comedy; John Ogden, second low comedy; R. H. Stephens, old man; Sid Smith, first walking gentleman; E. Rowe, second walking gentleman; Mrs. Effie Ellsler, leading ladies; Clara Morris, juveniles; Mrs. Young, old woman. R. H. Geary will continue to receive the stamps, and Sandy Jamieson is musical director.

THE GREGORY FAMILY, with a number of sagacious performing dogs and ponies, and other attractions, may be engaged by addressing Prof. Gregory, care of the New York CLIPPER. See advertisement.

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., good audiences are said to have greeted the production of Roberstson's "Caste," at the National Theatre, on the evenings of the 4th and 5th inst. Our correspondent "Novice," says:—"The characters were distributed as follows:—D'Alroy, Mordaunt; Hawtree, Stoddart; Eccles, Davidge; Gerridge, Young; Marquise, Mrs. Muzzy; Esther, Alice Grey, and Polly, Georgie Dickson. The piece was thoroughly brought out, both as to artistic acting and stage business, and was received with hearty approbation. On the 7th inst., after much preparation, the genuine Barras spectacle, the 'Black Crook,' was produced in superb style. Having had the pleasure of seeing the piece at Niblo's, I anticipated an inferior affair here, but was agreeably surprised to find everything gotten up splendidly. No spectacle of equal effectiveness and beauty has ever been placed upon the Washington boards. It was astonishing to note the smoothness with which everything worked. The demon dance occurred punctually at 9:30. The following is the cast of characters:—Stalacta, Miss Emeline Zavistowski; Amina, Miss Minnie Lannier; Dame Barbara, Mrs. Muzzy; Carline, Miss Georgie Dickson; Von Puffengruntz, G. A. Parkhurst; Wolfenstein, Jerry Taylor; Rudolphe, R. Eberle; Hertzog, R. W. Younge; Greppo, H. H. Pratt; Dragonfin, J. M. Burke. Miss Dickson sang 'Constantinople' and 'Bird of Beauty' very prettily; her rendition of the character assumed was satisfactory and pleasing. Mr. Pratt made an excellent Grappo, but the Dragonfin of Mr. Burke was rather overdone. The remainder of the characters were creditably sustained, and as my limited space prevents me from particularizing further, I shall refer to the *ballet* in my next. Just previous to the closing scene, and while it was being prepared, a slight noise issued from the stage, followed by a scream. The unusual bright light used in making up the transformation scene, together with the noise, gave the nervous portion of the audience an idea that the scenery had taken fire, and an alarm was immediately raised. The greatest excitement and confusion prevailed; many attempted to gain egress, and it is wonderful that serious accidents did not occur. To add to the excitement, several of the *ballet* thoughtlessly ran across the stage in view of the excited audience; it was several minutes before quiet was restored. The alarm having gained the street, the bells were sounded, and when the performance concluded the audience were treated to the sight of seeing steam engines in front of the theatre ready for action. One of the *ballet* girls, it appears, while standing on a pedestal, partly lost her balance, and, thinking she was falling, began to scream. Her cries frightened those in her vicinity and the above results followed."

NEWARK OPERA HOUSE, Newark, N. J., is offered for sale by H. B. Kimball, in our advertising columns. As it is a commodious building and located in a populous city, if well managed it ought to pay, and is no doubt an opportunity for a first class manager to make money, as it is in the market on favorable terms. It is also offered for rent by the same party.

A LADY, competent to perform juvenile business or to act as walking lady; also a comedy man, are advertised for by A. J. Rose in another column.

THE GREENLAW OPERA HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., which has a seating capacity of 1,500 and is well located, may be rented on application to W. Merrick, as per card in our advertising columns.

MILLER BEALL, comedian, was in Washington, D. C., last week, having spent several weeks rusticating in Prince George's County, Maryland.

MADAME SCHELLER continues her engagement at the Helena Theatre, M. T., and is pronounced the most successful star that has ever appeared in that territory. A correspondent, writing on Aug. 29th, says:—"She appeared up to the present date, as Marie, in 'The Pearl of Savoy,' with songs; as Pauline (with Mr. Waldron as Claude Melnotte,) Annie Lee, Florence Trenchard, Maritana, Lisette, and Lorlie. In all these plays she introduced numerous songs, which received an *encore*. On the 28th she played Ophelia to Mr. Geo. Waldron's Hamlet. I have not often had occasion to speak of a Hamlet, but in this instance I cannot remain silent. I have not seen a more even and finished delineation of this difficult character. Mr. Booth's Hamlet does not present more striking points than that of Mr. Waldron. His Hamlet possesses a freshness, an electric force and a suavity in manner Mr. Booth's Hamlet does not possess. His figure is well adapted for the character. His interviews with Ophelia and his mother satisfy the most artistical taste."

E. L. DAVENPORT appeared at the Salt Lake Theatre as Richelieu, on Aug. 27th, supported by Miss Annetta Ince, as Julie de Mortimer.

CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON will appear at the Academy of Music, Omaha, early in September.

JOHN S. PORTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened a week's stay in Baraboo, Wis., on August 31st.

THAT MAGIC FLUTE.—H. Grau is on a western tour with a German Opera troupe. Week before last the party were in Buffalo, and after extensively advertising a performance of the "Magic Flute," did not make any apology for a change in the opera until after the audience were in, when a dodger was circulated among the audience announcing that the music had been carried on another tour. This same opera was announced to be given in Cleveland, Ohio, on Sept. 8th, and quite a large audience assembled. When the house was filled, it was stated that "the music of the 'Magic Flute,' having unfortunately not arrived in time, Mr. Grau has been obliged to substitute the charming opera of 'Martha' in its place." The "Magic Flute" will have to be changed to the "Missing Music."

MCKEAN BUCHANAN, with his dramatic company, appeared in Lynn, Mass., on Sept. 7th and remained during the week. This week "Buck" opens in Biddeford, Me. A Lynn paper says:—"'Richelieu' has often been witnessed in Lyceum Hall, but we feel certain that never before has it, in all its parts, been performed so creditably as it was on Monday evening. Mr. Buchanan, as the Cardinal, and his daughter Virginia, as Julie de Mortimer, did themselves great credit, and were the recipients of unbounded applause. Mr. Buchanan can also pride himself on the best stock company that we have ever had among us, while the costumes were magnificent.'"

"THE WHITE FAWN" was presented at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on Sept. 7th, to a crowded house, and for a first night passed off smoothly.

WILSON & CLARKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY is to start on its eastern tour Oct. 3d, and the managers call a convention of those engaged for rehearsal at Columbia Hall, Bath, Me., on the day previous, in a card in our advertising columns. The attention of authors, stars and proprietors of theatres is also called to the same card.

SORTER MIXED.—A dramatic company, which gave several performances in Providence week before last, found themselves in a very unpleasant situation on Sunday night, Sept. 6th being turned out of doors at a late hour by a hotel landlord. The troubles of the 'sock and buskin' people are thus reported by a local of that place:—"It seems that the agent or manager of the company, one Kimball, originally engaged rooms for the company at Hodge's Hotel, but when the members arrived they were not satisfied with the quarters which had been provided for them, and sought accommodations elsewhere, locating at the American House. Mr. Hodges, feeling himself aggrieved by the loss of his were-to-be patrons, caused the arrest of Mr. Ward, a leading member of the company, and that gentleman was placed in durance vile, where he remained until a bondsman was found in the person of Mr. Henry Dobson, proprietor of the American House. After this Mr. Ward had Hodges arrested and placed under bail, on charge of malicious prosecution. After these interesting preliminaries and 'side shows,' the company gave their advertised entertainments, and everything passed off 'according to programme,' until Saturday evening, when Mr. Dobson, fearing that he should not be paid for the creature comforts which he had provided the actors and actresses, got out a writ of attachment on the money received at the theatre Saturday evening; but somehow, although there was a fair audience, the amount of stamps on hand was rather limited. Mr. Dobson then got out a warrant for the arrest of the manager, but he not wishing to be placed under lock and key, or under any inconvenience even, allowed that enchantment which distance lends to rest upon the person of the landlord. The said landlord became irate thereat, and, in a most excited and 'ardent' manner, ordered the whole company out of his house into the street, on Sunday night, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock. This was rather an unpleasant state of affairs, especially as Mr. Dobson retained possession of their trunks and personal effects; but the involuntary night promenaders finally secured other lodgings, and in the morning obtained legal advice. The result was that Mr. Dobson was either prosecuted or threatened with prosecution for selling liquor on the Sabbath. Meanwhile, Mr. D. sent for Mr. Ward and threatened to surrender his bail. It appears, however, that the bail was procured only by Mr. Ward placing in the bondsman's hands the sum of one hundred dollars, which amount belonged to the missing manager. Here is a complexity of suits and counter suits which baffles our small stock of legal knowledge to unravel, and the case remains at present in *statu quo*. The whereabouts of the manager is still a mystery. A portion of the company are provided with but a small amount of capital and others have left the city. Mr. Dobson sent word to all the company that they might remove their trunks from the hotel, but whether this movement was the result of legal advice or of threatened prosecution, has not transpired. We understand that the matter is to be brought into Court in some form, and a definite settlement made. The trial was set down for the 10th inst., but Hodges, the landlord, preferred to settle the affair with Ward, and apologize for his treatment in arousing the company from their beds at midnight and turning them into the street during a storm.

IN CHICAGO, Ill., everything is reported to be lively, particularly in theatrical circles. Our correspondent, "Loiterer," in noting down the latest news, says, under date of Sept. 9th:—"Ful houses and happy managers may be seen every night at the theatres. The attendance at the Museum continues even larger than last week, if it be possible; and since the days of the 'Ticket of Leave Man,' no presentation at the Museum has met with such favor. Tom Holland, who played Hawkins, the detective, became suddenly *indisposed* last week, and the *role* was given to Mr. Frye, who assumes it with credit. The Museum department, under the supervision of James Mann, has recently undergone several important changes, chief of which is the introduction of a stage and seats in the gallery. The panorama of the 'Apocalypse' will be placed on exhibition in this room next (this) week......There is no 'let up' in the attendance at McVicker's, and rain or shine the house is filled. Rumor says McVicker will assume the *role* of Bottom in the soon-to-be-produced 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

THE DRAMATIC SEASON in St. Louis, Mo., has fairly opened. A correspondent, under date of Sept. 7th, says:—"All our places of amusement have been thoroughly renovated and handsomely fitted up. De Bar's Opera House has undergone extensive changes. Heretofore the management of this establishment has not displayed the energy that should characterize the career of the leading place of amusement of St. Louis, but the immense opposition it has had to contend with and the general scarcity of attendance at our theatres has aroused Mr. De Bar, and this season we are promised a constellation of stars that will follow each other in quick succession, many of whom are seldom seen in the west. Mark Smith is at present presiding at the Opera House. He is most humorously supported by Manager De Bar. During the past week we have had presented 'The Rivals,' 'The Poor Gentleman,' 'School for Scandal,' 'London Assurance' and 'The Old English Gentleman,' in all of which Mr. Smith took the leading *role*. He was well supported by De Bar, M. A. Pennoyer and D. Chaplin."

THE MCMANUS AND UNDINE TROUPE opened in Detroit, Mich., on the 7th inst., for two weeks, under the management of Messrs. C. M. Welch and Palmer. The singing of Mrs. Oates as Undine was nightly *encored*; Mr. McManus as Sir Hubert appears to advantage; the Baptiste of Mr. Everham is not a success, the audience failing to take the many witticisms with which the part abounds; Knuleborne, by Mr. Staver, was a poor affair; Miss Putnam as Idex is pleasing, and favorably received; the dancing of Wesmael, Mazzeri and Von Hamme, supported by Misses Annie Blake, Jessie Merton and DeVere, was about the best ever seen in our city. The scenery, of which the transformation scene is the special feature, is very fine. Business has been fair. So writes a correspondent.

BATEMAN'S TOSTEE TROUPE are at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, this week.

MANAGER O. A. BLAKE, with a party consisting of Mrs. Julia Blake, Miss Hill, J. S. Edwards, M. D. Lacy, Ed Price, and Harry Miller, passed through Detroit, Mich., last week, *en route* for Ypsilanti, where they were to give several entertainments.

MR. JO. DELMAR and Miss Hattie Price are said to have been united in the bonds of wedlock, on the 9th, in Detroit, and were to leave soon for Troy, N. Y.

MANAGER GARRY HOUGH was in Detroit, Mich., last week and reported that his show would close for the season in a week or two.

HARTEL AND MAXWELL'S COMBINATION were in Lock Haven, Pa., the past week. Louisa Sylvester, says a correspondent, is the chief attraction.

FISKE'S ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE closed their Boston engagement at the Theatre Comique on Sept. 12th, and they were then to start on a brief traveling tour, putting in Sept. 14th at Taunton, Mass., and go thence to New Bedford for the 15th and 16th, Newport 17th, Providence 18th and 19th, Worcester 21st, Springfield 22d, Albany, and direct West. As will be seen by a few extracts from the Boston press, published in a card in another column, Eva Brent has made a hit in the "Hub," and is highly spoken of as an actress and vocalist. J. W. Allinson travels with the concern as treasurer, and C. B. Griste as agent.

LAURA KEENE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY perform in Taunton, Mass., on Sept. 21st and 22d.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY appear in New Bedford, Mass., on the 18th inst.

PAULINE CUSHMAN, with her dramatic troupe, opened in Little Falls, N. Y., on the 7th inst., and remained three nights. On the 8th, during the struggling scene between Pauline Cushman and Mr. Norris, in the "Flowers of the Forrest," a portion of the stage gave way, precipitating the two to the floor, a distance of seven feet. Mr. Norris was injured in the back and spine, but Pauline escaped all injury. She had a dagger in her bosom, but as it was in a stout sheath she escaped any harm from its point. The company opened in Schenectady on the 10th, and was to commence a brief stay in Glenn's Falls on the 15th.

B. F. WHITMAN is in Indianapolis, Ind., arranging for the production of the "White Fawn" at the Academy of Music on Oct. 5th.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, Mr. Johnson and Miss Nellie Germon produced a new local drama last week entitled "The Heart of the Queen City." It is one of the lower order of sensation pieces, abounding in a seduction, a few fights, a runaway horse (which is brought upon the stage) and a horsewhipping. There is very little talent or originality in the language, and it depends mainly upon the action and scenery. Several scenes about the city reflect great credit on the artist of the theatre. The Mill Creek House, the Post Office corner, and the Rink are the best. This latter contains a complete skating carnival, in which Eugene St. Clair and Henry Levi exhibit their skill on the rollers. The idea was novel and it took well. In the second act there is a beautiful scene of the Ohio near the city, introducing the well known river steamer Fleetwood; and in the same act the Germania free concert saloon is represented, and a variety performance introduced. These extraneous additions save the piece from being a bore, and it answers well enough to wile away an evening. Miss Germon acts well, though a little too melo-dramatically. Johnson does an idiotic old beggar with some applause. Miss Ada Monk, in the leading female part, confirmed the favorable impression of the opening night, and Lindley as Dick, a bootblack, was quite amusing. The legitimate, with Edwin Booth and Miss Blanche De Bar, holds the boards this week. The programme is as we gave it a week or two since, save that "Much Ado About Nothing" will be given on Friday instead of the "Lady of Lyons." Couldock succeeds Mr. Booth, whose engagement lasts but a week. The National is now in the hands of Messrs. Bates and Lebold as lessees, with R. E. J. Miles as acting manager.

ANNIE SEFTON'S dramatic troupe performed in Titusville, Pa., the past week. On the 11th Annie Sefton took a benefit, when she appeared as Madelaine.

THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, opened for the season on Sept. 12th with a performance of "London Assurance" and the following company:—Walter Lennox, J. K. Littell, W. Harris, C. Burroughs, W. H. Turner, E. Addison, F. Chippendale, J. Duff, A. Queen, R. Eberle, F. Parker, M. Cunningham, J. Burton, J. Blandford, Florence Noble, Lucy Vernon, Mrs. Yeamans, Viola Crocker, Mrs. Howard, Clara Tate, Julia Seaman, Emma Atkinson, Mary Atkinson, Mary Burton, Julia Harris, Cornelia Hyde, Mary and Matilda Whitman, and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway. The drama of "A Flash of Lightning" is performed this week.

E. EDDY closed at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., on the 12th, and is followed this week by Fanny B. Price in "Fanchon."

FOR STEVENSON'S ATHENÆUM, now reorganizing, several performers are advertised for in this issue of the CLIPPER.

JAS. T. FANNIN and Mrs. Annie Fannin, leading man and *soubrette*, can be engaged for the season. See card.

DAVIS & Co., of Cincinnati, are in want of several people for Nashville; they are agents for various managers and performers. Their cards may be seen in another column.

SHERRY'S THEATRE opened in Lancaster, Pa., on the 7th for six nights. Fulton Hall was crowded to excess each night. Will open in Harrisburg on the 14th with "Peep o' Day."

J. M. WARD AND JOHN MURRAY have engaged the Academy, Providence, R. I., for the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th inst., and will play Frank Mayo, who opens in "Hamlet."

WANTED.—Messrs. Brookes and Fyffe, who sail on the 21st inst. for South America for a dramatic season, are in want of a few people to complete their company. See card elsewhere for particulars.

JOHN MURRAY had a benefit at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 9th, which is said to have been a success. It was John's first appearance in his native city in three years, and he was heartily received. The plays were "Grimaldi" and "Irish Emigrant," and John was called before the curtain, where he "spoke a piece" to the satisfaction of his auditors.

MISS ANNETTE INCE is playing Ristori's pieces to the Mormons. It is to be hoped that she will *Ince-ite* them to better practices.

MANAGER HUBBARD, of Little Rock, was to leave Louisville, Ky., on September 10th, by the steamer Tempest, for that place with his company, which is as follows:—Miss Addie Reese, leading; Miss Fannie Clifford, juvenile; Signoretta Ximenes, *danseuse*; Sam. H. Hubbard, leading; Wood Benson, comedian and stage manager; W. J. Gross, first old man; G. A. Stevens, prompter, and J. H. O'Kean.

N. C. FORRESTER commences his regular season's tour on the 16th inst. at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where they perform four nights. The company consists of Mrs. Forrester, leading; Mrs. Jeanie Farren, juveniles; Mrs. Bertha Smith, chambermaids; Mrs. Sandbrook, first old women; Mrs. C. A. Davenport, walking ladies; Miss Eliza Glassford, children's parts; N. C. Forrester, leading; G. W. Farren, heavies and stage manager; A. H. Sheldon, first low comedy; G. W. Reed, first walking gents; J. H. Smith, second walking gents; C. A. Davenport, treasurer; J. Sherwood, second low comedy; J. Sandbrook, first old men; H. R. Lampe, character business; G. W. Lewis, property man; J. Forrester, advance agent; Elias Kelly, leader of band.

A PROPERTY MAN advertises in another column for an engagement.

COMEDY rules the hour this week at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston. The selections for this week are "Money," "The Irish Heiress," "Belle's Stratagem," "Married Life" and "Antony and Cleopatra."

"TIME AND THE HOUR" is the title of a new play announced for production at the Boston Museum on the 14th inst.

THE GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., opens for the season on September 21st, and the company are requested to assemble on September 19th.

THE ROCHESTER, N. Y., THEATRE opened for the season on September 5th, with the following company:—R. S. Meldrum, T. R. Hann, W. H. Southard, J. A. Satuelle, W. T. Dulany, J. F. Ward, J. E. Smith, J. Mason, C. Ferris, W. M. Parker, L. W. Harris, A. K. Barritt, Maria Clifton, Jennie Walton, Virginia Richmond, Adele Palmer, Ellen Smith, Minnie Price, Alice Booth, Miss J. Logan, Eliza McKay, Mary Simmonds, Mrs. Mason, Miss J. Lergsdale and C. T. Hughes.

"FAIR PLAY" is the title of a new four act play by Harry Seymour, which he has copyrighted, and which can be secured by any manager or star.

A YOUNG LADY, who is said to be prepossessing in appearance, desires an engagement in a first class theatre. Her address will be found elsewhere.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY—traveling party—appear in Lowell, Mass., on the 15th and 16th inst.

THOMAS E. OWEN, eccentric comedian, desires a position for the season as such. See his advertisement.

JOSEPH C. FOSTER'S "Old Man of the Mountains" and other exciting dramas can be had by addressing the author as per card among our advertisements.

TALENT is advertised for in this issue to join Gilbert's Dramatic Company, at present in Rondout. See card elsewhere for particulars.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, New Orleans, opens on or about October 5th, under the management of William R. Floyd, with the following company:—W. E. Sheridan, Vining Bowers, Geo. Ryer, D. E. Ralton, W. J. Cogswell, J. K. Power, W. Stanton, M. Slevin, Eugene Malloie, N. Miller, W. S. Carson, W. Clifford, G. Sherman, J. B. Wright, W. R. Floyd, Alice Gray, Josie Orten, Isabel Freeman, Georgie Dickson, Mrs. Isabella Preston, Miss Florence Noble, Mrs. E. M. Post, Miss Annie Vaughn, Miss Theresa Wood, Mrs. J. J. Wallace, Miss Kate Wood, Miss Marie Marston, Miss Sallie Fortescue, Miss Kesler, Katie Van Osten. W. R. Floyd, lessee and manager; Vining Bowers, stage manager; J. B. Wright, assistant stage manager; Ben. E. Wolf, leader of orchestra; F. Kurtz, scenic artist; G. W. Kesler, machinist; T. Macarthy, property man and gas engineer, and F. Herman, assistant gas man. The company is a very good one, in fact one of the best engaged in the "Crescent City" for some time. Josie Orton is engaged for specialties, and Theresa Wood *danseuse*.

LEFFINGWELL, the caricaturist, has been attracting large houses at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore. During the past week he played in "Fra Diavolo," "Cinderella," "Aladdin," and his specialty Romeo Jaffier Jenkins in the farce of "Too Much for Good Nature." A correspondent says: "Mr. Leffingwell's *forte* is burlesques, and his imitation of the acting of Forrest and other tragedians is both amusing and life like. His make up is faultless. He is well supported by Blanche Chapman, a young actress, possessed of a fine voice and great vivacity, Mrs. Leffingwell and Bishop; Misses Stanley and Franklin, and the regular company. Special mention is due Mr. Bishop, who renders conspicuous service as Mr. Adolphus in "Too Much for Good Nature." On the 14th inst. Leffingwell was to commence his second week in "Medea, or the Best of Mothers."

MARYLAND INSTITUTE, Baltimore, was to open on the 14th inst. by Mr. J. Sanderson, for a short season, with the following company: Geo. Kunkel, F. L. Wise, Walter Benn, Harry Forbes, Samuel W. Glenn, Wm. H. Langdon, Miss Agnes Procter, Misses Elliston and Prentice. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to be presented, with Mr. Kunkel as Uncle Tom and *la petite* Marie as Eva.

THE "WHITE FAWN" is still the attraction at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, but pecuniarily it is not a great success, the expense attending its production being very heavy. The piece is considered by the press the greatest success that has ever been in Philadelphia, but the extreme hot weather has injured the business some. People prefer waiting till the evenings grow cooler. A correspondent says:—"I think it will run the allotted time, viz, eight weeks. The artists have been very well received, and they do not think as they do in New York that the *ballet* is everything. They like acting and singing quite as well as dancing, though Bonfanti, Solhke and little Schlager are all great favorites. Miss Stockton is very well liked; her signing is quite a feature. Miss Orton does not play the part of Finetta as well as Lizzie Wilmore did at Niblo's; she is very much given to overacting her parts. Lillie Eldridge has made a hit as the Prince Leander; her new medley is all the rage. She receives an *encore* nightly and very often a handsome boquet."

THE ARCH STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, opened for the season on Sept. 12th, with the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" and the farce of "Jenny Lind." This week the Richings English Opera Troupe are the attractions, commencing on the 14th in "Martha."

"FOUL PLAY" is in the third and last week of its presentation at the Walnut, Philadelphia. Next week Edwin Adams is the star.

HELEN WESTERN is followed this week at Willard's Theatre, Boston, by Jean Hosmer.

LOTTA is at the Boston Theatre. She was to open in "Little Nell" on the 14th inst.

MRS. JOHN DREW opens at Taylor's Hall, Trenton, N. J., in the "School for Scandal," with Mrs. Drew as Lady Teazle, and Barton Hill as Charles Surface, Wednesday evening, the 16th, to continue four nights.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THERE WERE several changes in the Newcomb troupe in Cincinnati last week. Cool Burgess concluded his successful engagement, retiring for the supposed purpose of organizing his own much talked of company. His place as tambourine is supplied by Add Ryman, lately of Kelly & Leon's, of this city. Ryman is already well liked, his style being good, though his voice lacks strength unless he exerts himself very much. He and Talbott make a fair pair of end men, though neither has been much paraded. Ryman made a rousing hit as a burlesque lawyer, in a court scene; he does this better by far than any one we have ever heard, and the sketch itself is excellent. Sweatnam was a very clever parody of a judge. The other new one was Master Barry, a street boy who has picked up a very good song and dance, and has, therefore, become, in the facetious language of the programmes, "a child wonder." Rollin Howard still remains with the Newcombs, giving bouffe operas, "Lucretia Borgia" being on the boards last week. Howard and his pieces are well liked in Porkopolis. Queen, who is a general utility now, rendered for the hundredth time his "Irish Dancing Master," and afterwards gave a new addition to his *repertoire* in "The Grecian Statues," which represents a chimney sweep personating Hercules and other of "them fellers." The company did well last week, notwithstanding the rainy weather. So writes our correspondent.

ADMITTED TO BAIL.—Billy Emerson, who shot F. H. Howard, in St. Louis, on Sunday morning, 6th inst., was admitted to $1,000 bail on the 7th inst., to appear for examination on Oct. 1st. Billy had a pocket well filled with funds, having in his possession $1,930, a fine gold watch and the "Big Sunflower" medal presented to him by the citizens of St. Louis. He left $500 in cash, and Mr. Laveille became his surety for the other $500, the bond being $1,000. Emerson is said to be rather quick in drawing pistols, but he hardly knew what he was doing when he shot Howard. Of course he will not be prosecuted, but the affair is to be regretted, as it came very near resulting in a tragedy.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS had a good opening last week, and as each performer appeared he met with a good reception at the hands of the Brooklynites, with whom Manager Hooley is a great favorite, particularly among the lovers of minstrelsy. The musical burlesque of "Massa Niello" remains on the bills for this week. Among the favorites at present at this establishment are John Mulligan, J. K. Campbell and Dave Reed.

DAVE CARSON'S MINSTRELS were at Madras, India, the last week in July.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS perform in Holyoke, Mass., on the 14th; Hartford, Conn., 15th, and Springfield, 17th and 18th.

FRED WILSON opened his Minstrel Hall in St. Louis, for the fall season, on the 7th, to a crowded house. A correspondent says, "In the Olio, Fred Wilson gave 'On the Beach at Long Branch,' and for an *encore* 'As through the Park I go.' Fredericks came next with a ballad, and was followed by Bray's 'Sugar Bob,' which was finely rendered, and for an *encore* he gave a stump speech. Bray is a good comedian and promises to be a favorite. His sketch of 'Sublime and Ridiculous' is very comic. Withers gave us a flute solo, which he rendered well. The afterpiece has been the burnt cork version of the 'Happy Man,' entitled 'Darkey in Japan,' with Kemble as Ram Rusti; Bray, Pete the Happy Man, and Dana as Koket."

WEST AND KANANE joined Emerson, Allen and Manning's troupe, when they left St. Louis.

ROLLIN HOWARD, the great burlesque *prima donna*, is in his sixth week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. He sings all the florid cavatinas in "Lucrezia Borgia," and the drinking song has made quite a hit. The piece is mounted with velvet and satin costumes, and the ducal palace represents a hall of statues, with Venice in the distance. Mr. Howard has written an operatic extravaganza called "A-lad-in, the Wonderful Scamp," for which new scenery is being painted and costumes made.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS were announced to commence in New Orleans, at the Academy of Music, on Sept. 8th.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS opened the Seventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, on Sept. 7th. The company were received with great applause, which lasted some time. Cool White occupied the middle, with Archey Hughes and Charley Reynolds on the ends. Billy West, with his banjo solos, had a good reception, as also had S. S. Purdy and G. W. Jackson.

FISH & THORNTON'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND performed at Natick, Mass., in an attractive programme, and were warmly received, we are told. The company includes fourteen artists, viz.:—T. Fish, F. L. Thornton, C. Austin, M. Foley, C. Fish, J. Fish, A. Nix, H. Dempster, G. R. Winship, H. Fish, F. G. Butler, R. B. Taylor, F. Hendricks and Master J. Sweeney. At the bottom of their programme is a warning "not to throw gold watches on the stage unless done up in cotton, and no bouquets containing red pepper."

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS, consisting of G. W. Moore, Dick Melville, M. C. Campbell, J. Kelly, Charles Melville, R. M. Ferguson, Master Tommy, J. F. Hall, R. H. Escott, George Reynolds, C. Coes, W. J. Campbell, T. Arlington, Mat. Cannon, Harry Seymour and H. Kelly, will shortly appear in Louisville, Ky.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS opened for their fall and winter season in Chicago, Ill., on September 7th, at their own hall, and it failed to accommodate the crowds who wished to welcome the boys home. Arlington, Price and Welch are the comedians at present, and Morris, the Dutch performer, will assist them after the 14th inst. Budaux, Brandisi, Sweet and Carter are the warblers. They have no cloggist or *prima donna* at present, but Rollin Howard will soon appear to produce "Barber Blue." Arlington does the "Essence," Price the "Haunted House," and Welch "The Last Sensation," and the trio do the old "Surprise Party," in which Price wins the laurels.

SAM SHARPLEY was in Chicago last week and will exhibit his troupe there soon at Library Hall.

THERE IS BIG BUSINESS said to be waiting the first *good* minstrel troupe that puts in at Trenton, N. J.

Circuses.

MAGINLEY AND CARROLL'S CIRCUS pitched tent in Washington, D. C., September 5th, and gave the first of four performances in the afternoon. Our correspondent writes, that—"The company is composed of excellent material and work together nicely. The concern is the sixth show that has visited this city since April last; of the number, not one has given more genuine satisfaction, and, I may add, received larger returns. I was present on the opening day and greatly enjoyed the performance. *Battoute* leaping followed the *entree*, and, instead of being stereotyped, was fresh and attractive. The leaping over *twelve* horses, by Mr. Sam Rinehart, was loudly applauded. George Holland and Mr. Rinehart performed the feat of leaping over a single horse placed twenty feet from the *battoute* board; Willie Carroll followed in an act of horsemanship, after which the Brothers Belmont performed, in a very pleasing manner, the dancing globes. Mr. Ben Maginley, as quaint and droll as ever, then introduced the trick horse 'Rosewood,' and was followed by the company in tumbling feats. Mr. John Holland, Jr., executed some clever juggling business while walking on globes, preceding a very spirited two horse act by Mr. W. B. Carroll and his cute little five year old daughter; a hurdle act by Mr. Wm. Lakur; the continuous leaping through nine balloons by Mrs. Carroll; the introduction of trained dogs by Mr. George Maddern, and the classic groupings of the Belmont Brothers, made up the attractive bill presented. Mr. James Ezler is master of the circle; Ben Maginley, humorist and jester, is assisted in the department of fun by Johnny Weaver and Geo. Maddern, all of whom keep the audience in the best possible mood. A. W. Morgan and B. Crosby are the agents."

FRENCH'S CIRCUS exhibits at Olney, Ill., on Sept. 21st, and Vincennes 23d.

LAKE'S CIRCUS was at Vincennes, Ind., on Sept. 9th, and is to be in Louisville, Ky., on the 17th, 18th and 19th inst.

WHITBY AND HEMMINGS' CONCERN was at Vincennes, Ind., on Sept. 7th.

AMES' MENAGERIE was at Ravenwood, Va., on Sept. 6th, where the concern turned about for a run down the river. They expect to open in Cincinnati on Sept. 21st for three days.

THE DENZER BROTHERS left French's Circus at St. Louis, and left last week for Philadelphia.

BAILEY'S CIRCUS exhibits in St. Louis, Mo., on or about Oct. 15th, for a three weeks' stay. This concern will winter in St. Louis.

FRENCH'S CIRCUS is advertised ahead as follows:—Centralia, Ohio, Sept. 17th; Salem, 18th; Xenia, 19th; Olney, 21st; Bridgeport, 22d; Olney, 23d; and Vincennes, Ind., 24th.

LENT'S NEW YORK CIRCUS exhibits in Harlem, N. Y., on the 16th; Brooklyn, 16th, 17th and 18th, and Williamsburgh, 19th.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS exhibits at Troy, N. Y., on the 29th inst.

A FULL BRASS BAND is wanted for the Great Western Circus, to open in this city on the 17th inst. Must play string as well as brass. A number of female *entree* riders are also wanted. Must apply immediately.

GARDNER AND KENYON'S CIRCUS was to be in Hollidaysburg, Pa., on Sept. 14th, and Huntingdon 15th.

YANKEE ROBINSON is negotiating for the Vine street lot, Cincinnati, for a Zoological Garden and equestrian performances.

THAYER AND NOYES' CIRCUS is billed ahead in Canada as follows:—Furgus, 14th; Guelph, 15th; Georgetown, 16th; Brantford, 17th; Richmond Hill, 18th; Toronto, 19th; Dundas, 21st; and Hamilton 22d, 23d and 24th.

DE HAVEN'S CIRCUS arrived in Flint, Mich., by railroad, on Sept. 8th, but the rainy weather prevented them performing in the afternoon. Another circumstance operating against them is that Yankee Robinson's circus was advertised to be there on the 22d, and as the big show has quite a reputation, a small institution must suffer when it comes into competition. The De Haven company was to perform in Fenton, Mich., on the 10th, and at Corunna on the 11th. Yankee Robinson's bills are up at both points for the 19th and 21st, and his route is Clinton, 15th; Ann Arbor, 16th; Pinckney, 17th, and Howell, 18th.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS will be in Phœnix, R. I., on the 16th; East Greenwich, 17th; Brand's Iron Works, 18th, and Westerly, 19th.

MAGINLEY AND CARROLL'S CIRCUS exhibits in Norfolk, Va., on the 22d and 23d; Portsmouth, 24th; Smithfield, 25th; Hampton, 26th; Elizabeth City, N. C., 28th; Windsor, 29th; Edenton, 30th, and go thence through North Carolina by steamboat.

Music Halls.

BEN BROWN, song and dance man and comedian, may be negotiated with for engagements by addressing him as stated in our advertising columns.

MANAGER MONTPELIER keeps the ball moving at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, Ohio, and star follows star in quick succession. Being the only regular place of amusement open in the city, it is drawing good houses.

JOHNNY REDDEN was in New Orleans on Sept. 6th.

TOM WARFIELD was to leave New Orleans on Sept. 12th, to open in Texas, at the Melodeon Music Hall.

JOHNNY KEEGAN, says a correspondent writing from New Orleans on Sept. 6th, "is here, involved in a law suit concerning his baggage, which was seized on the steamboat Bart Able, on his returning from Jefferson, Texas, with the Johnny Thompson and V. E. Beamer party. It seems that Messrs. Thompson and Beamer were to have paid the passage of all the company down to New Orleans, but some misunderstanding arose between Thompson and Beamer, the former leaving the company and the expenses for Mr. Beamer to take care of. Mr. Beamer paid all he could, and as the passages were not paid, the performers' baggage was seized. All that could pay have received their baggage. Mr. Keegan, not wishing to be swindled outright, has commenced a suit against the captain of the boat."

THE OLYMPIC, Norfolk, Va., has closed for repairs and will re-open early in October for the fall and winter season.

THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., being the only place of amusement open in that city, is doing a pretty good business. Jim Johnson opened on the 7th inst. Hen Mason and Oscar Willis continue on the ends, but the latter leaves on the 17th for New Orleans.

THE NEW THEATRE in Chicago is at last commenced, and it is expected to be ready by Dec. 1st. Mr. Wallace Hume will construct the stage. The style of amusement offered will be that known as varieties.

HARRY LESLIE opened at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., on the 7th inst. He gave a tight rope performance. During the week the farce of "Brian O'Lynn," and the drama of "Temptation" were presented. Charley Benedict appeared in a song and dance. This week, the drama of "The Idiot of Normandy" is to be on the bills.

ED. GOODING put in an appearance at the Exchange, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 7th inst. M'lle Louisette and M'lle Leoline, *danseuses*, appeared on the 10th. This week, Devere and Wilson, cloggists, are among the attractions.

HARRY BLOOD AND BILLY REYNOLDS are on the ends at the Court Street Music Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., with Bob Tyrrell in the middle. Minnie Clark, Lula Wharton and Billy Kendall are also in the company.

THE VARIETY BUSINESS, as presented at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, has so far proved the most attractive kind of amusement offered in the Hub for some time. The attendance has not only been good but great, for standing room has been at a discount many evenings, and the Howard holds a great many people. The management opened with a large company, composed of some of the best performers in their line to be found in the country, and their efforts to please have been amply rewarded. Mlle. Tournaire, a female gymnast, said to be only 14 years of age, has made quite a sensation by her single bar trapeze performances. J. H. Budworth reappeared last week having recovered (it is hoped) from his late "indisposition." We are told that the receipts for last week amounted to $4,194.

GEORGE LEA, well known in the Music Hall profession, has, after a retirement of about two years from the show world, determined to enter the field once more, and secured the Academy of Music, formerly Wood's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., which he intends opening on October 3d as a first class variety place of amusement. In another part of this issue will be found a card from him, advertising for talent, to which the attention of the profession is directed.

CHARLES CORIELL, bone soloist and general Ethiopian comedian, and Belle Williams, vocalist and comedienne, can be engaged.

THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE, Baltimore, is said to support as good a company as can be found elsewhere. Miss Jennie De Mar, one of the principal favorites there, has gained an enviable reputation. A correspondent says: "She is possessed of a sweet and melodious voice, and with a little cultivation she will reach the height of her profession. Her rendition of 'Then You'll Remember Me' is particularly touching and sung with much feeling. Miss Clayton is also happy as an actress and vocalist. Berkley and Mass, Ethiopian performers, are excellent and keep the audience in continual laughter by their witticisms. The balance of the company is composed of Dan Morris, Forbes, Ada Newton, Lizzie Lane, Maggie Mears and Laura Horncastle."

THE TEMPLE OF MOMUS, Baltimore, engineered by Harry Macarthy, has, after a spasmodic run of a few weeks, "gone up." Harry and the treasury department have skedaddled one way and the company *minus* their salaries another.

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, one of the most popular places of amusement with the masses in the Quaker City, continues to do a big business. The "Can-Can," which was announced for its one hundred and first performance on the 14th inst., is in the last week of its presentation. The Gregory Family commence next week.

Miscellaneous.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS are announced to "Seance" at Brainard Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 16th and 17th inst.

MARTINO, the wizard, was to open in Reading, Pa., on the 14th for six nights.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS gave an entertainment at Easton, Pa., on the 12th.

THE CORNPLANTER INDIANS gave two exhibitions at Lewisburgh, Pa., last week.

JOHN BOGAN is to be found at 100 Houston street this city, prepared to teach the banjo, jig, clog and Irish jig dancing. He also sends written lessons on the banjo or jig dancing.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS are traveling through Massachusetts and are reported to be doing well. They were at Foxboro on the 8th and Mansfield 9th.

G. G. GRADY'S SIDE SHOW, consisting of a gorilla and various other curiosities, made a successful stand at the Shelby (O.) County Fair recently, and the financial receipts were highly satisfactory. He starts a circus next spring from Kenton, O.

NATIONAL HALL, Harlem, N. Y., may be rented for first class entertainments by addressing Samuel Darling, as per advertisement. It is a nice hall, well fitted up and has a large seating capacity.

THE FUSI-YAMA JAPANESE TROUPE held forth at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., for three nights, commencing on the 3d inst., and at Roeder's Hall, on the west side, on the 7th.

PROF. A. BRUNETT, a magician, who performed at the Paris Exposition, and who is reported as being a nephew of the architect of the Thames Tunnel, London, Eng., was to have performed at Schreder's Opera House, Bloomington, Ill., on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th inst.

THE GREGORY FAMILY, consisting of Mlle. Gertrude and her troupe of performing dogs, commence on Oct. 12th, with the Morris Brothers, in Boston.

THAT HUMOROUS WATSON will start, the ensuing week, on his fall campaign, Haverhill, Mass., being his opening place, and go on east. Ashley, the magician, accompanies him.

THE ALLEGHANIANS were in Halifax on Sept. 7th, and remained four days.

ALF BURNETT opened for three nights at the Nashville Theatre on the 10th inst.

MCGILL & SCHAFFER'S COMPANY are advertised for Bucksport, Me., on the 15th inst.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, after a season of three weeks, had to cave in at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 7th inst., business having proved bad from the start. Mr. Carter was unfortunate in commencing his season in Connecticut, and particularly through that portion of it that has been played out by shows for some time.

PROF. A. BRUNETT, magician, was announced to appear at Schroder's Opera House, Bloomington, Ill., on Sept. 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.

HADLEY AND SKIFF'S GIFT ENTERTAINMENT appears in Lowell, Mass., on the 16th inst., for four days.

HARRY SEYMOUR, whose costume depot is at 152 Canal street, in this city, announces that he is prepared to furnish the profession with anything and everything usually found in a costumer's department.

JAMES TAYLOR, the London comic vocalist, and his troupe, are at the Theatre Comique, Boston, this week.

FRED LAWRENCE joined the Hanlon Combination as advance agent at Quebec, Canada, on the 14th, in place of C. Amory Bruce, who has been taken sick.

J. M. WICKWIRE left Martino, as treasurer, at Easton, Pa., on the 12th, in consequence of business being very bad.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL'S COMBINATION was to be at Morristown, N. J., on the 14th and 15th inst., and go thence to Easton and through Pennsylvania.

Amateur.

THE COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT tendered to Mr. W. S. Wolf, at Washington Hall, Philadelphia, Sept. 9th, came off with *eclat*. The bill consisted of "Our Nan," "The Rough Diamond" and "Box and Cox," interspersed with recitations and a beautiful solo on the piano by little Hulda Brinkman, assisted by her teacher, Prof. T. Brach. Mr. Thomas, as Dibbles, and Mr. Quigley, as Collier, in the first piece, were excellent. Miss Hamilton, as Nan, was very acceptable. The Cousin Joe of G. L. Barclay created roars of laughter, as his facial expression is very telling. Mr. Thomas Collins, of the Arch Street Theatre, played Sir Wm. Evergreen in his usual good style. Mr. Tustin, as Blenheim, looked and played the part well. Miss Graham was well up in Margery, but her voice lacks strength. The soliloquy of Mr. Quigley, from Hamlet, was good, whilst that of Mr. Tustin, from Richard III, deserves special mention. Mr. Barclay sang "Walking Down Broadway" in female costume. He received two *encores* and was called before the curtain when he gave a very comical extemporaneous speech *a la* John Brougham. Mr. Francis did Box, with Mr. W. Perry as Cox. The House was crowded and the performance a success.

THE BOOTHENIAN D. A. of Philadelphia played "His Last Legs" and the farce of "Sketches in India," on the 10th, with Mr. W. P. Perry as Tom Tape, and Miss Hamilton as Sally Scraggs. The Lady Scraggs of Miss White was excellent, as was also the Count Glorieux of Mr. Francis. Mr. E. H. Hayhurst, who has been identified with the association since its organization, an excellent actor and a member of the Athletic B. B. C. of that city, is up for a "ben" on the 17th, when he will give his capital impersonation of Featherly in "Everybody's Friend."

MR. J. B. JONES' COMPLIMENTARY at Washington Hall, Philadelphia, on the 7th, was a success, both pecuniarily and artistically. Amongst the volunteers were the Quaker City Minstrels, Mons. Z. Davenhower in his "sword act," and Mr. J. Conroy, announced as the champion cloggist of England.

"THE REBEL'S DAUGHTER," a dramatization of Scott's by J. G. Hutchinson, enjoyed a run of two weeks at the Rink, Cleveland, Ohio, to good houses, J. G. Hutchinson, Leslie Gossin and a number of amateurs playing the respective *roles*.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Cincinnati, the leading organization of that city, will recommence for the fall and winter season on the first Tuesday in October, and the Davenport Club of the same place on Friday of the same week.

"THE AMATEURS," a dramatic association of Baltimore, are to give an entertainment at Sanderson's Opera House, Baltimore, on the 21st inst. The drama of "All that Glitters is not Gold," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Michael Earle" will be performed.

Foreign Show News.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.—The Paris correspondent of the *Etoile Belge* says that the Marquis de Caux "seems to have told the

Patti family no end of fibs about his debts. He humbly stated that the whole amount of the mortgages on his estates was four hundred and fifty thousand francs, when it is well known that he owes three or four millions; that his so-called estates are in the hands of his creditors, who do not find them sufficient to pay one fourth of his indebtedness; and that all he has to live on, besides his wife's earnings, is his salary as equerry. There is considerable talk, in fashionable circles, as to the duration of his union with Patti, for the young lady is known to be of a very irascible and jealous character, and the Marquis has half a dozen cast-off mistresses and several illegitimate children living in Paris. In court circles considerable disgust is manifested at the solicitude with which the parasite press chronicles every step of the newly married couple. The *Patrie* has already received orders to say no more about the Marquis and Marquise de Caux. The Emperor never liked the Marquis. The Princess Mathilde is also shocked, and the Countess Walewski protests that she will never again set foot in the Tuileries." All of which gossip is respectfully submitted.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—What theatres remained open during the week ending Aug. 29th had an increased attendance in consequence of the weather getting a little cooler. The pieces produced at the Adelphi were the same as during the previous week, consisting of "The Rough Diamond," "Flying Scud" and "The Fast Coach."......No alteration took place at the Queen's, Strand or Alexandra Theatres...... At the Standard "Ambition" has been the principal piece of the week. One of Mr. H. Drayton's operettas, entitled "Nannette," has followed the play......At Astley's "Alarcos" has been followed by the drama of "The Ticket-of-Leave," in which Mr. Vincent appeared in his original character of Melter Moss......Mr. Holland's troupe of singers, &c., have been received with special marks of favor at the Pavilion......"Arrah-na-Pogue" has proved a success at the Grecian, and has been followed by a *ballet* and "Never Reckon Your Chickens Before They're Hatched."......"The Orange Girl" and "Summer and Winter" have been the attractions at the New East London......The Lyceum was to re-open on Aug. 29th with the *debut* of Boothroyd Fairclough's Hamlet......"After Dark" is attracting crowded houses to the Princess', and is said to be growing in favor nightly......"Rats of the River" is the title of a version of "Baccarat" produced at the Victoria......"The Terror of London" is a drama by Mr Travers performed at the Britannia with success......The Moore and Crocker Christy Minstrels, who have given nearly two thousand consecutive performances at St. James' Hall, London, without closing a single night excepting Sundays, Good Fridays and Christmas Days, announce the following as comprising their company for the present season:—G. W. Moore, J. P. Crocker, W. P. Collins, John Adams, Will Andersen, James Wallace, Mr. Daniels, Orville Parker, Japanese Tommy and Harry Templeton, comedians; John Rawlinson, Charles Ernest, Arthur Clayburne, Horace Norman, H. De Brenner and Albert Brenner, principal tenors; Vernon Reed and J. H Surridge, second tenors; John Romer, James Beaumont, Winter Haigh, Louis Rainford, Denbeigh Newton, S. Forman and J. R. Ellis, bassos and baritones; H. Hackney and Frank Leslie, alti; A. Nish, violin; Isaac Spiller, violin; Mr. Ripley, second violin; Mr. Ryder, cornet; Mr. McGrath, cornet; Drew Dean, solo flute; Mr. Roe, flute; H. Roberts, double bass; H. Meyers, violoncello; Putnam and Copeland, harpists; Hasberry Howard, Master Frank Drew, Pedro Stirling, Frank Pieri, dancers and burlesque *primi donni*; Mr. R. Leake, burlesque conductor; musical director Mr. A. Nish; leader, Mr. Isaac Spiller; stage manager, Mr. George W. Moore......Louisa Pyne does not visit America at present, as has been reported. She commenced a lengthy provincial tour on Aug. 31st......Miss Hazlewood was announced to commence her campaign at Sadler's Wells on Sept. 5th in "Romeo and Juliet," when stage effects never before introduced in this tragedy were to be given ......Mr. and Mrs. Billington, after having been engaged at the Adelphi Theatre for eleven years, withdrew with the close of the present season......A sharp dodge was that perpetrated by the individual who introduced to the London public on Aug. 15 at the St. James Theatre, a person called in the bills "Don Edgardo di Colona," the Great American tragedian, the only successor to Kean and Macready. Mr. Walter St. John is the name of the adventurer who put his name up as manager, and swindled actors and the public. It appears that on the 19th of June, an advertisement appeared in the papers stating that any lady or gentleman aspirant for the stage might "obtain a fine opening at a first class London theatre by applying," etc. The bait took, and applicants were in due time answered by a so-called theatrical agent, bearing a foreign patronymic, offering an engagement at the St. James' Theatre for a month, for which the applicants were called upon to pay £10, or rather to take £10 worth of tickets. The amount appears to have been pretty generally objected to, but in several instances the full £10 was paid, whilst in others it was generously reduced, the rule apparently being to take whatever could be got. In one case a gentleman paid £10, and received a written engagement for a month, at a salary of £1 10s. per week, and in another a lady, who, though an English woman, has spent the greater part of her life on the Continent, studying for the stage, paid £4 in cash and received an agreement that she should have £2 a week, and be brought out as Lady Macbeth between the 15th and 29th of August, and in the meantime be placed in such other characters as were "not derogatory" to a leading lady, it being provided that, in addition to the £4 paid, her first week's salary was to go to the agent, or, in other words, she was to pay £6 for a fortnight's engagement at £2 a week. By these means, it would appear that a sufficient sum was got together to open the Theatre, and accordingly, on the 15th, the great Don Edgardo di Colona made his appearance as Richard the Third. A full company, band, and thoroughly efficient staff were engaged. The theatre opened, business continuing pretty fair through the week, but when the hour announced for the "ghost" to walk came, a notice was put up to the effect that the ghost's walk would be postponed *until night.* From this moment the imposture revealed itself; the company and employees became uneasy. Night came, verifying the suspicions aroused by the postponement of the morning. After paying a few miserable instalments with lame excuse and promise to one or two of the people, the carpenters and band struck in the course of the performance for the residue of their money, bringing the speculator to a stand-still. He then, for the first time, openly and coolly announced that he had "*no money.*" Upon being questioned by members of the company as to what had become of the receipts, he could neither make any satisfactory reply nor render any acceptable account of the moneys taken (presumed about £120). On Saturday evening, Aug. 22d, "Don Edgardo di Colona" was cordially hissed during the earlier acts of "Richard III," and on the dropping of the curtain on the second act, the manager came forward and announced that the performance would not proceed, and entered into an explanation that led to the inference that insufficient capital was the cause. The uproar was intense, and the "gods," with a shout, proceeded to take out their revenge in tearing up the gallery seats. This destruction was, however, prevented by the intervention of some of the *employes*, and after an hour's indescribable confusion the house was cleared. It was stated that the actors and actresses brought about the *dénouement* by striking, in consequence of the non-payment of their salaries......Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have returned to London from an extended seaside tour, having visited no less than sixteen watering places in August. At Llandudno, on August 26th, ex-President Jefferson Davis was one of the audience.

THOMAS POWRIE died in Edinburgh, Aug. 26th, aged 44 years.

E. A. SOTHERN appeared at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on Aug. 27th in "David Garrick," supported by Ada Cavendish. He announces his return to America in June, 1869.

PROF. RISLEY'S JAPS are said to be exciting quite a *furore* in Spain. They are declared superior to European acrobats.

A SCENE NOT ON THE BILLS.—On Aug. 24th a concert was announced to be given in the Theatre Royal, Durham, by a company of four or five "artistes." A well-filled house resulted, and the first two or three songs were rendered. A short interval then took place, when the "gentleman" who had sung last presented himself before the "drop" and announced that the other "gentlemen" who were associated with him in the undertaking had made themselves "scarce" in the house. He believed, however, they were in the neighboring "public," and he asked the forbearance of the audience while he went to bring them back. Visions of a swindle seemed at once to seize the imagination of the denizens of the gallery, who, as the speaker retired from the stage, swarmed down into the boxes, thence over the footlights on to the stage, where the work of destroying everything that could be destroyed was at once begun in real earnest. Everything portable in the carpenter's shops was hurled down on the stage, and some vicious fellow had apparently made his way into one of the dressing-rooms, where he had severed the gas pipe with a knife. Fortunately for the safety of the establishment, and those in it, some one turned the tap at the meter, and this had the effect of throwing the place into darkness, and clearing it of its unruly company. The crowd, on being turned into the streets, made their way to various places in search of the promotors of the swindle, and it required all the efforts of the police to prevent wanton mischief from taking place.

CRICKET.

CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

Two important matches were played on Albion's soil during the week ending the 29th ult., both commencing on the 24th. The Sussex and Kent match was played at Cambridge, Kent winning by ten wickets, notwithstanding that in their first match Kent was beaten by 133 runs. Somebody lost money. The Surrey and Yorkshire match was played at the Oval, and the Surreys got an awful whipping, being defeated by 142 runs and one innings (!) as will be seen by the appended score:—

SURREY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Humphrey c Rowbotham b West	18	c Stephenson b Atkinson	2
Jupp b Atkinson	83	c Iddison b Emmett	3
Pooley b West	16	c Rowbotham b Emmett	1
Griffith c Atkinson b West	0	c Rowbotham b Emmett	0
C. Calvert b Emmett	53	c Stephenson b Atkinson	0
Bristow c West b Emmett	1	l b w, b Atkinson	15
Stephenson c Iddison b Emmett	5	b Atkinson	3
H. Willis b Emmett	0	b Atkinson	7
Sewell c and b Emmett	4	b Atkinson	16
Street b Atkinson	6	l b w, b Atkinson	0
Tanner not out	1	not out	0
Byes, 4; leg byes, 3; no ball, 1	8	Byes	5
Total	195	Total	52

YORKSHIRE.—First Innings.

J. Thewlis c Pooley b Griffith	138	E. B. Rawlinson b Street	26
Lockwood c and b Bristow	91	T. Emmett b Street	17
E. Stephenson c Bristow b Humphrey	2	Ullerthorn l b w, b Street	28
J. Rowbotham c Tanner b Humphrey	2	H. Webster b Street	0
R. Iddison run out	38	West not out	23
G. Atkinson b Street	44	Leg byes, 7; wide balls, 3	10
		Total	389

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

SURREY.—First innings.—Emmett bowled 124 balls, 65 runs, 12 maidens, 5 wickets; West, 96 balls, 44 runs, 11 maidens, 3 wickets; Iddison, 28 balls, 17 runs, 1 maiden; Atkinson, 100 balls, 20 runs, 9 maidens, 2 wickets; Lockwood, 24 balls, 20 runs, 1 no ball. Second innings.—Emmett bowled 104 balls, 28 runs, 16 maidens, 3 wickets; Atkinson, 104 balls, 19 runs, 13 maidens, 7 wickets.

YORKSHIRE.—First innings.—Street bowled 272 balls, 99 runs, 27 maidens, 5 wickets; Griffith, 200 balls, 85 runs, 13 maidens, 1 wicket, 1 wide ball; Bristow, 168 balls, 64 runs, 16 maidens, 1 wicket; Humphrey, 104 balls, 69 runs, 6 maidens, 2 wickets; Sewell, 88 balls, 34 runs, 8 maidens, 2 wide balls; Calvert, 32 balls, 9 runs, 4 maidens; Tanner, 16 balls, 14 runs; Pooley, 8 balls, 5 runs.

A PARTY OF CRICKETERS, said to be made up of members of various organizations in England, arrived here on the 13th inst. Base Ball so greatly overshadows the game of Cricket in this country that we are surprised at their coming here for speculative purposes.

HARLEQUIN IN A NEW RIG.—Elliston, the theatrical manager, could humbug an audience better than any other manager of his day. He once took a celebrated pantomime down to Portsmouth—company, scenery, dresses and all; but lo! when the company were dressing for the evening, it was found that the harlequin's dress had been left behind. Elliston was equal to the emergency. He went before the curtain and addressed the audience in this wise: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have brought to this city, this celebrated naval depot of his most sacred majesty, my celebrated pantomime of 'Jack and the Bean Stalk.' I wish to do honor to this maritime city, celebrated for its naval depot, its vast congregation of sailors and ships of war. The costume of a harlequin consists of a dress in many colors—a parti-colored dress. Now, we know of but one party in this country, and that is the party of our sailor king." His majesty was a sailor. "This is a great naval depot. Most of its inhabitants get their living by the sea, and, therefore, I have resolved that my harlequin, instead of wearing his usual dress, shall be dressed in sailor's costume. The address was received with cheers, and thus Elliston got over the absence of his harlequin's costume.

TWO FEMININES in the Sucker state, recently driving on a plank road, were applied to for toll. "Well," says one, "how much is it?" "For a man and a horse," replied the gate keeper, "the charge is fifty cents." "Well, then, get out of the way, for we are two gals and a mare. Get up, Jenny!" And away they went, leaving the man in mute astonishment.

PAIN PAINT possesses all the qualities claimed for it in relieving external pains, as we can truthfully state from experience. It should have a place in every family dispensary.

BILLIARDS.

EXHIBITIONS BY MONS. RUDOLPHE.

On the 9th inst. Mons A. P. Rudolphe, who announces himself "champion from Paris" (doubtless meaning thereby, not champion of Paris, but that, being *from* Paris, he is champion here) gave an exhibition of his billiards, and likewise of himself, at Captain Boyle's rooms. He was to have been assisted by Melvin Foster, but that expert was detained in Boston. Wm. Wicks, the popular amateur, was requested to take Foster's place, and consented. The game chosen was the four-ball, 200 points up, pushing shots barred. Scarcely had a half dozen shots been made, when the French artist, who has a *penchant* for making small bets, and is either unconscious of or disposed to ignore the proprieties of occasions of this character, astonished the spectators and insulted his antagonist by shouting out "I vill bet twenty dollars my opponent do not sixtay pyoin!" Now, the game then being played was one at which Mr. Wicks is just as liable to beat Rudolphe 140 points in 200, as Rudolphe is to beat him that number; and it happened, unfortunately for the fanfaronade of the Frenchman, that Wicks, although playing far from his mark, was only twenty-four points behind at the close. That Rudolphe was attempting to play billiards with his chin, was quite apparent; for, when a gentleman present offered to accept his proposition, he backed out, hiding himself behind another offer, to the effect that he would bet $20 that he would win the game! His entire proceeding was in the worst conceivable taste. It was not only discourteous in the extreme to the player who had volunteered to assist him, but it was disrespectful to the fine audience assembled, who had gathered there, not to bet against an unknown player's skill, but to witness an exhibition of fancy shots, for the privilege of doing which they had just paid Rudolphe at the rate of fifty cents a head. After the four-ball game was finished, Rudolphe played a short three-ball game with Harry Eaton, of the Metropolitan Hotel, and then wound up with his fancy shots—playing with one cue, with two cues, with his fingers, with his nose, etc.

The following night he gave another exhibition at Chris. O'Conner's establishment, in presence of a still larger audience, John Deery being his assistant on this occasion. The same programme was gone through with. Although cautioned against repeating his offensive proposition of the night previous, he offered, at the start of a French game of 100 points with Deery, to bet $25 or $50 that he would beat that player. For this exhibition of his gambling propensity before an audience of gentlemen, he was roundly hissed. The game resulted in favor of Deery by about 50 points, and Rudolphe repeated his proposition and was again hissed. Perceiving his mistake, he now attempted to apologise; but it was a lame essay, and had no effect.

After he had gone through his *repertoire* of fancy shots, and the audience had dispersed, a match at the three-ball game, 150 points up, for $100 a side, was made between him and Deery, to be played on the following night in the same room. Up to the twenty-second innings it was anybody's game, but Deery having slipped up on a *masse* shot and left the balls together, the Frenchman was enabled to score 30. This demoralized Deery a little, and in the next innings he gave his antagonist another good chance, which he improved to the extent of 23. The game, which two innings before stood 62 to 55 in favor of Deery, was now 108 to 66 in favor of Rudolphe. It continued in about this proportion until the end, when Rudolphe was declared winner by 50 points. The playing was, as a rule, very fine, though upon the whole not as excellent as the average (5) would seem to indicate. Appended are the score and summary:—

Rudolphe—0, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 2, 8, 0, 5, 0, 18, 1, 0, 0, 0, 12, 3, 0, 2, 3, 30, 23, 0, 0, 4, 3, 30, 0, 4, 1—150.

Deery—6, 2, 0, 2, 2, 2, 0, 10, 0, 0, 0, 0, 3, 6, 1, 2, 9, 13, 1, 2, 1, 4, 12, 0, 1, 6, 1, 2, 0. 12—100.

SUMMARY.—O'Connor's Billiard Rooms, New York, September 11, 150 points, French caroms, with 2⅜ balls, on a second-sized carom standard American table, for $100 a side, between John Deery and Mons. A. P. Rudolphe. Rudolphe, 150; Deery, 100. Highest runs—Rudolphe, 30, 30, 23, 18; Deery, 13, 12, 12, 10. Average for winner, 5; for loser, 3¼. Time of game—1 hour and 40 minutes. Referee—Capt. Jas. E. Boyle. Marker—Maurice Daley. Safety plays—Rudolphe, 1; Deery, 0. Miscues—Rudolphe, 0; Deery, 4. Bank shots—Rudolphe, 3; Deery, 2. Masse shots—Rudolphe, 6; Deery 4.

BILLIARD MATCHES IN CHICAGO.—As a general thing they behave very badly at billiard matches in this go-ahead western city, and the local papers have occasionally to read lectures to the audiences. Here is a sample, called forth by the recent contest between Rhines and Ver Meulen:—

"The elevating influences to the game of allowing senseless boys and half-drunken men to inflict themselves upon an audience at a match may well be doubted, especially when, in the exuberance of partisan feeling, they shake the roof of the building and crack the tympanum of the spectator with screeching that would disgrace a Pottawatomie Indian. It has been the pride of billiard players that their favorite game should be known as the 'gentleman's game,' but there is little courtesy exhibited in letting the friends of either contestant, in the matter so important as the Illinois championship, roar beseechingly to their favorite to 'eat up' his opponent. They manage these things better elsewhere. In New York, just before the game commences, the spectators are requested to keep quiet, as it influences the nerve of the players to applaud, and thereby detracts from the quality of the playing, and there are always plenty of policemen present to see that this request is observed."

On the 16th inst., with the above fresh in their memory, and having also the remembrance of the McDevitt-Foster contest, the "senseless boys and half drunken men" will be put upon their good behavior. On that night Dion and McDevitt are to contend for $500 a side and, as the Chicago papers state, the championship of America. The match is not, however, generally regarded as being for the championship, and certainly none of the players composing the original Billiard Congress can look upon it as such. Aside from the fact that the McDevitt-Foster match has not yet been settled, the regulations governing the championship have not been adhered to by Dion and McDevitt. As between these two players, their match of the 16th will be virtually for the championship, but not sufficiently so to entitle the winner to recognition as champion by the profession. But as a match which, though irregularly made and never properly completed, must prove highly interesting, we trust it will be allowed to proceed to a harmonious conclusion.

DESTRUCTION OF PHELAN & COLLENDER'S MANUFACTORY.—On Saturday morning last, September 12th, at about 1 o'clock, a fire broke out in the extensive up town billiard manufactory of Messrs. Phelan & Collender. It was situated on Tenth avenue, and running from Thirty-sixth to Thirty-seventh streets, covered a space of 100 by 200 feet. It had double the capacity of any other similar manufacturing establishment in the world, and at the time of its destruction contained an unusually large amount of stock. There were 136 tables, ready for shipment; 268 tables ready to be set up, 2,000 legs, 468 sets of cushions, $10,000 worth of slate, and, in addition, a $5,000 stock of untouched veneers, and a floor filled with lumber in the rough. Of all the valuables there were saved but the slate, in a partially damaged condition, and one billiard table, intended for the Hon. Ben Wood. The building and machinery were fully insured, but upon the stock there was only a partial insurance. Their actual loss on stock is estimated at $100,000, confining their figures to mere cost of material and labor. The fire lasted four hours, and in that time consumed the labor of 100 men during a year. Nearly all the workmen, we regret to record, lost their tools. The proprietors return thanks to the Fire and Police Departments, and announce that their down-town factory, 63 to 69 Crosby street, will enable them to fill all orders for the next two months, at the end of which time they expect to have the up-town factory again in operation.

BILLIARDS IN METHUEN.—On the evening of the 2d inst., Mr. E. Daniels, the champion of Massachusetts, and Mr. John H. Flack, of the Melodeon billiard hall, in Boston, played a friendly game of 1,000 points up, American carem game, on a second size four pocket table, at Methuen, Mass., the occasion being the opening of Pettee's billiard saloon in that town. After a sharp contest, in which both experts exhibited some fine playing, the game was won by Mr. Flack, who scored 1,001 points to 769 by the champion. His average was a fraction less than 30, each player having had 35 innings. Mr. Daniels' highest runs were 69, 160 and 188, and Mr. Flack's 53, 62, 62, 73, 80, 94, 101, 101. On the fifteenth innings, Mr. Daniels made his greatest run, 188, which placed him 354 points ahead of his opponent. He continued to lead Mr. Flack until the twenty-fifth innings, when the latter, who had been steadily gaining, got ahead, and remained so throughout the rest of the game. Subsequently, during the evening, the two played a carom game of 200 points, the push shot barred, which was won by Mr. Daniels, Mr. Flack being 60 when the former went out.

ASTONISHING PLAYING BY MCDEVITT.—On the 5th inst., while playing a practice game with Thomas Foley, McDevitt eclipsed all of his previous runs, getting as high as 1,461. It was only closed by his being kissed into pocket off a count. On the Monday following, while playing a game of 1,000 points, also with Foley, McDevitt made the following score:—McDevitt—89, 469, 2, 836. Total, 1,396. Foley's score was as follows:—14, 103, 25, 2. Total, 144; average, 36. McDevitt's average in the game proper was 250. In the 1,396 points it amounted to 349. As it was accomplished on a four-pocket table, and without "jawing," this performance, like that on the 5th inst., may properly be assigned a place among the marvels of billiards.

OHIO TOURNAMENT.—Phil Tieman will hold a State Billiard Tournament in Cincinnati, beginning October 19th, as Frawley, present champion of the State, has held the cue three years successfully, and it becomes his under the rules. A new cue is being made to be contended for.

LONDON STREET MUSIC.

Business lately called me to London for a week; a consideration connected with its facile transaction led me to take up my residence in one of the streets branching southwards from the Strand to the river; a quiet street to all appearance—a highly respectable street, a street through which ran no omnibus, and into which no cab or other vehicle ever penetrated, unless to set down or take up a fare, or to deliver the goods duly ordered. I had not been three hours within these peaceable precincts before I discovered that the transaction of business in this respectable street was simply impossible, that I had been deceived by false appearances, and that as a residence it was a very Pandemonium of discords and evil sounds from daylight until long after dark. The lodgers in every house—for it is a street of private hotels and "apartments to let"—appeared to be, like myself, people who had come from the country, but who, unlike me, were idle and fond of the amusement to be extracted out of street music and street exhibitions. One particular day, being detained at home against my will, the thought struck me to note down from hour to hour the arrival and the departure of these nuisances, the nature of the torture they inflicted, and the encouragement or discouragement they received from the lazy, the silly, or the generous inhabitants. The day was not an exceptional one, as I was informed by my landlady, but a fair sample of every day in the year.

Half-past Eight.—Sitting down to breakfast I hear a sudden and obstreperous outburst of brazen instruments, which makes me literally start to my feet and rush to the window to see what is the matter. It is a German band of twelve performers, all well dressed in uniform and wearing each a semi-military cap. They set up their music stands in the street and play from printed and manuscript music. Their performances consist of overtures and pieces from popular operas, very excellently rendered. I am told that they are hired by one family to perform twice a week before the door, and that they supplement the gratuity or payment which they may receive for this service by such smaller contributions as they can collect elsewhere. They do not rely upon the crowd of bystanders, or upon voluntary contributions, but send round the youngest member of the party, who knocks or rings at the door of every house in the street, and, hat in hand, gathers whatever coppers the servant girl or others are inclined to bestow. He appears to be successful in about one house out of three. The performances continue for about twenty minutes, and would not only be tolerable, but commendable, if they took place in one of the parks at a seasonable hour, or people were not compelled to listen to them unless they pleased.

Nine o'clock.—A bulky Savoyard, ugly as a baboon, and as dirty, with a barrel organ. He grinds "Partant pour la Syrie," Not for Joseph, and Champagne Charlie. His tunes are such a nuisance that I put my hat on, go to the street door and order him away. He pretends not to understand me. I speak to him in Italian, and let him know that I shall hand him over to the police if he will not immediately desist from grinding. He swears and scowls. I reiterate my threat. He sees I am in earnest, and finally slings his heavy organ upon his brawny back and sulkily departs, followed by the not very amiable wish on my part that he had his box of discords in his paunch instead of on his shoulders.

Twenty minutes to Ten.—Eight sham niggers—white men with blackened faces—wearing the usual caricature of negro costume, which does duty in London and elsewhere for the dress of the plantation negroes in the Southern States of America. The leader of the band does not blacken his face, but wears a mask to represent Punchinello. He is active, well made, agile and a good low comedian. This party sings both comic and sentimental songs, almost if not quite as well as the real Christy Minstrels, whom people pay their half-crowns to hear. Windows are lifted right and left, and pence and halfpence rattle on the pavement. The cooks and servant girls appear to be the chief patronesses of the show. The niggers stay for a quarter of an hour, and march off at a sign from Punchinello. They evidently make a good thing of it, and are prime favorites.

Half-past Ten.—Two young men, ragged and shoeless, invade the street and sing "We have no work to do-o-e," with the usual drawl. They are not very successful, but far more so than they deserve, and get a solitary penny from the house that hires the brass band. Seeing they have no chance they depart, to the great satisfaction, it is to be presumed, of everybody, even of the small children, and of the cooks and the housemaids.

Eleven o'clock.—An old man, thinly clad and feeble, with venerable grey hairs, whistling, but so very faintly as to be scarcely audible. He presents so forlorn an appearance, and his idea of attracting anybody's attention by such a weakly performance, appears to me so absurd that I pity him to the extent of a penny. I throw it out to him wrapped in a piece of paper. He catches it in his hat, opens the paper, takes out the penny, and spits upon it three times (for luck I suppose), and goes on whistling. Poor old fellow! He at least has not the power, even if he had the will, to make the street hideous with noise. It is possible that I should not have heard his faint attempt at music, if my attention were not especially directed to the subject, and very doubtful whether any one else in the street is aware of his presence.

Fifteen Minutes past Eleven.—A drum. An abominable monotonous outrage. It is a Lascar beating a tom-tom, and every now and then breaking out into a moan, a whine, a grunt, a shriek, or all these four diabolically blended into one. He is the most repulsive and savage looking creature I ever beheld. Gaunt and wiry as a hyena, and with the same hideous expression of countenance, he strongly impresses me with the idea that he must be Nana Sahib, who massacred the women and children at Cawnpore, or some other eastern scoundrel quite as detestable, if prolific nature has ever yet produced a match to that specimen of her handiwork. There is no policeman to be seen, and I think if I were a policeman I should be rather shy of tackling such an ugly customer.

Five minutes past Twelve.—Another brass band, the performers boys and lads from the "Fatherland," who play so loudly and so execrably that I wish the "Fatherland" had them back again, or that Count Bismarck would take hold of them for the next Sadowa, that his own or his royal master's ambition or vanity may compel him to fight. They perform for ten minutes. At their cessation the silence is delightful.

Twenty minutes to One.—A woman grinding a barrel organ, with a baby fast asleep upon the top of it. The tune is the eternal "Partant pour la Syrie." When she ceases for a moment to collect pence the baby wakes; when she recommences, it falls asleep again. She traverses the street slowly from end to end, receives a penny. She then mercifully, or perhaps hopelessly, makes her way out and grinds no more.

Quarter past One.—An Italian boy, apparently of about fourteen years of age, with a hurdy gurdy. He whistles to it as an accompaniment. The combination is horrible and past endurance. I go to the window and order him away. He stops whistling to grin at me, and removes himself to the distance of two houses, where he recommences his performance. If there be a policeman in sight, I shall assuredly have him removed *per force majeure.* But no policeman has been seen the whole morning, and none is visible now. This young tormentor plagues me and the street for five minutes before he goes his way. I feel towards him as I did in the case of his elder compatriot with the barrel organ, that I should have been glad if his hurdy gurdy were in his entrails, and persisted in remaining there and playing for a week!

Twenty minutes to Two.—Another Italian, with a barrel organ and a monkey. Why does not the Re Galantuomo keep these lazy Italians to himself? This fellow would make excellent food for powder. Two little children and a nursemaid at the opposite side of the street seem delighted with the monkey; but what their opinion of the music is I have no means of judging.

Half-past Two.—A performer on the cornet-a-piston plays "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Auld Lang Syne," neither very well, nor very badly. His music brings up half a dozen female heads from the areas on either side of the way. He makes what is in theatrical parlance called a *succes d'estime*, but does not favor the street beyond ten minutes.

A quarter past Three.—A lad in shabby Highland costume exhibits a pair of legs that do not show to advantage, and plays villainously on the bagpipe the well known air of "Bonnie Laddie." The cooks, housemaids and children seem to be well pleased; but when he changes the air to the "Reel of Tulloch," the joy of the little ones grows frantic. Three or four girls of eight or ten who have strayed down the street from some of the contiguous alleys on the other side of the Strand, get up a little dance on the pavement. A policeman, for the first time during the day, makes his appearance. What he might have done if the performer had been a negro minstrel, singing the "Chickaleery Cove," I do not know, but he evidently neither admires the music of the bagpipes, nor the sight of the little children enjoying themselves; so he orders away the piper in a manner that shows he is not in a humor to allow his authority to be trifled with. Resistance being hopeless the piper departs, and blessed silence once again prevails for a brief space.

Five Minutes to Four.—A blind old man playing the violin, led by a young woman—possibly his daughter. His tunes are mostly Scotch, and miserably perverted. If no one were permitted to play an instrument in the streets without a license, and if none but the blind were eligible for the privilege, the plague of minstrelsy in London might be beneficially diminished. I make a present of this idea to any metropolitan member who thinks well enough of it, to introduce it to the Legislature.

Ten Minutes Past Four.—"Punch and Judy," the most popular theatrical performance that ever was invented, and known and enjoyed by millions, who never heard of "Macbeth" or "Hamlet," and never will. The street suddenly seems to swarm with children, nor are older people at all scarce within two minutes after the familiar squeak. The policeman again turns up. He has apparently no objections to "Punch," or, if he has, he makes none. The play proceeds; and, as it is opposite my window, I make the most of it—and, if I must tell the truth, I enjoy it. The dog that appears towards the last act is a first rate performer—cool and collected—and when Punch hits him a little too hard he fastens upon Punch's nose in a manner that impresses the audience with the idea that he thoroughly believes it to be flesh and blood. Good dog! I should think that Punch clears about eightpence by this little interlude, sixpence whereof was mine, for I had been seen to laugh, and could not expect to enjoy such a luxury without paying for it. If the manager of this ambulatory theatre repeats his performance ten or a dozen times a day, with the same pecuniary results, he must make what is called "a tolerable good thing of it."

Five o'clock.—Barrel-organ, "Champagne Charlie," "Not for Joseph" and "Adeste Fidelis." No policeman.

Twenty minutes past Five.—Barrel-organ, "Partant pour la Syrie." How I hate it! Followed by "Adeste Fidelis," which if possible, I hate still more. No policeman.

Six o'clock.—An old man with a fiddle; an old woman with a concertina; a younger woman with a baby at her breast. The young woman sings and the older performers murder the music. This is even a worse infliction than the barrel-organ; and lasts for about five minutes. Much as the street seems to love music it evidently does not love the specimen of harmony, and not a single halfpenny rewards the trio.

Twenty minutes past Six.—A man leading a Newfoundland dog, with a monkey riding on its back. The man beats a big drum to attract attention. Somebody rises from the dinner table, throws a bone into the street to the dog, which speedily unhorses, or I ought perhaps to say undogs the monkey, and the dog darts upon the prize in spite of the opposition and the kicks of his master. The monkey performs several little tricks—holds out its paw for halfpence, mounts and dismounts at word of command, but not until the dog has crunched the bone and made an end of it, with as much relish as if it were flesh; and is altogether so popular with the children and the servants as to earn the price of a dinner for his owner. The monkey gets bits of cakes and apple from the children, and the dog gets another bone, with a little meat on it, and the partnership of the man and two beasts depart in peace, to amuse the children somewhere else.

Seven o'clock.—More mock niggers—seven of them. They sing "Ben Bolt," "Moggie Dooral," "Little Maggie May," and others, which, I presume, are the popular favorites. A family just arrived—as is evident by the piles of boxes on the roof of the two cabs that carry them in detachments—and possibly fresh from the rural districts, where black minstrelsy is rarer than black swans, stand at the windows and listen. To be seen listening is to be seen approving, and to be seen approving means money. The minstrels are asked for the repetition of "Little Maggie May," and, after compliance, receives what looks like half a crown, as it flashes from the window to the hat of the leader. Half a crown is not much among seven, though it is evidently a much more liberal gratuity than generally falls to the lot of street musicians, if an opinion may be formed from the expression that gleams on the sooty and greasy face of the recipient.

Half-past Seven.—A barrel-organ. No policeman.

Eight O'clock.—A woman, "clad in unwomanly rags," with a thin weak voice, dolefully chanting "Annie Laurie."

A Quarter Past Eight.—A barrel organ. Policeman in the street, for a wonder; is told to expel this performer, and expels him accordingly. The man persists in grinding as he goes up the street to get out of it. "Leave off," says the policeman, sharply, and in the tone of a man that means mischief if he be thwarted; and the tune ceases. The policeman walks down the street, up again, and disappears; and in less than five minutes the organ fiend—for such this particularly pertinacious vagabond deserves to be called—re-enters the scene of his discomfiture, and begins to grind away triumphantly at the Old Hundredth Psalm. I suffer him, in an agony of spirit, for a full ten minutes. He meets no encouragement and retires. May he grind organs in Pandemonium for ever and ever—amen!

Nine O'clock.—The tinkling of a guitar, well played, succeeded by a rich, full voice of a cultivated soprano, singing the old ballad, "Comin' Through the Rye." Here, at last, is something worth hearing. Looking out I see a well dressed woman, with a small crowd around her. She next sings, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and renders it beautifully; afterwards, "The Last Rose of Summer," equally well, followed by "Bonnie Dundee," sung with a spirit which would do credit to any stage. This person is, I understand, a *protege* of my landlady and visits the street regularly every week. She meets otherwise with very considerable encouragement. She has sought, but hitherto in vain, to obtain an engagement at the music halls. "One reason is," she says, "that negro melodies and comic songs by ladies are more popular than Scotch songs, or sentimental songs of any kind, unless they are sung by a man or a woman with a blackened face." Another reason, perhaps, is poverty, and the want of good introductions. My landlady says she is an honest girl and has been well enough educated to read music and sing at sight. Can nothing be done for her? I ask. "Many gentlemen," replies the landlady, "have been greatly pleased with her singing, and promised to exert themselves to get her an engagement of some kind, however humble, to take her out of street singing; but it has been all cry and no wool; and nothing has come of it."

A Quarter to Ten O'clock.—A tremendous hullabaloo! and loud cries of "Awful murder! awful murder! Second edition—Second eddishon!" I send down to know what is the matter. It is a sell—a sell—a palpable sell—and no murder at all; and the servant brings me up a fly sheet, printed on one side, like the half-penny ballads. This costs a penny; and is the story—I quote literally—of "A married man caught in a Trap, or, the Lovers Detected—a Laughable Dialogue, which took place in a railway carriage, between a married gentleman and a young lady in this town, which was overheard by a gentleman, who immediately committed the same to writing." The "laughable dialogue" is not at all laughable, but vapid, silly, puerile, and utterly contemptible. Compared with the venders of such swindling rubbish, who disturb the night by their vociferous cries, the most villainous organ grinder of Italy is a respectable man and a saint. If I had the making of the laws and the administration of them afterwards, I think such fellows as these would never be able to vociferate again, either on a false pretence or a true one, after they got out of my clutches.

The above is a fair and true account, and an unvarnished tale of a day's music and misery in London. The real music was not much; the real misery was very considerable. Is there no remedy for such wrong? Cannot a prohibitive duty be put upon Italians and Savoyards at the port of entry? Cannot music, or the murderers of music in the streets by unauthorised performers, be prevented? Or if the children and the servants, and the idle people generally, must have street music, cannot the infliction be concentrated within a couple of hours every day? People must bathe in the Serpentine after eight in the morning; why should people be allowed to make hideous noises anywhere and everywhere in the business hours of the day?

SCIENTIFIC.—"Sambo, are you posted in natural sciences?" "O, course I is, sartingly." "Then you can tell me the cause of the great blight in potatoes for the last ten years?" "Oh, dat's easy enough. It's all owing to the rot-tatering motion ob de earth."

AMUSEMENTS.

WANTED, immediately, a Brass and String Band, to play in a circus in this city; also, three Female Entree Riders. Only those who have been in the business before need apply. Call at 94 Mercer street, New York. 24-1t*

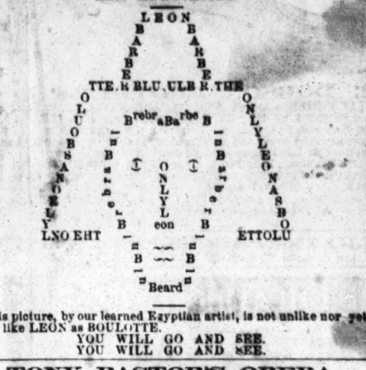
SEYMOUR'S COSTUME DEPOT, 182 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK. The only establishment in America where all branches of the business are supplied. Embroidery for the Army, Navy and Societies. COSTUMES FOR BAL MASQUES, Tableaux, Schools and Theatres, sent C. O. D. to all parts of the Union and Canadas. Correspondents desiring answers must enclose stamp. 24-3m

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE, BROADWAY, CORNER OF THIRTIETH STREET. Open from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M., daily (Sundays excepted). Admission to upper tier of Theatre and Museum, 30 cents. Children, 25 cents. NO RETURN CHECKS used in the establishment. Third week and last but one of the brilliant engagement of MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL, whose success in her new impersonation, LORLE, is of the most pronounced character, supported by MR. J. W. COLLIER. She will appear in her new sensation role Every Evening of the Week, and Saturday Matinee. The Young Prima Donna MISS SUSAN GALTON every afternoon, (Sunday excepted), appears in two of Offenbach's Comic Operas throughout the day. The Baby Woman, Automaton Leotard, and the WONDERS OF WOOD'S MUSEUM on exhibition without further charge. A New Grand Scenic Exhibition in the lecture room, daily, at 1 o'clock, illustrative of the YOSEMITE VALLEY and big trees of Mariposa Co., California. Miss Lydia Thompson's Burlesque Troupe will appear in IXION, Sept. 28th. 24-1t*

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. WHITE & SPENCER..........Lessees and Proprietors. Manager..........MR. W. H. LINGARD. GLORIOUS SUCCESS. Crowded nightly by the elite and fashion of this metropolis to witness the great inimitable enunciator of comicalities, WILLIAM HORACE LINGARD, and his talented Company, the most successful and accomplished NOVELTY OF MODERN TIMES. First week of the celebrated Comedian, MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND. His first appearance since his return from Europe. MR. McKEE RANKIN, PROF. HILTON, MISS ALICE DUNNING, MISS LIZZIE WILLMORE, &c. First time of Morton's Comedy, ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD, with a full and powerful cast. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. BEGINS AT 8. J. E. HAYES..........Lessee. C. W. TAYLEURE..........Business Manager. TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTH OF G. L. FOX'S GRAND PANTOMIME, HUMPTY DUMPTY. HUMPTY DUMPTY. 205th. A Kaleidoscope of Beauty, Fun, Fairy Enchantments. Mr. G. L. FOX as Clown (the comic sensation of the year.) OUR MATCHLESS H. D. has attracted in the past six months (vide Internal Revenue reports) from $10,000 to THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE! than the receipts of any other theatre in New York, without exception. He compels every night the announcement of "STANDING ROOM only, and promises to delight the town for GENERATIONS TO COME."—Daily Times, Sept. 1. THE GREAT DANSEUSE, M'LLE. SANGALLI. THE THRILLING BAYONET COMBAT. HUMPTY DUMPTY MATINEES, 1½ SATURDAYS.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, 720 BROADWAY. Manager..........MR. EDWIN KELLY. ASTONISHING TRIUMPH OF TALENT. LEON'S BARBER BLU THE RAGE. LEON'S BARBER BLU THE RAGE. LADIES and GENTLEMEN, allow me to introduce you to LEON AS BOULOTTE.



This picture, by our learned Egyptian artist, is not unlike nor yet very like LEON as BOULOTTE. YOU WILL GO AND SEE. YOU WILL GO AND SEE.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, 201 BOWERY, 201. THE ONLY VARIETY THEATRE IN NEW YORK. THE GREAT SENSATIONAL LOCAL DRAMA, SIX NIGHTS IN THE BOWERY. SIX NIGHTS IN THE BOWERY. SIX NIGHTS IN THE BOWERY. First appearance of the Californian Wonder, the accomplished and Dashing Young Artiste, Vocalist and Comedienne, from McGuire's Opera House, San Francisco, and the principal establishments of the Pacific States, LITTLE NELL. JOHNNY THOMPSON AND FRANK KERNS In their Dutch, Irish and African Sketches. TONY PASTOR and the DOUBLE COMPANY. MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

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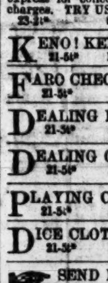

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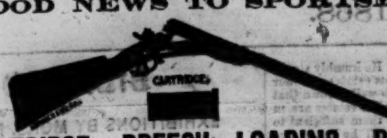

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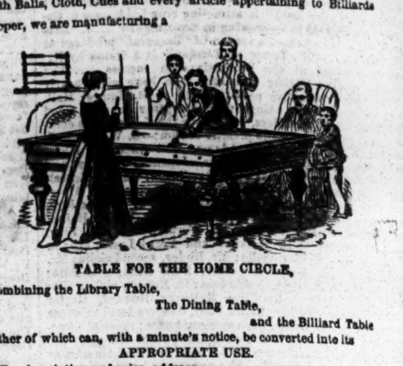

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Passaic Agricultural Association. (BY POWER GRANTED TO THE LESSEES), PATERSON, N. J., FALL MEETING, SEPTEMBER 15, 16, 17, 1868, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

FIRST RACE.—Hurdle-race of $25 each, half forfeit; purse $300 to first horse; $100 to the second: third to save his entrance, provided three start; two miles, over eight hurdles, 3 feet 6 inches; welter weight. Winner of one hurdle race to carry 7lb. extra; two or more, 10lb. extra; to name and close on or before the 15th of August; five to enter. Horses who have never started in a hurdle race allowed 5lbs.

SECOND RACE.—The Riverside Stake—Sweepstakes of $50 each, $20 forfeit, $400 added; for two year olds, to carry 90 lbs. one mile. Winners of any two-year old previous to starting to carry 5lb. extra; maiden two-year olds (that have never started) allowed 3lb.

THIRD RACE.—Purse $350; mile heats, for all ages.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, 16.

FIRST RACE.—Steeple-chase, handicap of $25 each, half forfeit, $500 added, for all horses; three miles over the steeple chase ground, second horse to receive the entrance; five or more to enter; to name and close the 15th August. Weights out on the 20th. Acceptance to be made on or before the 1st September.

SECOND RACE.—The Passaic Handicap, sweepstakes of $50 each, half forfeit, $1,000 added; three miles and a distance, for all horses; to name and close the first day of August, $5 entrance for each nomination. Weights to be put out on the 15th. Acceptance to be declared on or before the 1st September. Five to accept. Winners of any race over two miles, after the weights are out, to carry 5lbs. additional.

THIRD RACE.—Selling race; purse $250; mile and a half dash. Horses to be sold for $1,000, their proper weights; $750, allowed 7lb; $500, 14lb; $300, 21lb; $200, 28lb. The winner to be sold after the race. Any surplus over the price named to go to the lessee.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, 17.

FIRST RACE.—Hurdle race, handicap for all horses; purse $400; second horse to receive $100 out of the purse; two miles, over eight hurdles; to close the evening of the second day's racing; the weights out the same evening; three to accept.

SECOND RACE.—The Jersey Stake of $50 each, half forfeit, for three year olds; $500 added; two miles and a distance; to name and close 1st day of August; five or more to enter; to carry 100lbs.; winners of any three year old stake, 5lbs. extra; three year olds who have never won allowed 3lbs.

THIRD RACE.—Purse $600; two mile heats, for all ages.

FOURTH RACE.—The Rutherford Stakes, for two year olds, a handicap sweepstake of $25 each, half forfeit; $300 added; one mile and a distance; to name and close the 1st of August; weights out on the 15th; acceptances to be declared on or before the 1st of September; $5 entrance to each nomination; five to accept; second horse to save his entrance.

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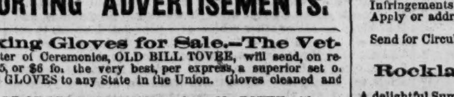

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